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WITH A CHAPTER ON

THE CHRIST OF ART

By WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW CENTURY;" "THE PSALMS AND THEIR
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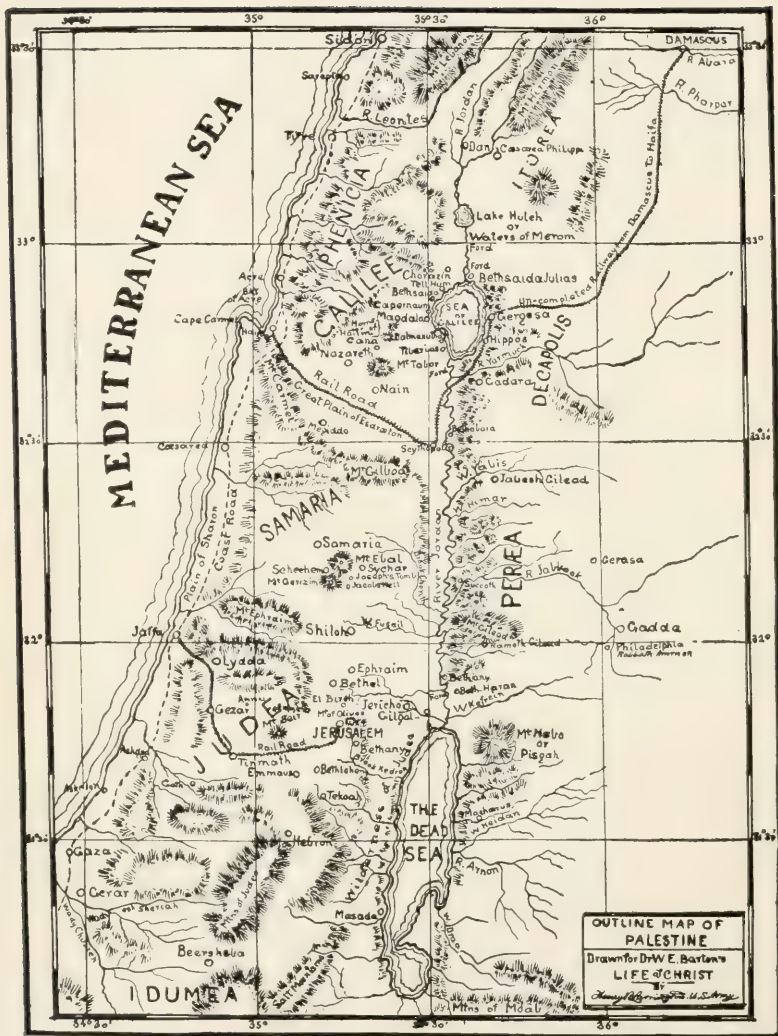
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THE HALF-TONE CUTS, WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS,
WERE MADE BY
THE BUCHER ENGRAVING COMPANY,
COLUMBUS, OHIO

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION
TO WHICH I MINISTER
AND TO THOSE I HAVE SERVED IN FORMER YEARS
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED



OUTLINE MAP OF PALESTINE
BY GENERAL HENRY B. CARRINGTON, U. S. A.

PREFACE

Soon after my return from Palestine in 1902, and the publication of my book of travel, "THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW CENTURY," I began the preparation of what I intended should be a small book on "THE PLACES WHERE JESUS LIVED AND WORKED." Books have a habit of outgrowing the first intent of their authors. The little book grew until it had become a Life of Christ. The undertaking from which I might have shrunk at the outset came about naturally, and its accomplishment has been a glad, though not an easy task.

There are many Lives of Christ, and good ones. The publication of the works of Strauss and Renan, about forty years ago, was followed by many controversial volumes, directly or indirectly in reply. These have still great value, though most of them were written a generation ago. The present book is written, not to maintain a theory, but to make the Life of Jesus among men seem real. It does not attempt to displace any of the great works now known and loved, or even to invite comparison with them, but only to find and fill its own place as a reverent and sincere attempt to interpret again the one inexhaustible Life.

The original purpose of describing the places associated with the ministry of Jesus has not been forgotten, and some special attention has been given to their description, together with photographs made on the ground, many of them by the author himself, or his companions in travel. The camera has invaded Palestine since the well-known Lives of Christ were written; and it is possible to show the appearance of the scenes of the ministry of Jesus in a manner until recently impossible. Moreover, the art of half-tone illustration, which was unknown when most of the standard Lives of Christ were published, now makes the wealth of the greatest galleries in the world available for a work like this. This single fact is a sufficient justification for a new Life of Christ.

In the matter of the illustrations I am greatly indebted to two friends and former parishioners. Major W. H. Williams, Special Agent of the United States Treasury Department for Europe, has been unremitting in his labor to secure for me in Paris and other cities the latest and most notable of recent paintings. Through him I have procured the pictures of that eccentric genius, Jean Beraud, whom he visited on my behalf and other paintings hitherto unpublished in America. The other friend, Mr. Frank Wood, of Boston, placed at my disposal his large collection of rare original prints. His Rembrandt etchings and Durer wood cuts enrich the volume, with Claude Mellan's wonderful one-line portrait of Christ and other original and yet more valuable prints. Among the latter are the two little engravings of Finiguerra, the very oldest prints in the world. These superlatively rare originals, made in 1452, are reproduced in exact size expressly for this book. Two great paintings from Mr. Wood's collection, the wonderful head of Christ which forms the frontispiece for the chapter on "Jesus as Art Reveals Him" and the beautiful Madonna by Correggio, were photographed for the first time for this volume by Mr. Baldwin Coolidge, photographer for the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and are copyrighted by Mr. Wood.

PREFACE

Mr. Frank T. Merrill, of Boston, and Mr. Corwin Knapp Linson, of New York, and Miss Annie Kirkpatrick, of Dundee, Scotland, have given me valued assistance.

Mr. John Powell Lenox, of Oak Park, whose collection of Christ pictures embraces more than three thousand, and is said to be the best in America, and unsurpassed abroad, has contributed a number of valuable illustrations.

I am indebted to Miss Estelle M. Hurl, not only for information gathered from her books, but especially for personal suggestions and assistance. Her book, "The Life of Our Lord in Art," is one which every minister may well aspire to own.

Beside the contributions of these and other friends, appear a large number of photographs which I procured in Jerusalem, Cairo, Florence, Paris and London, and a number imported since, including several from the Hermitage collection in St. Petersburg. To these I have added some interesting examples of the work of our American artists.

The maps in this book were made for it by General Henry B. Carrington of the U. S. Regular Army, retired. General Carrington's maps in his "BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTION" are standard. He has long been engaged on a work on "THE BATTLES OF THE BIBLE," and has brought to these maps the results of his long Bible study, and has used the latest surveys. His effort has been to eliminate every unnecessary detail, and present accurately and clearly the places associated with the ministry of Jesus.

It is no lack of willingness to acknowledge my obligations that restrains me from giving a list of the books to which I am indebted. At first the manuscript bristled with foot-notes, but I have cut them all out. In a ministry of nineteen years I have been attempting every week to tell the story of Jesus, gathering material from all the books I could find; in bringing the results of this study together in a volume I have used comparatively few books. It would be easy to give the list of the latter, but the list would be meager and incomplete. I have kept at hand and have used all the best known Lives of Christ in English; but I mention only two—Edersheim, to whom I have referred most frequently for his knowledge of Jewish customs, and Andrews, whose chronology I have followed throughout. In a few places my own judgment would have been different, but I have thought it better to follow a clear and consistent and familiar outline rather than to burden a work of this character with discussions of chronology.

This book has been a growth. I had almost completed it before I realized that I had begun it. Every minister, consciously or unconsciously, is making, week by week, a Life of Christ. I found when I came to examine my accumulated material that there was not an incident or discourse of Jesus on which I had not at some time preached. It was not difficult to make a large volume where a small one had been intended; the difficulty was to make one volume and not two. Hastening to finish the first draft before the summer vacation, I wrote the last words on the eve of my birthday, June 28. I have given the summer to its revision, and send it forth as an inadequate but sincere tribute to the Life of Him in whose service I hope to spend the years of my life.

William E. Barton

*The Study of the First Church,
Oak Park, Illinois, October 6, 1903.*

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD—(FREDERIC SHIELDS)

JESUS OF NAZARETH

CHAPTER I

THE SONG AND THE STAR

The modern tourist visiting Bethlehem makes his way from Jerusalem over an excellent road, on horseback or in a comfortable carriage, and may easily accomplish the half-dozen miles of his pilgrimage in an hour. More slowly, and often with weary feet, the caravans of antiquity toiled over this same highway. We are following, when we make this journey, at the end of a procession many centuries in length. Through these same fertile valleys, over this same thoroughfare, patriarchs and merchantmen of antiquity plodded their way from the populous centers of Assyria and Babylon to the markets of Egypt. Glad were they and their overladen beasts of the comparative level of this stretch of road after the toil and danger of the hill-country to the north, and glad were they returning of the fertility of the fields and the occasional shade by the way, after the heat and sand of the desert. The limestone of this thoroughfare has been ground to dust by feet that themselves returned to dust thousands of years ago. The foot of the modern tourist wakes echoes of footfalls that died out in silence ages ago.

But among all who journeyed southward over this road in past centuries, one group rises from the silence and takes form in the imagination—an anxious man, leading a small Syrian donkey, on which rides a young and beautiful woman. They proceed slowly and with frequent halts; and many are the travelers that go past them on the way. A throng of people is making its way to Bethlehem, for the word of Cæsar has commanded a census as the basis of a new tax levy, and the people go for enrolment to their ancestral homes. This law

has brought the young carpenter and his bride a weary journey of a hundred miles from Nazareth, and at what seems a most inopportune time.

We see this young couple before us all the way; we pass them again and again as we journey, for their pace is painfully slow, and it will be night ere they arrive in the home of their forefathers, and a cold welcome, alas, awaits them there.

Before we reach Bethlehem we are reminded that the place had its own historic associations before the time of Christ. Close beside the roadway on the right is seen a conspicuous



THE TOMB OF RACHEL

sepulchre. Mary must have noticed it, and, if she had never seen it before, she can hardly have failed to ask Joseph what it was. We can imagine that Joseph told her with some reluctance, and that the information brought to Mary a momentary foreboding. This is the tomb of Rachel. Jacob and his family were in the midst of one of their journeys southward from Bethel when Rachel here gave birth to Benjamin, the son of her sorrow.

“And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath (the same is Bethlehem). And Jacob set up a pillar upon her

grave: the same is the Pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day" (Gen. 35: 19, 20).

Mary knew the story well, but the place itself must have brought it all back to her and with new and ominous significance. We see her and Joseph making what haste they may



THE ARRIVAL AT BETHLEHEM
(OLIVER L. MERSON, 1846—)

toward Bethlehem, while we tarry for a while at Rachel's grave—one of the oldest and best authenticated of the memorials of the patriarchs.

Jacob's own pillar may not have remained long in place, but there was every motive for the renewal of a monument of

such historic and pathetic interest. Situated as it was by the highroad, it soon became a recognized waymark. In Samuel's time the place of the grave was well known (I. Samuel 10: 2), and it is believed that knowledge of the spot has never disappeared from popular interest so as to have required the invention of a myth to identify it. The spot is held in sacred affection by Jew, Mohammedan and Christian. The tomb has often been restored and its external form changed. The present structure is entirely modern, and very similar to the other tombs of the more pretentious sort of which one finds num-



THE CITY OF BETHLEHEM

bers throughout Syria; but the grave itself is quite possibly undisturbed. Here, every Thursday, come scores of Mohammedan women for a day of mourning. The weeping of Rachel for her children finds loud and vehement echoes in the lamentations of these Moslem women for Rachel herself. Here, of all places in Palestine, a Moslem woman desires to be buried. Thousands of graves, not all of them graves of women, surround the tomb of the beloved wife of Jacob.

Bethlehem is in plain sight, a mile ahead. Its situation instantly reminds one of that of Jerusalem. It is built upon

a double hill with a low valley or saddle near the middle, and, while much smaller, it stands up from its surrounding valleys, square-built and solid, and appears almost as impressive and picturesque as the Holy City itself. The hill is of gray limestone and the slopes and surrounding valleys are green with



MADONNA OF THE GRAND DUKE
(RAPHAEL, 1482-1520)

fig-trees and olive-trees, and cultivated fields and pastures. Just before we come to the town the road makes a turn, while a path, keeping straight ahead, leads to a well which has been identified for six hundred years as the well of David. Here this comparatively modern tradition places the scene of the story in II. Sam. 23: 14-17:

“And David was then in the hold, and the garrison of the Philistines was then in Bethlehem. And David longed and said, Oh that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water



THE JOURNEY OF THE MAGI—(A. W. VAN DEUSEN)

out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David: but he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord. And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: shall I drink the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives? therefore he would not drink it. These things did the three mighty men.”

It is little wonder that a nature so warm-hearted and generous as that of David was capable of calling forth such enthusiastic loyalty and devotion, and it also is not strange that a man of feelings so fine as those expressed in the pouring out of the water brought to him at such peril, should have impressed the men of his own generation as worthy to be king. It was



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM—(SCHONHERR, 1824—)

the life of this man that made Bethlehem famous, and it bears his name, the City of David.

But a story more beautiful than any recorded of David is that with which the Gospels open, the birth of Jesus the Saviour. Beautiful it is, but pathetic, also. The young carpenter arrived late in Bethlehem, and, in spite of the prover-

bial hospitality of Palestine, was unable to obtain a lodging. The khan was full, and the cavern which served it as a stable—and the khan itself was little more than a stable—alone afforded them a shelter.

We are not left to conjecture the general character of an inn or khan of the time of Christ. Such caravansaries still exist in Palestine. A typical building of this kind at Jenin is a stone structure about fifty feet long and twenty-five wide, divided in the middle by a wall five feet high; one side being



THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT CHRISTMAS

for horses and the other for the people. Around the wall of this latter room extends a bench of masonry five feet wide and two feet high, known as the leewan, on which people store their baggage and make their beds for the night. Each caravan, on its arrival, passes through this room and stops while the horses and donkeys are unloaded. The animals are then turned loose into the other apartment and fenced out by a single pole. Sleepers on the leewans around the walls are frequently disturbed by the arrival of other caravans, or by the stamping of horses already within the enclosure. There is

no privacy; travelers arriving after the leewans are full must make the best of the floor; and if this too is occupied the last resort is the other apartment with the horses. Some of these khans were doubtless larger than the one described, and some had stone mangers for the horses. Some, too, had more apartments or recessed leewans opening around a central court. The town of Bethlehem being upon an ancient highroad, would probably have possessed a khan larger than the average, and its stables and adjacent yards would have covered more space than the modern one at Jenin. Still, the general type has doubtless been altered little, and the caravansaries in Palestine today will illustrate, quite graphically, the rude surroundings of the birth of Jesus.

It was no parsimony on the part of the young carpenter that brought him and his bride to this unpromising place. Vainly Joseph sought a lodging elsewhere, but the inner leewans were full, and the little town had no home that opened its door, at that time when the village was crowded, to Mary and her husband. So, in the stable of the village khan, Jesus was born.

Can we be at all sure that we have found the place where Jesus was born? There are many things of interest in Palestine which we must read about with doubt or misgiving; but we are glad to be assured that the place where this occurred is known beyond serious doubt. The great church of Saint Mary, erected by Constantine early in the fourth century, was located upon a tradition that reached at least two hundred years farther back. The very church is still standing, though Jerusalem has been destroyed again and again; and the tradition which the building perpetuates has come down to us like the church itself, from the earliest Christian centuries. But the inn and grotto, thus marked by the church, had been kept well in mind since the time of Justin Martyr, in whose day this was well accepted as the veritable spot of Christ's birth. The testimony of Justin Martyr, who lived less than a century after Christ, is the more convincing because he was born in Palestine, at Shechem, and knew the country, and was well able to

pass upon the reasonableness of current traditions. This does not give us certainty, but a reasonable probability, which a visit to the place seems to confirm. The place answers all the necessities of the case, makes the story more real, and satisfies at once one's reason and his sense of fitness.

The church is occupied by Greeks, Latins and Armenians. These sects show none too much of the Christian spirit in their love of each other, but after a fashion they dwell together



THE MARKET PLACE IN BETHLEHEM

in unity. This is the oldest Christian church in Palestine, and probably the oldest in the world. It is cruciform in shape, and the choir, which occupies the top and arms of the cross, is separated from the nave by a partition. A double row of columns, on either side of the nave, are crowned with Corinthian capitals with a cross carved on each. The clearstory rises high above these columns. This part of the church, common to all the denominations who hold it, is bare and faded, and the separate quarters of the three sects have a shabby look;

but the Greek cathedral, above the grotto, is handsomely decorated, and the Grotto of the Nativity is jealously guarded. Here are fifteen lamps, kept constantly burning; six of them by the Greeks, five of them by the Armenians, and four by the Latins. The exact place of the Saviour's birth, as the tradition holds it, is indicated by a star in the floor, with the words in Latin, "Here Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Daily services are held here by the different sects, and the Christmas celebrations are particularly imposing.



WORKERS IN MOTHER-OF-PEARL—BETHLEHEM

In this cave dwelt Jerome, the greatest Biblical critic of the earliest Christian centuries. Here he learned the Hebrew language and made his translation of the Vulgate. The grotto where he is believed to have wrought is pointed out, as well as his tomb and the graves of the two women, mother and daughter, who devoted themselves to him during his long continued effort. Jerome was subject to the most severe criticism for presuming to make a new translation of the Bible, and his righteous soul was vexed beyond the narrow limits of absolute saintliness by attacks made, not only upon his orthodoxy, but

upon his moral character as well. But he had faith in the great work he had undertaken, and so also had some of his friends, and he persisted until his translation of the Bible was complete. He applied to his critics some names which were the reverse of gentle. He called them "fools," "stupids" and "biped asses." The critics were in the majority while he lived, but after his death the value of his work was recognized, and he



A BETHLEHEM FAMILY

was declared a saint. The Latin church still uses his translation, which, spite of its limitations, has proved one of the greatest blessings of the Christian church.

The modern Bethlehem contains about five thousand inhabitants, almost wholly Christian. It is an enterprising little city, and a marked contrast with Hebron, its Mohammedan neighbor. One is full of energy, progress and hope; the other is stagnant and void of ambition. One worships by the tombs

of a great past; the other rejoices in a Christ whose life, new-born in every man and community that receives him, forever begins anew, and forever expects a glorious future.

My own visit to Bethlehem was made in March, 1902, after a weary, but fascinating, horseback ride through Galilee and Samaria to Jerusalem, over rough and rocky roads. The carriage drive to Bethlehem seemed very restful by comparison



A PAIR OF BETHLEHEM MAIDENS

and the journey both short and delightful. The streets of the little city were full of enterprising men selling articles made from mother-of-pearl, many of them of exquisite workmanship, or of olive-wood and cedar. Women, too, were upon the streets in large numbers, in their picturesque attire and unveiled faces. They are sturdy, wholesome looking women, and their costumes are more brilliant and striking in color than

those of any other city in Palestine. The town lacks water, as Jerusalem does, and depends upon its cisterns dug in the limestone rock, twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. But the surrounding country is fertile, and the people are well nourished and show evidence of intelligence and skill.



THE VISION OF THE SHEPHERDS—(PLOCKHORST. 1825—)

It is a city that evokes one's enthusiasm, and sends him back with joy in his heart. The song of the angels is still heard in the hearts of men, and one hears it with sweeter and deeper meanings when he has visited the spot where first it woke the wondering shepherds to thanksgiving and praise.

The angels sang above the place, and well they might, for nowhere has been struck a chord that echoes so loud and clear in the songs of the centuries that followed. To the west of the village, one is shown the field where the angels sang. It is needless to say that no one knows in just what field the shepherds were keeping their sheep. It is enough to know that this may have been the field. A similar field is assigned by tradition to Boaz and Ruth. It is pleasant to be reminded



SUPPOSED SITE OF THE MANGER

of this old-time love story in this home of David and the temporary abiding place of Joseph and Mary.

It was appropriate that the Christ-child should have come with a burst of song. When the earth began, which was to be the scene of his redemption, "the morning stars sang together." For ages inspired poets sang in anticipation of his birth. The last thing that Jesus and his disciples did together was to sing a song before going out from the upper chamber where they celebrated the last supper. Wherever the Gospel has gone, it has been wafted on the wings of song. In com-

memoration of all the melody which had preceded it, and in anticipation of all the song that was to spring from it, what wonder that the angels sang when Jesus was born!

"Glory to God in the highest!" Was not God already glorified there? All God's worlds are one in their interests and hopes. There is always an increment of joy and a new burst of praise in heaven over any good thing on earth. The birth-cry of the Babe in the manger was echoed by the gladdest shout of praise that ever reverberated through the vault of heaven.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men!" In olden times, kings loaned their children as hostages to nations with which they had been at war. Jesus was the pledge of God's good will toward men. But he was also the example and exponent of men's good will toward one another. Strife and cruelty had marked the ascent of the race. History had run red, and the ages had echoed with sobs caused by man's inhumanity to man. Jesus came that good will might abound between man and man, and between man and his God.

The Gospel of Luke opens with a rich quartette. Zacharias sings his Benedictus and Simeon his Nunc Dimittis, while the voices of Elizabeth and Mary rise, the one in her Beatitude and the other in her Magnificat. What a wonderful overture is this for the great drama of redemption! But above, in the starry heavens the angels sing their Gloria whose echoes make the centuries melodious.

I heard a song in Bethlehem, and in the Grotto of the Nativity. A service was in progress, conducted by the Armenians. It was a children's service. The little chapel was thronged with children, dark eyed, straight haired little fellows, chanting their quaint hymns of praise. It was music unlike that of the home-land, but it was music in praise of the Christ-child, and the voices of the children gave it sweetness and spontaneity. I have tried vainly to recall the melody, the movement was unfamiliar, and the notes will not repeat themselves in my memory. But the scene comes up again in my recollection, and with the picture a suggestion of sweet harmonies befitting the place and its memories.

Another group beside the shepherds came to the cradle of Jesus. These were the Magi from the East. "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" they asked. They had followed "his star." How did they know it to be "his star"? Men studied the heavens in those days. Astrology was a curious art, and to us is a vain and obsolete one, but these men saw



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS—(LE ROLLE)

signs in the heavens, and who shall say that God did not speak to them through such signs as they understood?

Kepler computed the position of the planets, and found that for some months before the birth of Christ they had been such as to awaken the attention of thoughtful observers. The Jews regarded the sign Pisces as of especial significance to them. In the year 747 of Rome, Jupiter and Saturn were three times in conjunction—on May 29, October 1 and December 5—and all in that sign. The next spring the same stars were in con-

junction, and Mars with them. These signs may have set the Magi to investigating, but we shall probably search in vain in the record of conjunctions for the star they followed. Herod died in 750 A. U. C. The birth of Christ was earlier than this, and after the conjunctions above referred to, probably in 749, or at the end of B. C. 5. Some vision in the heavens the Magi saw, and they obeyed it, and came seeking "the King of the Jews."

The Jews had almost ceased to expect a king. When the last degenerate representative of the Davidic line looked for the last time on earth on the emblems of his power, as the smoke of the fire that was consuming the temple rose skyward, and then, bound and blinded and broken-hearted, took up his weary march with lamenting captives to the land of Babylon, there settled down over the Jewish people a cloud of melancholy that deepened into despair. The long procession of fettered and footsore captives, looking back at the burning city of Jerusalem, recalling all the horrors of the siege and the sacking of the city, remembering with the keenest anguish the loss of friends and the valiant men fallen among the slain of battle, and anticipating the sufferings that were before them in a heathen land, suffered awhile in silence and then broke forth in the saddest of the Psalms. Looking back through the smoke and blinding tears and seeing their beloved city dishonored, their own homes destroyed, their very temple burning, while their enemies exulted over them and their heathen neighbors urged on the work of demolition and taunted them and blasphemed the name of their God, the Jews suffered an anguish of despair such as never a nation had known. We hear the clanking of their chains mingling with their lamentations all along their weary way. We hear the despair that uttered itself in every prayer or complaint. They had been a happy people, a music loving people, a trustful, festive people. But they were filled with unutterable sorrows now. They hung their harps on the willows, and their hearts sank.

But deliverance came, and a company returned to their own

land, rebuilt the temple and restored the worship of Jehovah. We have their songs of almost hysterical joy when they returned.*

But they had no king. They were tributary in turn to Babylon, to Persia, to Greece, to Egypt, to Syria, and now to Rome.



HOLY NIGHT—(CORREGGIO, 1494-1534)

All the while their hearts burned for independence. They felt that God was dishonored in their subjection. The hand of the tax-gatherer was heavy upon them, and the reproach of the Gentile conquerors was hard to bear. Where was their king? One of their prophets, Micah, had designated Bethlehem as a

*Chapters on The Psalms of the Exile, and the Restoration, in my "The Psalms and their Story."

place of coming honor, and some of the interpreters of the Law believed themselves to have calculated the time, and that it was near, when God was to visit his people. Strangely enough there was widespread conviction in neighboring and more remote nations that the Jews were right in this, and that some great event was about to happen to them. Just about this time came the Magi, worshippers of one God, but seeking a nobler faith than they had known, and an earthly prince who should fulfil their heavenly hopes. And they came to the place where the young child lay.

Thus two very different groups of men came to the cradle of the Christ. One company heard the song, and the other followed the star. One represented the humble laborers, and the other the learned scholars, of the time. One group was from the Jewish nation, and the other from the Gentile world. One group by the swaddling clothes recognized the child as of their own nation; the other by the star knew him to belong to the world. He was born King of the Jews; but he has become the Prince of peace to all the earth.

We do not know that Jesus ever returned to Bethlehem. The associations of his later years were with other cities, many of them remote from the village of his birth; but around the place where he was born the most sacred memories cluster. To the Christian tourist from any country in the world it is among the most sacred of all places to be visited; and to the student and disciple of Jesus the story of the city of his birth teems with perennial interest.

CHAPTER II

THE HOLY CHILD

The Bible is unique amid contemporary literature in the space it gives to childhood. Homer, for instance, has almost nothing of childhood. There is but one child in the Iliad, and there is none in the Odyssey. Virgil sings of "arms and the man," but the sweetest songs of the Bible are sung above a cradle. The motto, "Children should be seen and not heard," was carried to extremes in the old days; children were nowhere seen in the writings of most of the early nations. But the Bible abounds in stories of beautiful childhood, in which motherhood attains new glory, and manhood new dignity.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang, who ably represented China at Washington and charmed America with his versatility, contrasted Christianity and Confucianism by saying that Confucius taught men to respect age, while Christianity inculcates reverence for childhood. Doubtless we respect age too little and permit childhood too much of prominence and self-advertising. But it may be said without unkindness that too great respect for the past is the trouble in China, while the characteristic of American life is its faith in childhood as a pledge of the future. "A little child shall lead," and does lead in civilization. The world discovered the beauty and hope of childhood in the face of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Joseph and Mary tarried at Bethlehem forty days, and then, perhaps in February, B. C. 4, presented him in the temple. There were two ceremonies to be observed in this case. The first was the purification of Mary according to the rite prescribed in Leviticus 12. For this, two offerings were required: a lamb as a burnt offering, and a dove as a sin offering. But, if a family was poor, the lamb, which cost about five days' labor, might be dispensed with and another dove substituted.

Joseph and Mary were no paupers, but they were in humble circumstances, and they brought two doves which cost from two to eight cents each. So Jesus first appeared publicly among men as a representative of God's poor. The other ceremony was the redemption of the child from temple service by the payment of five shekels, according to the law in Numbers 18: 15, 16. This tax was due because Jesus was an eldest



THE DREAM OF JOSEPH—(MURILLO. 1617-1682)

son. While there in the temple, an aged saint, Simeon, who had been waiting in hope for the blessing of his nation, took the child in his arms, and broke forth in the song:

Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord,
According to thy word, in peace;
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;
A light for revelation to the Gentiles,
And the glory of thy people Israel.

—(Luke 2: 29-32.)

An aged prophetess also, Anna by name, came up, and "gave thanks unto God, and spake of him to all them that were looking for the redemption of Jerusalem."

Joseph and Mary returned to Bethlehem in wonder. Others beside themselves and the shepherds—the visit of the Magi probably occurred a little later—recognized this wonderful



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

child. What questions and anticipations and conjectures must have occupied them as they returned from the temple!

However much or little Joseph and Mary understood of the nature of Jesus, the things which the gospel teaches concerning him are made reasonably plain to us. That which was divine in Christ was born of the Holy Ghost, and by that

power the worlds were made. But that which was human in Jesus, his blood, his brain, his forms of thought, his mode of speech, his language, his race instincts and customs and habits of life, came to him ~~normally~~ as a child and man, subject to the normal influences of heredity and youthful training. He probably resembled Mary, not merely in features but in temperament, as much as any other normal child resembles his mother. He doubtless resembled his countrymen as much as the ordinary Jew, so that a Samaritan woman instantly recog-



MADONNA AND CHILD
(W. A. BOUGEREAU, 1825—)

nized him as a Jew. But he was more than the son of Mary or the son of Abraham. He was the son of the race, its highest representative, and the Son of God the Father.

The genealogies of Christ as given by Matthew and by Luke present many, and at present insuperable, difficulties. We are not sure that we know the reason for their tracing the descent of Jesus through Joseph; we are not sure that we are able to harmonize their data with that given in other parts of the Scriptures; we are not sure that we are able to account for their differences one from the other. There are one or two

things, however, of which we are practically certain, one of which is that the public registers of the time of Christ made him legally the descendant of David, and thus to the Jews a possible fulfiller of the promises concerning the Messiah. Another thing that is significant in the genealogy of Luke, is that the evangelist who dwells most at length on the prenatal



MADONNA DEL POZZO—(RAPHAEL, 1482-1520)

announcements of Christ's divine advent, who gives the songs of the angels and the story of the wonderful birth, traces his divine descent, and his consequent right to become the Saviour of the world, through Adam.

Humanity did not lose its capacity for divinity by the Adamic fall. Down the long line of patriarchs and kings and

prophets and judges, and men good and bad, from generation to generation runs the royal line, and at each end of it is God. Christ was divine because he was born of the Holy Ghost. It was possible for him thus to be divine because he was born of the seed of Adam. He was the Son of God because the Holy Spirit descended upon Mary, his mother. He possessed capacity for divineness because the divine image had not yet disappeared from the sons of Adam. He was divine because he was the Son of God; he was divine notwithstanding the fact, and perhaps we might say, if we knew more,



THE VISIT OF THE SHEPHERDS—(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

because of the fact, that he was the grandson of Heli, who was the son of Adam who was the son of God. We assent rather grudgingly to the humanity of Jesus, hedging lest we imply some lack of faith in his divinity, but Jesus rejoiced to be known as the Son of man. As the Son of man he claimed lordship over the Sabbath; as the Son of man he claimed the power to forgive sins; as the Son of man he promised to ascend to the right hand of the Father. In him humanity is transfigured. Because Jesus was the Son of God he had power to impart new life; because he was the Son of Adam he became the Saviour of men.

This royal child, coming to his own nation, found the throne of David in ruins, and upon those ruins stood the government of the Herods, with which he soon had a perilous encounter. The house of Herod was founded by Antipater, an Idumæan governor, who by the growing fortunes of Rome found his dominion increased till he became, under Rome, the head of a new local dynasty. He was murdered by poisoning, and followed by his son Herod the Great, who extended his father's



THE MADONNA—(CARLO DOLCI, 1616-1686)

dominion beyond the Jordan, and by the grace of his power from Rome became known as "Herod the king of the Jews." Herod himself was no Jew, "but more than half a heathen alike in his state indifferentism and his cosmopolitan vices," but he married a beautiful Asmonæan princess by name Mariamne, heiress of the house of the Maccabees. So, from the position of a frontier governor he rose to something like regal dignity, and every step of his ascent to the throne was stained with blood. Once recognized as king, he endeavored

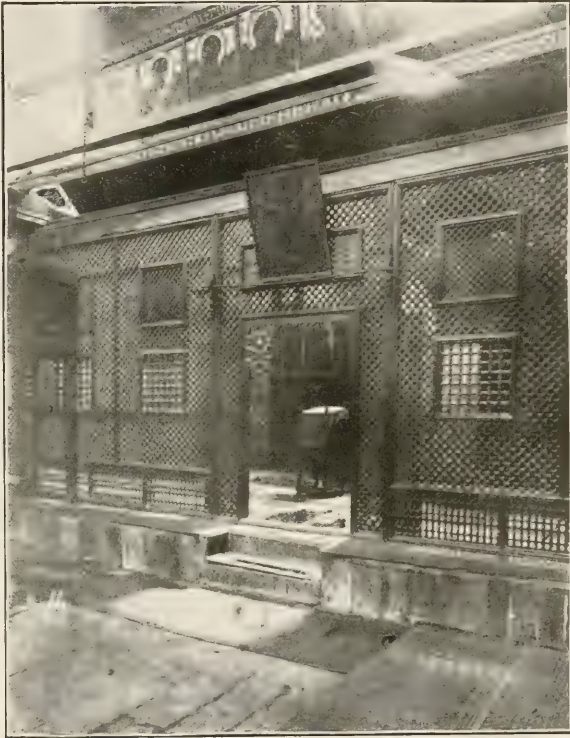
to make himself secure from all rivals, chiefly from those of the Maccabæan family, and mercilessly murdered not only his wife's relatives, but his wife and his own two sons. He had a long series of conflicts and tumults with zealots representing the old Maccabæan pretensions, but one by one he put them to death, and for many years reigned in freedom from aspirants to the throne. Then, when all the Maccabæan rivals or possible rivals were dead, and Herod's own end drew near, a singular thing occurred.



RESTING ON THE WAY TO EGYPT—(S. BENZ, 1834)

From a foreign land came wise men seeking the new-born King of the Jews. He was no descendant of the Maccabees, but of David. Herod had never concerned himself with David's right to the throne. The statute of limitations seemed to have set all that at rest. Not for four hundred years had any one concerned himself with the question of the right to rule because of descent from David. Herod met the issue with characteristic vigor and cruelty. He put to death all the male children in and about Bethlehem from two years old and

under. He had put many people to death by strangulation, burning, cleaving asunder and secret assassination, and every gross and brutal element in his character had found free rein during his life. But this was his last massacre. On the first of April, in the year 4 B. C., he died. Fearful that none would mourn over his departure, as he was dying at Jericho, he



COPTIC CHURCH IN OLD CAIRO

caused a number of the chief men of the Jews to be assembled there that they might be put to death when he died, that their relatives and friends at least might mourn. So far as is recorded none others wept when Herod died; and happily the mourning for these men was turned to joy, for they were released by Salome after the death of Herod.

The bloodthirsty plot against the infant Jesus did not succeed. Joseph and Mary had taken the child and fled with him to Egypt. The reign of the Ptolemies had been favorable to the immigration of the Jews, of whom many thousands at this time were in Egypt. They comprised nearly half of the city of Alexandria, and had many colonies on the land of the Nile. Somewhere among these people of their own land Joseph and Mary could find friends.



THE REPOSE IN EGYPT—(VAN DYCK, 1599-1641)

It was three hundred miles from Bethlehem to Egypt, but the Roman roads were good, and Egypt was the best of all places of refuge for Joseph and Mary. It took them directly away from their own home and from Jerusalem, and brought them out of Herod's jurisdiction to a land where their countrymen were free citizens and they could dwell securely.

There is a little Coptic church in Cairo, very old and quaint, beneath whose altar is a grotto declared by tradition to have been that where Mary and her child reposed. We do not need to trust the tradition, which is far more likely to be false than

true, but it is interesting to know that for a good many centuries a spot has been marked near the apex of the Delta as that where Joseph and Mary made their temporary home.

A modern French artist has made a painting called "The Repose in Egypt," which, while open to some criticism, is still strikingly impressive. It shows the Sphinx standing on the edge of the desert looking out over the solemn waste, patiently expectant and serene. The night is dark above and only the stars give light, which represents tradition and philosophy shedding their faint gleam upon the silent world below. But



THE REPOSE IN EGYPT—(OLIVER L. MERSON, 1846—)

between the great paws of the Sphinx and near to its heart, rest Mary and her child, and a faint but prophetic light streams from the little one. At the base of the Sphinx lies Joseph sleeping, but guarding his wife and her baby, and close at hand the patient ass grazes on the little vegetation he can find for the morrow's journey. Meantime the stars shine on, and the light that streams from the child has new hope for men; for "There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man, coming into the world."

CHAPTER III

THE HOUSE OF MARY AND THE SHOP OF JOSEPH

The world's best things have come out of its Nazareths. As an army needs continual reinforcement from its own rear, so the life of the cities is constantly rejuvenated by the fresh blood of the villages and farms. Civilization marks its progress by the life of its cities, but the city depends upon the village and the country, not merely for its sustenance, but for its life. After Bethlehem, no village in Palestine so teems with interest as Nazareth. Yet Nazareth was not a noted village, even in its best days. The caravans from Damascus to the Mediterranean passed near it, and never suspected its existence. The long, laden lines of camels journeying northward from Egypt and southward from Babylonia, passed close by it, but rarely heard or thought of it. But if the caravans knew little of Nazareth, the village knew much about the caravans, and its own life was kept in touch with that of the outer world by the intelligence which it received and the commerce which it established by the passing flow of life and traffic. A little island in the midst of the sea of contemporary life, it was washed on every side by these tides of commercial and political activity that rose and fell unconscious of its presence.

We do not read of Nazareth in the Old Testament. If it existed in those days, the fact is concealed from our knowledge. Indeed, it would have remained unknown through New Testament times as well, but for the life of one family within it. The question of Nathaniel, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" (John 1: 46) is an instructive commentary on the obscurity of the village, and has wrongly been used to suggest that Nazareth was also in some way disreputable. Matthew in telling us that Jesus made his boyhood residence there, sought to find in prophecy some prediction of the fact

and place, and quoted, "He should be called a Nazarene" (Matt. 2: 23). We do not know of any such prediction, however; the nearest we can come to finding such a word is in Judges 13: 5, where it is said of Samson, "The child shall be a Nazirite." But Samson was not Jesus, and a Nazarene is not, of necessity,



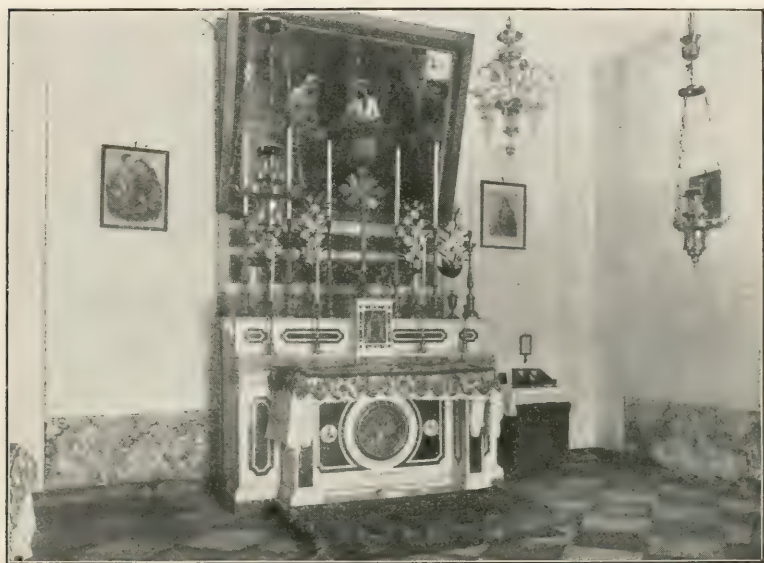
A GROUP OF NAZARETH MAIDENS

a Nazirite. The words have their entirely separate significance. We are tolerably familiar with the exegesis of New Testament times, and need not be at all surprised to discover only a verbal resemblance as the probable basis of this supposed fulfilment of prophecy. The name Nazareth is thought to have been derived from the word "white," and to refer to the color of the limestone cliffs about it. It is sometimes

believed to have been derived from the word "watch-tower"; and this, also, would have been a most appropriate derivation, for Nazareth was indeed a watch-tower, looking out upon the passing procession of the ages. But the early fathers delighted in the belief that the name means "flower," and this, too, would be an appropriate derivation, for the country about it is golden with chrysanthemums, and scarlet with madder and poppy and anemone. Whatever the meaning of the name, it has no connection with the sect of the Nazirites, and Jesus was not a Nazirite. The watch-tower village of Galilee, sheltered by its hills of white and enshrined in its floral fields—such was the Nazareth of our Lord's day. The modern Nazareth, too, is a beautiful and attractive village.

The company with which I visited Palestine came to Nazareth by carriage from the seacoast. A good road, repaired for the German emperor, and unlikely to be repaired again until some other king visits Palestine, leads from Haifa to the city of our Lord's boyhood. Skirting the edge of Mount Carmel, it follows the grade of the projected railroad from the Mediterranean to Damascus, which road the sultan had interdicted lest it should defeat his own hope of a railroad to Mecca, and only recently is said to have consented to its completion. Crossing the Kishon, where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal, and tarrying for lunch at Harosheth of the Gentiles, where Jael slew Sisera with a tent-pin, a deed which Deborah immortalized in song (Judges 5: 24-31), we emerged into the fertile plain of Esdraelon. Gradually we left Carmel behind us, a long, low-lying ridge with its leonine headland jutting out into the sea. Ahead, and to the right, rose the rounded summit of Mount Tabor, the traditional, but improbable, scene of the Transfiguration. Mount Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan met defeat and death, stood between us and the Jordan valley. To the north and east rose range after range of hills, with Mount Hermon, snow-crowned and brilliant, above them all. The valley, now green with wheat, had been red with many a battle. The hills about were eloquent with memories of Israel's history. Scene after scene from the Old

Testament and the New took shape in our imagination, as one spot after another was identified. It seemed as though the half of Bible history must have been associated with the places in range of our vision. With all this brought vividly before the mind's eye, we rose among the hills, and suddenly, in a basin of the surrounding mountains, Nazareth burst upon our view. We might easily have gone by it without knowing it was there, but we could not have gone by without being discovered, if any one in Nazareth had cared to discover us.



CHURCH OF THE CARPENTER SHOP OF JOSEPH

This single fact of its situation brought to the mind at once the advantage of Nazareth as a place for the boyhood of Jesus. A town unspoiled by the outer world, yet aware of all its characteristic movements; situated in the midst of historic scenes and fertile fields; inspired by memories of the past and impelled by the life of its own generation, such is Nazareth.

Nazareth is now a town of about ten thousand inhabitants, predominantly Christian. The people are energetic and vivacious. The women are unveiled, and dress in picturesque

costumes, which, by comparison with those of the Moslem villages, may be called brilliant. The women commonly wear a simple blue frock, loosely gathered with a sash at the waist, and a kerchief tied over the head. They are fond of ornaments, and generally wear necklaces. One does not so often see here the strings of coins that so characterize the women of Bethlehem. In their holiday costumes, the women affect more bright and contrasting colors. While not particularly handsome of face, they exhibit regularity of feature and an erect and graceful carriage.



MADONNA—(GABRIEL MAX. 1840—)

Nazareth has but one spring, known as the Fountain of the Virgin. On the way to this well the women may be seen passing and repassing, all day long, the empty water-pots lying flat upon their heads, and the full ones tilted at a graceful angle. Seldom does a girl raise her hand to steady a water-pot, whether full or empty, and she seems to be even less conscious of it when walking than standing still. This spring is the one incontestably genuine place in the village, for the town has more than once been destroyed, and its present location, as the tombs and ruins attest, is a little farther down the hill

than in former centuries. The spring must always have been the center of social life, and with a very little conjuring of the imagination one may discern in these Nazareth maidens a more than fanciful resemblance to Mary the maiden of Nazareth. To this same spring and along these same narrow highways, fenced in by walls of this same limestone, she made her daily pilgrimage to the spring and back, carrying her water-pot.

Voluble guides stand in readiness to show one many things in Nazareth associated with the boyhood life of Christ. The Church of the Annunciation undertakes to point out the



NAZARETH THE BEAUTIFUL

precise spot where Mary stood when the angel came to her, and there is an underground series of chambers showing the Virgin's kitchen and the chamber of Joseph, and much more that is of interest to the credulous, but which spoils the story more or less for those who merely desire to make real in their thought the simple events of the gospel narrative, by visiting the scenes where they occurred. A church covers the alleged foundation of the carpenter shop of Joseph, and he who is interested may find there an ancient foundation surmounted by a modern church edifice, wherein abide reverence, credulity and cupidity, in a proportion which I will not undertake to

determine. But a better thing may be found in the genuine carpenter shops of Nazareth, wherein, with crude tools, men labor as they labored in Joseph's day, in the making of the simple farming implements, whose manufacture and repair form the principal labor of the carpenter. There are few things in modern Nazareth more inspiring than these carpenter shops where one may reconstruct in imagination the boyhood and youth of Jesus, under the wholesome discipline of Joseph.

Joseph was a carpenter, but that does not mean that he was a man to be despised. The Scripture references to him are not numerous, but they show him to have been a knightly, princely gentleman, without fear and without reproach. He was a man of resolution, and of resources. He could plan a long journey; could provide for earning his living in a strange land; he was willing to leave his labor and make all necessary sacrifice to promote the well-being of the young child. With the unerring instinct of a true gentleman, Joseph stood by a pure, sweet woman in distress, and covered what would have been considered her shame, but was her glory, with the ample mantle of his own honest name. Through him her honor remained unsullied.

This carpenter, whom you see at the bench with his sleeves rolled up, pushing his plane, is a very Saul among men. Nay, look again, and the bench is a throne. The blood of the Davidic kings which flows in his veins has become purified by generations of honest labor. This man, Joseph, is a man of regal dignity.

Joseph was Jesus' tutor. He taught him his trade. He borrowed books for him from the synagogue. He helped him into manhood, and sought him with much solicitude, when he tarried at the temple. For years he cared for Jesus; protecting him, teaching him, establishing him in business, doing a father's duty by him. Never once does the record give evidence of his failing in any task, difficult as was his position. He needs no halo to add to the simple dignity of his manhood—Joseph the honest, courteous, knightly man, the carpenter of Nazareth.

We may be too ready to assume that to be the husband of a madonna is to enjoy heaven on earth. At first sight it seems unaccountable that the husbands of the best wives in the world do not always secure unalloyed satisfaction out of the relation. It affords a man but moderate gratification to have his wife uncomfortably better or wiser than himself. I am not sure



BETROTHAL OF JOSEPH AND MARY
(RAPHAEL, 1483-1520)

that Joseph's position was always one of pleasure. To have to give up one's business and hasten into Egypt, and there remain perhaps for a period of years; to come back to Nazareth and start over again, and establish a new trade in the face of competition, may not have been wholly to his liking. He did not understand all that Mary was pondering in her

heart; but he understood his simple duty, and to the end he performed it.

It was Joseph who taught the youthful Christ his trade, and showed him how to saw to the line and plane to an even surface. It was he who sent the lad to the village school in the synagogue, and sometimes in the evening taught him further in the lore of his nation, fulfilling the commands of Moses for fathers to teach their children. The childish fingers of Jesus followed Joseph's thick and calloused hand and traced from right to left the lines of the great square Hebrew letters on the parchment rolls which he borrowed from the synagogue, or bought from his earnings, that Joseph himself might better know the law, whose rudiments he must teach to Jesus. It was Joseph who was known as his father, and who did a father's duties for him for thirty years, till he was a master carpenter, and had become of age, and was ready to enter life. Aye, there was the sorrow and the mystery and the hope, for it was not as a carpenter that he went forth. Joseph had trained him for something that took him forever from the bench, and made him, Joseph knew not what.

It is written that when the visitors came and found the Christ-child, "they worshiped him"—not Mary. Doubtless, she was well content to have it so. A mother's constant surprise is that she can possibly be the mother of so wonderful a child. When people bow down before the baby and forget her, they do only what she herself has done and is doing. But once in a long time there enters her heart a little feeling of wonder why it is so, and of craving for some of the affection which is so lavished upon the little one, and she deserves it.

Mary of Nazareth was sincere, calm, devoted, affectionate and pure.* And her woman's heart was all a-flutter with her first love that lifted her out of her girlhood and made her a woman; and that heart was deep and true and pure enough to enable the angel of God to whisper in her ear the most glorious and solemn secret which is ever told on earth, and that never to a man.

*I quote, with some slight changes, in this chapter, from my little book "The Home of a Madonna."

"Blessed art thou among women." The angel said so, and Mary believed him. But a sword pierced her own heart ere her blessing realized itself. It was not wholly because her experience was unique; it was largely so in its universal character. All mothers know something of her alternating high



JOSEPH AND THE BOY JESUS
(CARL MULLER, 1839-1893)

hope and her sinking of heart. She was a village maiden yesterday, and life was sweet and full of hope; a larger hope has come to her than that she dreamed of, and because of it, but her girlhood has gone, and a new and measureless responsibility was impending.

She kept no "help." She was a quiet, domestic woman. But she was not simply a household drudge. She knew the

writings of the great poets of her nation. She had a fine mind, with a love of beauty, a soul that had learned and lingered over the great literary masterpieces of Israel, and had given poetic form to high thoughts that rose in her own heart. She was no stupid or silly or shallow girl; even as a maiden she was thoughtful and earnest.

Who can know, save a mother, all that is in a woman's heart when the angel says to her, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: wherefore that which is to be born shall be called a child of God"? There are some accents of the angel's message



MOUNT CARMEL

that are repeated in the ear of all sweet and expectant motherhood; there are some strains from the Magnificat which should be sung above every cradle; there are some of Mary's joys and sorrows, some of her wonderings and hopes that all true mothers realize.

Well may the brush of the artist seek the purest, sweetest faces of young mothers, and transfer them to canvas. They cannot too reverently or too beautifully set forth the ideal face of Mary the mother of Jesus.

Mary had her trials. To see her baby grow up is the sad joy of a mother. To have him no longer her baby, but the Saviour of the world, was a joy to Mary that had in it a distinct sense of loss. To have him growing up so thoughtful, so wise, so given to asking questions which she could not

answer, to find herself wishing a dozen times a day that she were wiser for her child's sake, this, as every mother knows, was not to Mary an unmitigated joy.



THE VISIT OF MARY TO ELIZAPETH
(M. ALBERTINELLI, 1474-1515)

And oh, the time was to come when she would feel that he had outgrown her! His ideals and hers were no longer akin. He would gently rebuke her chiding with his "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and restrain her too eager ambition for her son by asking, "What have I to do with thee?" What had she to do with him? Why, she was

his mother. How could she know, how could she be expected to understand, that he that did the will of God, the same was his mother, his brother or his sister? Of all the keenest sorrows of motherhood is there one greater than that which the mother feels when she realizes that her baby is no longer hers alone; that the very realization of her hopes has taken him away from her?

There is a tradition that Joseph was much older than Mary, and thus many of the artists represent him. The tradition has no historic foundation. It grows out of the fact that the New Testament speaks of Jesus as having brothers and sisters. Reluctance to believe that Mary had other children has led to the invention of a previous marriage on the part of Joseph. There is no ground for such a belief, nor any need of it. So far as the Bible hints, "the Lord's brethren," who were three or more in number, and his sisters, of whom there were at least two and probably not less than three, were children of Joseph and Mary. It was a family of probably nine or more, and of the seven or more children, Jesus was the oldest. Jesus grew up among the other children with whom he had to share the privileges of the humble home, and to whom he was simply, but splendidly, a brother, and in learning to be their elder brother, he became the elder brother of all men.

Reverently, in our imagination, we may reconstruct that home, the only home that Jesus remembered, and make real to ourselves as we may, the conditions of its daily life. We may be misled as to the details, but of the essential facts we have little doubt. Jesus grew in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man. Among the influences which prepared him for his life-work were the home of Mary and the shop of Joseph.

The early Church was not content with the silence of the gospel concerning the boyhood of Jesus, and set itself to supplying the missing information from an imagination that gloated over the marvelous. Jesus when a child made clay sparrows on the Sabbath, and when reproved for such a desecration of the day caused the birds to fly. Joseph was an

inferior carpenter, and his shop turned out bad work, but he would take hold of one side and Jesus of the other side of a badly-made article, and pull it into shape. Jesus went to



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN IN NAZARETH

school, and knew more than his teacher. Jesus behaved himself in an overbearing manner toward his playmates, and when they disliked him, used his divine power for their confusion, so that Joseph was nearly driven from Nazareth by reason of the

hostility which the work of Jesus produced. Such stories present an unlovely character, and we wonder how they could even have seemed worth inventing, or, being invented, how they could have been believed.

Happily we have no such accounts as these in the Gospels, and we may be certain that they are wide of the truth. When Jesus returned in manhood to his boyhood home he faced no such record of youthful arrogance and precocity. People were unprepared for any remarkable claim on his part, which shows that his youth had been the youth of a normal Jewish boy. The testimony of John, "I have need to be baptized of thee," though John did not know him to be the Messiah, is clear proof that John had knowledge of his virtuous and noble youth, but this is the only claim John was justified in making for his boyhood. John certainly had no knowledge of his divine nature at this time. He increased in wisdom by improving his opportunities, and increased in stature by hard physical labor; he increased in favor with God and man through no freakish manifestation of superhuman power, but by the persuasive and undeniable excellence of a worthy and inconspicuous life.



ON THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM — (J. PORTAELS, 1818—)

CHAPTER IV

THE LAD IN THE TEMPLE

A half dozen miles north of Jerusalem is a village called El-Bireh, near which is an excellent spring with the remains of an ancient reservoir, and not far from these are the ruins of an ancient khan. A Christian church was established here by the Templars in 1146, and a little of it is now standing. About a thousand people dwell now in El-Bireh. The place is of no particular historic importance, save through its association with a tradition which though not a very old one, is still of interest. From the 14th century this place has been displayed to pilgrims as the camping place of Joseph and Mary on their return journey from Jerusalem. There is nothing improbable in the tradition; the presence of the spring and the fact that pilgrims and caravans found it a convenient camping place, gave rise to the conjecture that this might have been the place where the absence of Jesus from the caravan was discovered. The parents of Jesus had gone "a day's journey from Jerusalem." It was the custom of Jews in making long journeys to go a short distance on the first day, largely for the reason that anything left behind might the more readily be sent for. As the modern pilgrim journeys northward from Jerusalem, the objects of interest near the city commonly consume what is left of the day after starting; and so El-Bireh with its spring is still a favorite camping place.

In my own journey from Galilee we paused here for luncheon, and from this spot took our last happy and expectant stage of the pilgrimage toward the Holy City.

Much of the ministry of Jesus was spent in traveling. The Jerusalem feasts called every man to present himself three times a year at the temple. A number of these feasts Jesus personally attended, and besides this he made frequent pil-

grimages that covered nearly all of Galilee, much of Judæa and a portion of Samaria and the region beyond Jordan.

Facilities for travel were none of the best, but had been greatly improved by the system of Roman roads. The main highways were kept in a state of reasonable repair for governmental purposes. One of these great arteries of national life



THE BOY JESUS—(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

Joseph and his family would have struck near Shechem, if they came through Samaria, and had followed it from there to Jerusalem. The country roads which led into this thoroughfare were generally mere rocky bridle-paths. The same condition of roads exists very largely at the present day in Palestine.

Most of the pilgrims on these great journeys went on foot. Where animals were employed, they were principally donkeys.

It is quite unlikely that many camels were used in these festal processions. The donkeys were less frequently ridden than used for the transportation of camp equipage.

In these journeys it is probable that many of the tourists stopped by the way in homes where they had acquaintances. The injunction "Forget not to shew love unto strangers" had a standing and special meaning in such a country as Palestine. Not only the Bible but the rabbis exhorted the people to hospitality. We find in ancient writings words such as these:



JERUSALEM FROM MOUNT SCOPUS

"Let thy house be wide open, and let the poor be the children of thy house." Bethphage and Bethany were especially noted for their hospitality; and in Jerusalem at the time of the feasts it was customary for private houses to hang out curtains to indicate that there still was room.

In spite of these liberal provisions for the entertainment of strangers, however, a majority of the pilgrims to the passover would need to make their own arrangements for comfort on their journeys. We cannot forget that at the time of the enrolment Bethlehem was so overcrowded that Joseph could not procure a lodging place for himself and Mary, even in their

great necessity. Many people found shelter in khans. In these no charge was commonly made for shelter, but some one attached to the khan, who was usually a foreigner, was ready to provide, for payment, such things as were necessary. The good Samaritan cared for the man who had fallen among thieves until the time of his own leaving, but paid for his entertainment and care after that time. In these places were kept for sale such food as locusts, pickled or fried in honey or



THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT

flour, and also flour or bread, though these were frequently taken by the pilgrims themselves. Babylonian beer and home-made wine or cider were also for sale in these places. In a journey such as Joseph and Mary may often have made to Jerusalem it is easily possible that they would have spent one night in the home of a friend along the way, and another in a khan, and perhaps a third in a tent near some well-known spring. All these methods of entertainment were common in that day, and Jesus doubtless availed himself of all of these at one time or another. After his ministry began he commonly accepted the hospitality of some one among his hearers. In

the journey to Jerusalem during his boyhood we shall not be far wrong if we imagine the great caravan returning from the feast as camping out-of-doors on the first night. So large a company would have overflowed all the homes and khans, and the season was one in which camp life is most healthful and pleasant.



MODERN TEACHERS OF THE LAW—JERUSALEM

Probably Jesus, except when an infant, had never been to Jerusalem before the age of twelve. He doubtless went at this time to become a "son of the law," a ceremony that may be compared to confirmation or reception into church membership. It commonly occurred about the age of fourteen, and was an important event in the life of a Jewish boy. The Gospels indicate that it was the custom of Joseph to attend the Jewish feasts, and that Mary, sometimes at least, accompanied him. The wife was not bound by the law to attend

these feasts, but many women did attend them and Mary at least on one occasion, was among them. Such a journey must have been a most acceptable break in the somewhat restricted life of an Oriental woman.

But if the occasion was one of great interest to Mary, it was much more so to her Son! The sight of Jerusalem is still a beautiful and welcome one to the pilgrim who comes southward from Galilee across the Samaritan hills. It bursts



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

upon his vision like a dream of beauty, and grows more distinct as each turn in the road and each hilltop on the highway brings it nearer to the weary yet eager pilgrim. But what must it have been to an eager, reverent Jewish lad, already for his years a thoughtful student of the law, and a lover of his country. He had seen no other great city, and to him Jerusalem was the embodiment of all sacred traditions, and the visible exponent of all national hopes. Certainly the days of the feast must have been great days for the boy Jesus. Edersheim thinks it quite certain that the returning caravan

to which Joseph belonged did not remain through the entire feast, and that the conference of Jesus with the teachers of



ON THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM

the law occurred in one of their formal gatherings on one of the porches of the temple in which the doctors conversed



THE MOSQUE OF EL AKSA, ON SOUTH END OF THE TEMPLE AREA

freely with all who cared to listen and to question, and in which the inquiries of an earnest and intelligent boy would have received attention and excited interest.

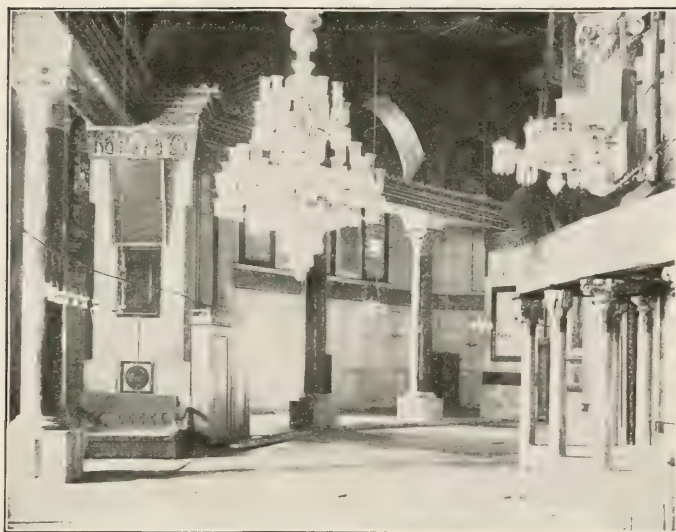
We are not to suppose that the doctors sat at his feet to

learn, or that they thought of him as a supernatural prodigy. It was he who was there as the learner, still increasing in wisdom and stature. There is no suggestion in the Gospel narrative that the boy attempted to usurp prerogatives of the teachers, but only that he showed a sincere interest and intelligent appreciation of spiritual truths that excited the wonder and called forth the admiration of the doctors of the law.



THE BOY JESUS—(WINTERSTEIN)

If Edersheim is right, and Joseph and Mary did not remain through the entire feast, this fact may account for the delay of Jesus through some misunderstanding as to the time of their return. The feast seems still to have been in progress when they arrived at Jerusalem next day and found him after anxious search. So carried away was the young lad with the new and strange experiences of this wonderful week, that Galilee and the carpenter shop were forgotten, and even Joseph and Mary seem to have faded from his thought. He must be in his Father's house, and he wondered that he had not been there before, and that they did not understand that this was his place. But he readily accepted the situation as they



INTERIOR OF MOSQUE OF OMAR



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR ON TEMPLE SITE

made it plain to him, and went back with them to Nazareth, and for the next eighteen years lived quietly as the carpenter's apprentice, and, at length, as the carpenter.

It would be a wonderful revelation if we could look into the soul of that fine, bright boy on his way back from Jerusalem to Galilee, and know what emotions filled his heart as the result of that new vision of life. That it influenced him profoundly there can be no doubt. Such incidents in boyhood



A CARAVAN RESTING

are pregnant with destiny, and the writers of the Gospels look back with interest and perhaps with wonder to that journey as one that conspicuously marked the quality of his youth. It is well that we possess it; it is well, too, that we know it to be quite exceptional. For a single day it brings the boy Jesus into the light of our knowledge and then again sends him back to his humble duty as the carpenter and a son of the law. He has returned, cherishing his patient ambition, and more and more wondering what is to be his work in life. He is still subject to Joseph and Mary. But the boy Jesus has grown in a single week into a new stage of spiritual activity and anticipation.

CHAPTER V

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS

The years at Nazareth sped silently, swiftly and unrecorded, and Jesus became a man. He was now less frequently referred to as "the carpenter's son" than as "the carpenter." He was to be more than a carpenter, but his entrance upon life was as yet a thing unrevealed to men, and probably known to himself only in wonderings and inward strivings. Patiently he worked at his bench, and waited God's time.

At length when the country was stirred by the preaching of a young prophet, John, Jesus went away upon a journey, far to the south and east, and was gone from Nazareth nearly two months. Forty days of that time he was alone in the wilderness, but before he entered the solitude he received baptism from John.

Six months before the birth of Jesus this cousin, John, was born in "the hill country of Judæa," as the Gospel informs us, and, as tradition declares, at the old patriarchal city of Hebron. Others locate his birth at Ain Karim. He was the son of Elizabeth, Mary's cousin, and of Zacharias, a priest.

When about thirty years of age he began to preach. His gospel was the gospel of repentance, and to it his own frugal life and shaggy garb lent interest and power. We shall look at his character when we come to Jesus' own words about it. We may now consider the conditions of the times in which his preaching began, the place of baptism as it now appears, and the meeting of Jesus and John.

We can understand John and his message the better when we remember the conditions of life, both civil and religious, during the times of his boyhood and youth.

Politically, affairs had suffered a sad change for the worse. Tiberius was on the throne in Rome, and his reign was one

of merciless severity in Palestine. During the reign of Augustus, when Jesus and John were born, the Jews, though taxed and under restraint, were protected; but Tiberius was bitterly opposed to the Jews, and cared little if at all for the wrongs they suffered. As to governors near at hand, "Herod the King," died in April, B. C. 4. The slaughter of the infants at Bethlehem was perhaps his last bloody deed. His sons divided his domain under the power of Rome. Archelaus was



THE RIVER JORDAN

ethnarch of Judæa, Samaria and Idumæa, and reigned in wickedness and sensuality from 4 B. C. to 6 A. D., when he was banished from his capital at Jericho to Vienna in Gallia; and few mourned his departure, as few had mourned his father's death. But with him ceased the tetrarchy. Judæa thenceforth was attached to Syria, and was governed by Roman procurators, who were in turn subject to the Roman governor of Syria. There were seven of these in the first half-century following the birth of Christ, and of them one has attained an immortality of infamy in the oldest Christian creed—"He suffered under Pontius Pilate."

To the north the family of the Herods still reigned—Philip

as tetrarch of the provinces north and east of the Jordan, and Antipas as tetrarch of Galilee and Peræa. John was soon to meet Antipas face to face, and rebuke him for his immorality, and Jesus was to meet both Herod and Pilate on the day of his crucifixion. These were the two men who exercised political control over Palestine at the beginning of the ministry of the Baptist—Herod, the murderer of John, and Pilate, the murderer of Jesus.



RUSSIAN PILGRIMS AT JORDAN

Religiously, the nation was in a sad state. The high-priesthood was in disrepute. The temple at Jerusalem was the scene of a formal worship, into which had crept many and grave abuses. The leaders were divided into three classes, the Pharisees, the representatives of that severe and formal type of religion which Nehemiah established after the exile, but which was now more concerned with refinements of doctrine than with spiritual realities; the Sadducees, who were less numerous, skeptical and proud, among whom was the high priest Caiaphas; and the Essenes, an ascetic order, numbering about four thousand, living simple and severe lives, and seeking holiness by withdrawal from the world. No one of these had

power to bring about "the kingdom of God," for which men were looking and praying.

In such a time John came to manhood. A Judæan by birth, and a priest by inheritance, he early learned the inadequacy of existing forces to meet the needs of the time. Living an austere and ascetic life, brooding over the evils of the age in which he lived, John felt in his heart the necessity of a new order and the conviction that the time was at hand for the coming of the kingdom of heaven. He was sure that the King had already come, but he did not know him as such. John knew himself incapable of bringing in that new social and religious order which the prophets had called "the kingdom of God," but he undertook to be its herald, and to discover and introduce its King.

John's own message was simple. "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." When men asked him what they were to do, he told them to be just, sympathetic, compassionate; to cease to rely on their descent from Abraham, and to look for the coming of the kingdom.

Throughout all Palestine spread the news of the preaching of John. New hopes stirred in the hearts of men when they heard his message. Eagerly men, especially young men, flocked to hear him. Among the rest came Jesus, probably with other young men from Galilee. Did he know that he was coming forth to his ordination? What strivings of spirit, as he worked at the bench, lay behind the decision to go to Jordan and attend the preaching of John! And what new power of conviction may have come to him as he listened! We have no reason to assume that he had ceased to grow in knowledge and in the favor of God. Some growth of knowledge, some progress in divine favor, surely preceded and accompanied the act of his public consecration. Some new meaning of his own mission to men became clear to him, and he enrolled himself as a companion of John the Baptist, and was baptized by him in Jordan.

The River Jordan is unlike any other stream on earth. From the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea it lies far below the

level of the ocean. Its great rapidity unfits it for navigation: it thus divides and does not unite. It is insignificant in breadth and easily fordable at a number of places, and is also spanned by a few bridges. It emerges from the Sea of Galilee clear and blue; but its swift descent brings it to the Dead Sea turbid



THE BAPTISM OF JESUS—(GUIDO RENI, 1575-1642)

and yellow. In popular thought Jordan is a stream of dignity and power; and so most tourists are disappointed when they discover a mere muddy creek. They have hardly seen the real Jordan; the stream above is more impressive. The part of the Jordan which tourists see, however, is the part most intimately associated with gospel history, and while the river is not a

formidable boundary, its swiftness and general depth have made it in all generations a river of unique importance. While popular imagination gives to it a dignity which the actual stream dispels, the real importance of the river has not been exaggerated in the common mind.

The valley of the Jordan grows insufferably hot, and is quite unhealthy for people who are not acclimated, and the vegetation is almost tropical. The contrast between it and the wilderness of Judæa is as great as could well be imagined. Palms, oranges and lemons abound here, and the scene delights the eye, but the sterile plain toward the Dead Sea, which irrigation would render wonderfully fertile, sends up great clouds of dust in the dry season, and the great heat makes the journey to the scene of Christ's baptism uncomfortable. Uncomfortable as it is, and somewhat disappointing when accomplished, it is a journey which pilgrims from all over the world remember with satisfaction; and princes are proud to have been christened in water brought from the scene of Christ's baptism.

At some unknown place called Bethany, and wrongly translated Bethabara, on the east side of the Jordan and opposite the wilderness of Judæa, John gathered his crowds and baptized at the river (John 1:28). Various attempts have been made to locate this Bethany, which of course is wholly distinct from the Bethany where Lazarus lived. Its name is thought to mean "house of ships," or possibly "ferry boat" or "house of fords." We do not know the precise spot, but can make the scene sufficiently real to ourselves when we stand in imagination at that spot which for centuries has been accepted as the place where Jesus was baptized. The traditional spot answers all the necessities of the case. It is a ford nearly opposite Jericho, and noted also as that said to have been used by the children of Israel in their crossing to capture that city. Here the river is swift and muddy, but thousands of tourists every year come to bathe in its waters, and to carry away flasks of the water of the stream where Jesus submitted to baptism that thus he might fulfil all righteousness.

John and Jesus met, instantly recognized each other, and then parted. Each bore his loyal testimony to the other; but their work was done apart. The holy life of which John knew, and the dove-like halo which he saw above the head of his carpenter-cousin, convinced him that Jesus was "He that should come;" and he prepared to decrease that Jesus might



THE BAPTISM OF JESUS—(A. VERROCCHIO, 1435-1488)

increase. Jesus, too, knew John; discerned in him that fearless integrity, that loyalty to God and duty, that unselfish nobility which characterized him, and bore his fervent testimony to the man than whom greater had not been born. But much as they had in common, their work was unlike. John's mission was to complete the old dispensation, while that of Jesus was to begin, and only to begin, the new.

It has often been asked why Jesus, who knew no sin, con-

sented to be baptized with a baptism for the remission of sins. It is probable that the simplest answer is the truest, namely, that he had no deep, obscure motive, but wished simply to enroll himself among those who were the companions of John. His relation to John was of great value to him throughout his whole ministry. It was John's testimony that brought him his first disciples and secured for him his first public recognition. The name of John was a protection to him until very near the end of his ministry. Publicly to acknowledge the worth of John was not beneath him. It need not trouble us that our Lord, who entered so fully into our human life, accepted this symbol at the entrance of his own public ministry. We may not be sure of all his reasons, but the record of the fact is indisputable.

It would be a mistake to think of the baptism of Jesus as of no value to himself. It marked an epoch in his life. It opened for him a new experience. It identified him anew with the race in his submission to the conditions of righteousness in human life. It made more real to him the presence and power of the Spirit. With a new richness, the Spirit was now his; its descent at his baptism was his ordination for his life-work, and sent him forth confident, earnest and relying upon God. The event drew a wide line of demarkation between his past and future. The neighbors, who of late had thought him restless, ambitious, erratic, perhaps, would know him no more at the carpenter's bench. When he returned into Galilee it would be "in the power of the Spirit," and, reading the words of the prophet of old, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor," he would be able to add, "To-day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears."

We need not doubt that he later received more of the same Spirit as his work developed, and his deeds grew more variously illustrative of the power of God. Angels came down and ministered to him in his need, and if these spirits of light, then surely also the Spirit of God, of which he was born, and which anew had come upon him at baptism, came more and

more into his life till God gave not the Spirit to him by measure, but of the divine fullness poured into that human life all that humanity could contain and reveal of the nature of God himself.



THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD
(W. HOLMAN HUNT, 1827—)

CHAPTER VI

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS

The traveler from Jerusalem to the Jordan leaves trees and fertile fields behind him at Bethany, and almost at once enters a sterile and broken country. Passing the Apostles' Spring, and later the Inn of the Good Samaritan, water and human habitations alike are forgotten, or remembered as things belonging to a world long out of sight. The road follows the edge of a deep ravine, on whose further side appears a curious monastery, built on the side of the cliff.

Here, where Elijah is said to have been nourished by the ravens, Greek monks maintain their place of residence and of prayer in the midst of the deep solitude. Nearly six hundred feet from the top of their dwelling the dry wady of the Kidron yawns below them. Above are the blue heavens, and all around is sterility and silence. A habitation such as this in the midst of desolation accentuates the loneliness of the situation, and causes one to feel even more than if there were no life there at all, the everlasting silence and mystery and awe of the situation. A few miles down the valley, at its junction with the wide plain of the Jordan, and a little farther up the river, rises the Mount of Quarantania, the traditional scene of the temptation of Jesus. The sides of the hill contain many cliffs where anchorites have dwelt, many of them prolonging to as many years the forty days of Christ's solitude and meditation. This is the traditional "exceeding high mountain" from which the tempter showed the Lord all the kingdoms of the world. It presents to the plain a perpendicular wall of rock which Robinson estimates as twelve to fifteen hundred feet above the river, and of which Thomson says, "The side facing the plain is as perpendicular and apparently as high as the rock of Gibraltar, and upon the summit are still visible the ruins of an ancient convent." It is probable that

the name Quarantania, which refers to the forty days, and the tradition which the name commemorates, are not older than the Crusades, but the situation readily lends itself to the incident.



WHERE ELIJAH HID FROM JEZEBEL

Somewhere in this vast wilderness Jesus met and decided the fundamental questions of his life-work. He had become conscious of his power, and that fact in itself constituted an element of temptation. The question what to do with his new and supreme strength now came to him for decision. He was no longer a carpenter; he had turned his back forever

upon the associations of his childhood and young manhood. He was to follow the example of John in undertaking a public ministry. But his call to preach implied more of power and a wider ministry than John's; in what spirit and for what ends were this power and ministry to be exercised?

The older views of the temptation were generally gross and materialistic. A dark and mighty Satan dealing with a weak and puny Christ has been the general conception of art. It should be remembered as against this view, with what courage and strength Jesus met and mastered his temptations. He was no weakling, lifted passive and helpless by a dark and almost omnipotent Satan. Jesus was master of the situation throughout.

The temptation of Jesus was real and strong. It is no ideal picture which is given here, but the genuine description of the heart-struggle of a pure soul with its own various and human impulses and ambitions when it stands on the threshold of its career. The temptations may have been subjective and not objective—I incline to believe them to have been subjective. I do not know in what language God might choose to set forth the account of a subjective struggle if not in such as this; but subjective or objective, it was a genuine and powerful one. Jesus was not posing, but suffering.

If it be objected that temptability is incompatible with sinless character, it may be answered that so far as we know human beings, character, good or bad, sinful or sinless, becomes possible only in the presence of temptation. Nor need this be so far beyond our comprehension that temptation may be without sin; for do we not all know something of a sinless temptation? Sinful as we are, have we not all at times resisted, and successfully? Have we not sometimes come out of the furnace without the smell of fire upon our garments and with a holy and confident triumph? Such experiences as we have all had, such even as the worst man may have known, may make it possible for us to understand that Christ could be tempted and yet sinless. On the other hand, the memories of our frequent falls stand in complete contrast with his heroic and successful resistance.

Upon the face of the narrative there are three temptations. But I am not sure that we ought not to count a fourth, which entered into all of the others, and was twice suggested in words by the tempter, "If thou be the Son of God." There was a suggested doubt. And no wonder. What a mission was this upon which Jesus was to enter! What infinite possibilities of humiliation and of failure lay before him! Well may he have asked, "Am I, the son of Mary, also the Son of



THE WILDERNESS OF JUDÆA

God? Is the carpenter's bench in very truth a thing of the past? Is there to come into my life a sudden and a mighty change? What did the descent of the dove mean? What is it to be the Son of God? How am I sure of this? In what have I become different from what I was yesterday? Can it be that I am the Son of God? And even if I were sure of it, can I make any one else believe it?"

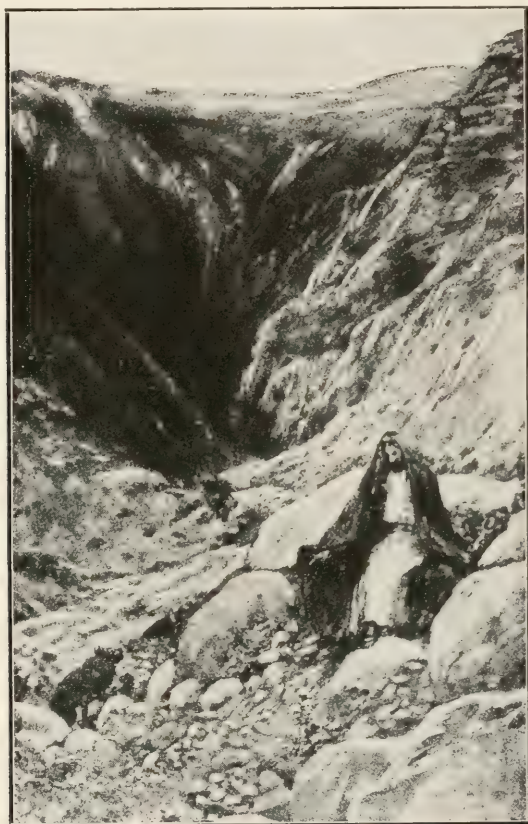
All great souls feel something of this when they enter upon their life-work. These are the wrestlings with the angel whose name we know not. Sometimes in the struggle with

the unknown we cry, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and then again we wrestle on in the uncertainty until we feel that we have prevailed with God. So we struggle and question until the day breaks. It is this element of uncertainty, this lack of objective demonstration, that gives a tragic element to the dawn of the Christian life. Good people meet it all through life at every important question and issue. Paul had this struggle when he took the bold step of crossing from Asia into Europe, following the vision, which did not materialize, of the man of Macedonia asking for help. His flesh had no rest. Without were fightings; within were fears. He had followed the vision obedient to the will of God; but how did he know it was God's will? Many brave souls, having burned their boats behind them, start upon the work to which their choice commits them with momentary sinking of heart. They must conquer now, or die. But what if they have wrongly estimated their powers? What if it is all a delusion?

This is the temptation implied in the challenge, "If thou be the Son of God." As yet he had wrought no miracles. The consciousness of his power was purely subjective and theoretical. How could he assure himself that his hardened hand could heal the sick? How could he convince himself, much less others, that he had power to forgive sins? He was sure of it, perhaps, but what if he ventured on this assurance and then failed? Ah, the doubt of it: "If thou be the Son of God!" Here is the opportunity to test it apart from the curious crowds. Here is a chance to assure himself, and at the same time make his power serve himself. And if, forsooth, he can make stones bread, can he not, Midas-like, turn all he touches to gold?

In like manner we are tempted to use what God has given us for merely physical ends. So was Adam tempted to put the physical above the material. This is the lowest form of direct temptation, and is where the whole race falls, not as individuals only, but as a race. We point to our great country, its millions of acres, its spreading fields, its mighty reapers and threshers, its powerful and productive mills, its railroads, its

wholesale stores, and its mammoth bakeries. How great a thing is civilization! So it is, and it is God's gift. The man who makes wheat to grow from the earth constantly makes bread from stones. It is not sinful, but divine. But he who sees in the power which God has given to modern life only



THE TEMPTATION—(CORWIN KNAPP LINSON)
(COURTESY OF S. S. M'CLURE CO. COPYRIGHT)

the opportunity of feeding more men or feeding them better, fails to find God's most characteristic work in modern life. Men may coin their acres into bread and yet starve in their spiritual needs.

We must not forget that even the temptation to make

bread the end and aim of his mission was a real one to a man who had been a breadwinner, earning his food by his own labor. Not only his own bread but the bread of those who might be associated with him could be provided by his power, if he chose to use it so. The temptation to make commerce out of divine power and to traffic with the inheritance of God, is as old as Esau and as modern as the twentieth century. The first temptation decided that the chief ambition of Jesus was not to be the mere quest of bread. Yet Jesus ate bread all his life and never despised the struggle for it, nor undervalued the importance of man's having food and enough of it. But the Scripture is eternally true, that "Man shall not live by bread alone."

The next temptation raised the struggle to a higher plane. Why not use his power to gratify the curious, to excite admiration, and to minister to his own spiritual pride? Thus he could prove his power, and by it enforce his teaching. It is a subtle form of temptation, and the more insidious because only those experience it who have made some progress in goodness. Christ recognized the full import of this invitation of Satan and successfully resisted it. It came to him again and again in the course of his ministry in the demands of the curious crowds that he work miracles for their satisfaction. The precise point at which the working of miracles ceased to be a means of spiritual good and became the occasion of pride and pretense, Jesus infallibly detected, and the more so because he so swiftly and so faithfully met the issue at the outset.

Let us realize how thoroughly Jesus conquered the temptation to use his power to draw crowds and excite admiration. Again and again he concealed his mighty works. Again and again he withdrew from men, though the need of some of them was sore, lest the mere working of miracles should make his mission one of legerdemain. He had little reliance upon the supernatural as a means of grace. He taught his disciples to believe in him, if possible, because of his revelation of the Father, and if not, then, and alas, to believe for the very works' sake.

Jesus did not make his appeal to men as the Christ, but as the Son of man. Not till late in his ministry did he permit men to know that he was the Christ, and those who earlier discovered it were commanded to keep it secret. The work of Christ was not a campaign of self-advertising. He came to reveal, not himself, but the Father. From beginning to end he refused to cast himself down from pinnacles to make the multitude gape, or to trust in the power of angels to sustain



THE MOUNT OF TEMPTATION FROM THE JORDAN VALLEY

him. At the end he might have had ten legions of angels to defend him, but he faced the court of Pilate and the world in the simple majesty of his manhood. So completely did he resist the tempter, and prevail.

Then came the last and keenest temptation. If there be any pure ambition it is that for fame and glory. To be the Son of God that he might eat, would be contemptible. To be the Son of God that he might make the curious wonder, would be beneath him. But to be the Son of God and a king—and such a king—this would be different. To rule the earth, and to make it such an earth as he could have made it—this

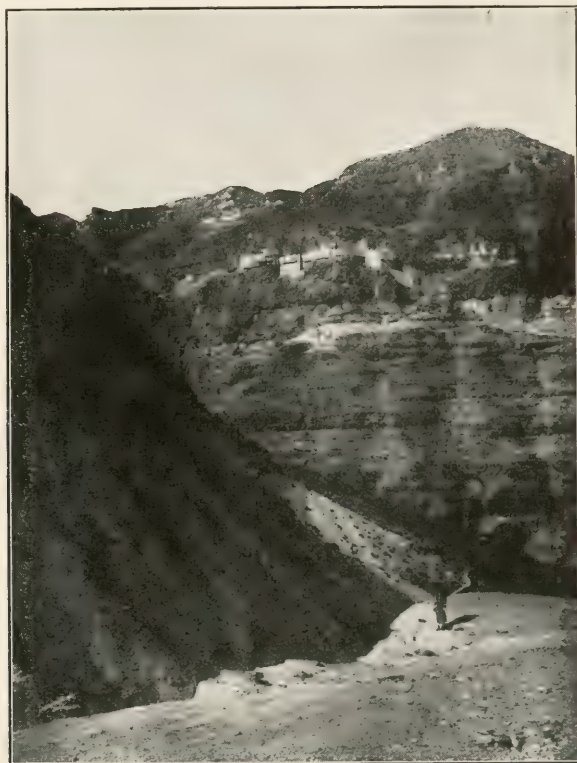
must have appealed to him. We have no reason to believe that Christ was tempted to be a wicked ruler but only a selfish one. The world was groaning under the Roman yoke. From the remotest provinces of Rome came to Judæa and Galilee frequent rumors of the rottenness of the empire, and of its readiness to totter. What would now happen if a leader such as Jesus, with his power of hand and brain, with his power over nature and over men, should rise in this remote province, surrounded by ardent followers? Other provinces would rise in rebellion; the empire would be in confusion. His cause had more than a fighting chance. He could repeat the large success of Herod; he could perhaps do more, and rule the world. This was the very tangible temptation which came to him. Over and over he had to fight against it when the people would take him and make him king by force. He might possibly have been the successor of Cæsar. He might have reigned in Rome. But to do it would leave the world unsaved. To his eternal glory and ours, he did not do it. He had as good right to do this as any man has to seek first his own pleasure or power, but not even to the Son of God would selfishness have been otherwise than a worship of Satan.

I do not agree with those who affirm that Satan lied in promising to Jesus a kingdom. By such tactics as he proposed, kingdoms have often been established. Jesus could well estimate the ability of Satan to deliver a kingdom, and there would have been no temptation if he had not known the kingdom as a possibility.

The Bible puts in plain, blunt English, what I suppose is a paraphrase of Satan's actual words. I have no idea that Satan said in so many words, "Fall down and worship me." That would have been a most undiplomatic way of putting the case. What Satan actually said was probably more like this: "Be a patriot. Free your country. Do not waste your splendid talents on simple minded fishermen. Be great—not bad, of course, but be not righteous overmuch. It does not pay. Be first of all as great as you can, and incidentally be as good as selfish greatness will let you be. The world owes you a

living. What are stones good for but bread? Pinnacles are for your exhibition of God's presence with you. Kingdoms are for those who can rule them—get one while you can. Trust God and go ahead, and it will be to your advantage."

This temptation was the more real to a Jew because the

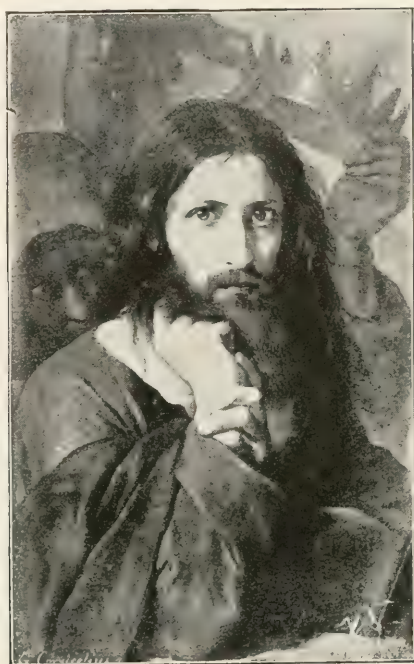


THE MOUNT OF TEMPTATION—NEAR VIEW

kingdom that then existed was so oppressive that in resisting it he might almost hide from himself the ambition under the name of religion and patriotism. To choose for himself a career of fame and glory; to get renown as the deliverer of his people from the burden of the Roman yoke, and at the same time to escape the cross and the shame; to make the kingdoms of the world his own—but by the failure to do his duty as the

son of God; this was what Satan offered; but Jesus never for a moment swerved from his decision through all the anxieties and burdens of the next three years. Though crucified as an insurgent against Cæsar, his kingdom was not of this world.

When Jesus returned again to mingle among men, he re-entered the Jordan valley. It is impossible to imagine a more cheerful or exhilarating contrast to the wilderness of Judæa.



THE TEMPTATION—(CORNELIUS, 1825—)

To emerge from the barrenness and loneliness of that wilderness into the life and verdure of the valley is to feel a sudden uplift, refreshing alike to body and mind. The tourist of to-day, after a ride of five or six hours through the same wilderness, comes forth with feelings of exhilaration. This and more Jesus felt. He felt, we may believe, a new strength within himself, a new power to deal with the problems of the world.

CHAPTER VII

THE FIRST DISCIPLES

Immediately on his return from the wilderness, our Lord began to gather a band of disciples. His first followers came before his first sermon. It was not his invitation that secured their confession of faith in him, but the testimony of John,

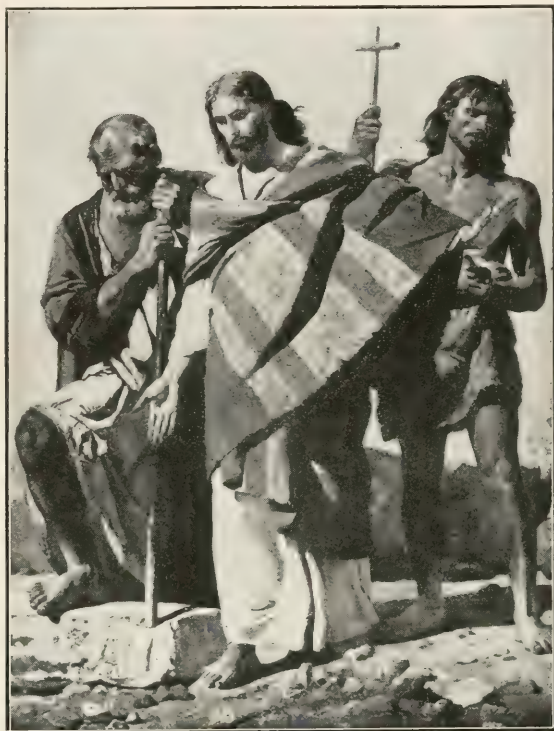


ON JORDAN'S BANKS

"Behold the Lamb of God." It was John, later known as the evangelist, and Andrew, to whom John spoke, and these two left John, the heroic, the self-effacing, and followed Jesus.

"Where dwellest thou?" they asked him; they themselves were not at home, and had no place to invite him. "Come and see," said Jesus. We do not know what was his lodging beside the Jordan. He had come out of the wilderness after a solitude of six weeks; we should like to know what habitation first constituted his home on his return among men. But the disciples do not tell us about the place in which they found

him established for his brief sojourn. Perhaps they did not notice. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when they went with him, and they sat with him while the short February day drew to its close, and the sun went down. They probably spent the evening, the day was so nearly gone, and the questions



JESUS, PETER AND JOHN THE BAPTIST
(CHR. VERLAT)

burning their hearts were so great, and that evening, or a part of it, was shared also with a third companion. The first two were John and Andrew, and the third, whom Andrew found with an eager, breathless message, was Peter. "We have found the Christ," he cried, and it was not a difficult thing which he accomplished when "he brought him to Jesus."

There they sat, the three of them, and in his presence, in that February twilight, three fishermen away on a vacation, their

mental horizon suddenly enlarged with the vision of their nation's hope. "We have found the Christ!" The conviction grew strong in the hearts of these three men, and they forthwith became his disciples.



THE CALLING OF PETER AND ANDREW
(BAROCCIO, 1568-1573)

It was well they went at once to the Master's temporary home by the Jordan, for he left next day. Yet, next morning before leaving he had called another disciple, Philip, and Philip, with an eagerness like Andrew's, had found his own brother Nathanael and brought him to Jesus. So between four o'clock of one day and noon of the next our Lord's first five disciples had been secured.

Not much was required of them at the outset. Such a thing as leaving their homes to be with him was not so much as hinted at. They simply confessed to the great hope which their nation had cherished for centuries, and which they now believed was to be realized in him.

With this hope mounting high in their hearts they went back to their homes and their fishing. Yet as they cast their nets they talked of him whom they had seen and conversed with beside the Jordan, and whom John proclaimed, and they believed, to be the Lamb of God. They never forgot that first meeting. Sixty years afterward, one of them, writing about it, could tell the very hour of the day and the very words of their first dialogue. They were following him after they heard John speak, and he turned and asked them, "What seek ye?" They asked him, "Master, where dwellest thou?" He answered, "Come and see." The rest of it was less distinct. Probably they said little, and soon forgot their own questions; but him and his gracious, constraining power they never forgot from that hour to the ends of their lives.

Thus, without making bread from stones, or working miracles or announcing a programme attractive to ambition, Jesus manifested his mastery over men. The testimony of John was unsolicited; the winning of the first disciples was without constraint. Easily, naturally, and without resistance, these disciples came to Jesus, and Jesus received them and held their devotion to the end.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MARRIAGE AT CANA

The traveler from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee stops by the way to permit his horse to drink from an old stone sarcophagus beside the public spring of Kefr Kenna. Around the spring gather the usual group of village maidens with their water-pots, chatting and gossiping and shrinking in mock modesty from his camera. They speak no English, but understand his question concerning the name of the village and answer, "Kahnah of Galilee." Between spreading orchards of olive-trees, walled in by cactus hedges, the tourist rides up the low hill into a dirty city, and finds himself between a Greek church on the left and the Latin convent on the right. Here he dismounts and is welcomed at the door of the church by the Greek priest, who shows him the simple interior of the small house of worship. It is cool and restful after the hot sun, and the priest extends a pleasant greeting and shows the few minor articles of interest, and the one chief attraction of the place, a huge water-pot, which tradition declares to have been one of those employed by Jesus in his first miracle. The spring at which the tourist's horse has been drinking is supposed by the Greeks to have been that at which the water-pots were filled. The church is believed to occupy the site of the house in which the marriage took place. The tourist may question the accuracy of the tradition, and be more than suspicious of the preservation of the water-pot, but the exhibition of these tangible things serves to give a semblance of reality to the story. Here, if tradition may be believed, "The conscious water saw its Lord and blushed."

Across the street near at hand is the Latin monastery. The father at its head is intelligent and interested in archæology. He has personally conducted excavations on the convent prop-

erty, and believes that the monastery covers the foundation of the original house, and also that he has discovered the cistern from which the water was drawn. Here, too, is another water-pot of antique mold. The tourist must accustom himself to the duplication of sacred relics in Palestine. Each sacred spot has its Greek and its Latin shrine, and each its own collection of relics. The tourist must see both collections if he would be sure of having seen the genuine one, and he is fortunate if, even then, he can feel certain. For myself, I more than questioned the genuineness of any of these recently discovered mementos. It is quite enough to say of them that they



THE MARRIAGE AT CANA
(PAUL VERONESE. 1528-1588)

are undoubtedly old, and may be of the kind used in the New Testament days. This is quite sufficient, too; for relics such as these give us a visible link between the present and the past. The Latins, like the Greek priest, treated us with hospitality, and offered us wine of the kind said to have been produced by the miracle. Across the intersecting street in a little schoolhouse used by the Greek church, the women made for us lemonade from native lemons and a great loaf of granulated sugar from which they broke small portions for our refreshing drink. I am no judge of wine and never drink it, but the lemonade was good.

The modern Cana contains six hundred inhabitants, half of them Mohammedans and the majority of the remainder There are a few Latins and a still smaller number of Protestants.

No description is given in the New Testament which enables us to see how widely the Cana of to-day differs from that of nineteen hundred years ago. The modern Cana is a typical Galilæan village, and that is probably true of the ancient



THE SPRING AT CANA OF GALILEE

Cana. The people are more hospitable than in many of the Palestine villages, and the treatment which our party received both from the officials and the villagers was all that could be desired. Here we found industries in progress of the sort mentioned in the Bible; the girls gathering the grass in the field and the thorn-plant from the hills for fuel for the ovens; the women grinding at the mill, and all the activities of life progressing much as in Bible times. It may be that the village is not very unlike that where Jesus performed the miracle.

It would be worth much to witness a wedding in Cana, but this was not our privilege.

We know, however, the marriage customs of that day. There were two ceremonies, the betrothal and the wedding. In Judæa much was made of the former, but habits were simpler in Galilee, and the engagement service was attended with less ceremony. At this preliminary service the bridegroom handed the bride a coin or a letter as a token of espousal. From that time the two were regarded in law and in society as married, save that as yet they lived apart.

The actual marriage was celebrated in the evening, and began with a procession, headed with music, and accompanied by the distribution of oil, wine and nuts. Then came the bride, veiled and accompanied by bearers of torches and flowers. When she arrived at her new home, accompanied by "the children of the bride-chamber," she was presented to the bridegroom with the formula, "Take her according to the Law of Moses and of Israel." Bride and groom were then crowned with wreaths of flowers. Then the document was signed which provided for the dowry and support. Then, after ceremonial washings, followed the marriage feast, which often lasted a day or more; and then, "the friends of the bridegroom" conducted the young couple to their own chamber.

Here our Lord came with his disciples just after his temptation and his unalterable decision to overcome the world. Into the world with all its life and daily need he merged from the baptism and temptation. It was no ascetic who came back among men from the temptation and the triumph, but one who was still in sympathy with every rational and justifiable interest in life. It was no pressing case of need, no desperate sorrow that first called forth his divine assistance, but the generous and beautiful desire to add to the sum of human joy. Life is real and earnest, and its deep concerns are serious and even strenuous, but Jesus at the outset of his ministry showed his abiding sympathy with that which is joyous and festal.

God's good gifts to us are not measured by our absolute necessities. It is his delight to give to his children more than

they need. A score of blossoms shed their beauty and fragrance upon earth for every one that is necessary for fruit, and the fruit is more abundant than the necessity of seed. Commentators interpret Scripture in the light of a "law of parsimony" by which it is assumed that God employs no needlessly great cause for a given effect; and that the supernatural is not to be assumed where the facts can be explained by the natural. It is a good and wise law; but it must not be applied too narrowly. God rejoices to exceed our necessities with the



THE VILLAGE OF CANA

plenitude of his own goodness and love. I have often thought that this first miracle of Jesus might be, among all he wrought, most truly indicative of the spirit in which he came. Into a company not oppressed by poverty or disease or sin, he entered, sharing their rejoicings; and the majesty of his power was displayed that the joy of men might grow from more to more.

It is with pathetic interest that we remember how Jesus spoke of himself as the bridegroom come to bring joy to his companions who could not fast while he was with them. We

remember sadly that he came to his own and his own received him not, but it probably would be a mistake to think of Jesus as habitually sorrowful. Deep were the sorrows of his life and deep were the sorrows of the world which he continually faced, but he endured the cross and despised the shame for the joy that was set before him, and he taught his disciples to love and labor that his joy might abide in them and that their joy might be full. So much of sorrow waited on his later ministry, that we shall do well to cherish the memory of every blessed joy which came to him during its progress.



CHRIST AT THE DOOR—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

CHAPTER IX

THE WHIP OF SMALL CORDS

Soon after the wedding in Cana Jesus and his mother and the family visited Capernaum, where some of his disciples lived (John 2: 12), and there evidently did some teaching and performed some works of power, as these are later referred to in Nazareth as well known there (Luke 4: 23). But the visit to Capernaum was a short one, and from here, probably without returning to Nazareth, Jesus went to Jerusalem. It is the first recorded visit to the Holy City since he was twelve years of age. Meantime he had become a man, and a man with a mission. With what emotions did he now approach the sacred temple, the scene of his boyhood inspiration, and of his future activity!

Jerusalem presents a beautiful sight to the visitor from Galilee. Enshrined in mountains, flanked by deep valleys, the hill of Zion rises picturesque, and visible afar. The high walls and massive gates make it appear impregnable, and the domes and turrets that lift themselves above the walls and outline their glittering shapes against the hills and the sky, show a city whose beauty can but exalt the imagination and quicken the weary step.

According to the scheme of chronology which we are following, the date of the passover which John mentions was April 11-17, A. D. 27. It is the official beginning of Christianity. It is marked by one public event of importance, the cleansing of the temple, and is notable as the occasion of Jesus' visit with Nicodemus.

We do not know the thoughts of Jesus as he approached Jerusalem, after the interval of eighteen years. He remembered it as it had seemed in his boyhood. He remembered the wisdom and solemnity of the doctors, the impressive

apparel of the priests, the dignity and grandeur of the temple service. The real Jerusalem possessed all this, and much beside that was less pleasant to contemplate. It is more than once recorded that Jesus was astonished at conditions which confronted him in his ministry. It may well be that another instance of his astonishment meets us in this incident. With swift indignation, as though the awful sacrilege now first became fully apparent to him, Jesus beheld the desecration of his Father's house.



MOUNT ZION

He who approaches the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, finds the court in front thronged with peddlers of pearl crosses and rosaries, olive-wood souvenirs and cotton winding-sheets, the latter printed over with religious inscriptions, and carried in by the purchasers to fold against the Stone of Anointment, and be laid away for the purchaser's own entombment. It suggests at once, but does not equal, the scene in the outer courts of the temple in Jesus' day. Animals were there for sale to be offered in sacrifice, as people coming from distant parts had occasion to buy their cattle and sheep. The rental on the pens for these animals went to the priests. Doves were in great demand; the high priest Annas had a

large dove farm on the Mount of Olives, and himself dealt largely, through agents or employees, in this traffic. Then there were the money-changers. A man's gift might be more or less, but the temple tax was payable in the sacred shekel.

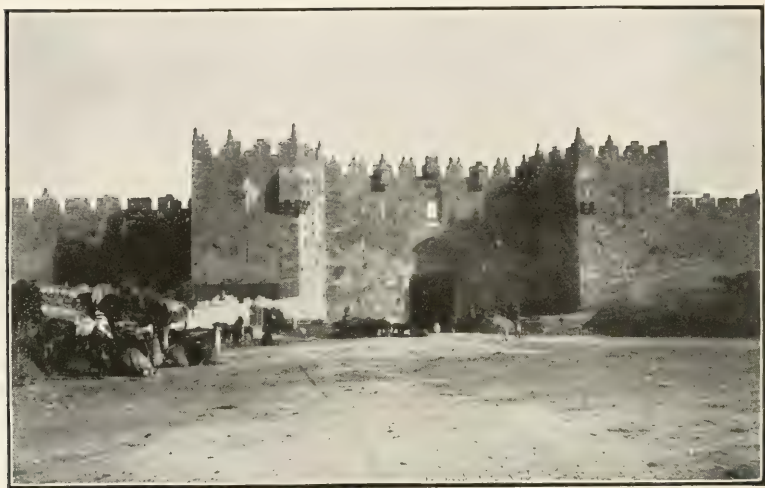


YEMENITE JEWS IN JERUSALEM

Jesus himself paid this tax in the Roman drachma, having no patience with the letter of a law that destroyed its spirit (Matt. 17: 24-27). But legally, the tax was payable in the sacred coin, now rare, the shekel, or half-shekel, believed to have been coined by Simon the Maccabee. To change the various Roman or provincial coins for shekels was the business of the money-changers, whose stalls paid temple rentals. All this made the outer courts a noisy and profane place, where the

bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, and the bargaining of customers and venders mingled boisterously; and worst of all was the spirit of greed cloaking itself under the form of religion.

Jesus viewed all this with righteous indignation. Then he hastily gathered some cords from the floor, braided them into a whip, and drove the oxen and their masters before him, freed the doves, and overturned the tables of the money-changers. It was a bold thing to do, and safe because bold.



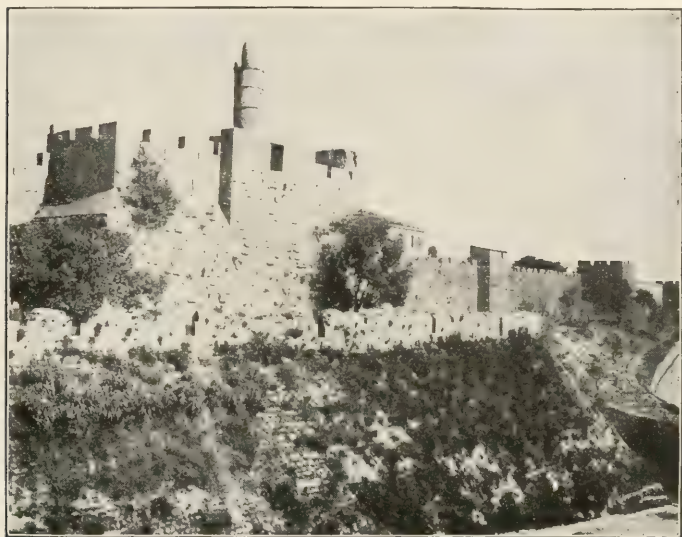
THE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM

The consciences of the evil-doers proved his allies, and the temple, for a brief period, was unpolluted by trade. Jesus had had his first battle with the forces of evil, and had prevailed.

At this first passover in his ministry, Jesus attracted the attention and profound interest of one great man, by name Nicodemus, one of the chief teachers of Jerusalem. He came to Jesus by night, whether through fear or for the sake of quiet and uninterrupted converse we do not know, and confessed at the outset his belief that Jesus had come from God.

Jesus answered, "Ye must be born from above."

The Jews had a doctrine of regeneration, but it was essentially that of naturalization. A Gentile, coming as a proselyte, must be born anew. It implied that the proselyte had become dead to his former relationships, and had entered into new ones; his brother, his father, were no longer his next of kin, but his new brethren in the Jewish commonwealth. He had entered a "kingdom," and the relations of that "kingdom" were not merely political but personal and social. The term



THE CITADEL OF ZION

which Jesus so commonly used, "the kingdom of heaven" or "the kingdom of God," was not invented by him, but was in current use. Jesus and Nicodemus were both talking about "the kingdom of God;" they used the same language, but with very different meanings. So, too, they were both talking of a new birth, and the language employed by Jesus was familiar to Nicodemus; yet he stumbled at the outset in his attempt to grasp the spiritual meaning of Jesus. It would not have surprised Nicodemus had Jesus told him that other men

must be born anew. Nicodemus could have had no thought that he had need of such regeneration. But Jesus applied the truth to Nicodemus, to the great bewilderment of the learned teacher. In the midst of a discourse, at once profound and simple, he announced the origin and purpose of his own mission in the world, in words that are in themselves an evangel:



THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE

(REMBRANDT, 1666-1669) (FROM ORIGINAL ETCHING, 1635)

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life” (John 3: 16).

The need of regeneration is inherent in our complex nature. The child is born with rich spiritual capabilities, but they are all latent. Nothing is developed at the outset, save necessary bodily functions, and a few weak animal instincts. The little one, born of the flesh, and with mind enough to enable the flesh

to provide for its first simple and reasonable wants, must be born from above.

One by one the higher qualities appear; each is a new birth. The love of beauty, the enjoyment of music, the response to parental affection—each is a new birth.

We hear much misleading talk about our "sinful nature." The word "nature" as thus applied is most ambiguous. It is natural for a child to creep; it is just as natural for a man, having learned, to walk. But the ability to walk, to defy



THE RAILWAY STATION, JERUSALEM

gravitation and stand erect, is a birth from above. Scientists tell us that our erect position causes us many diseases of the heart, which is crowded to one side, and of the digestive organs, which are cramped and loaded with undue weight by our walking on two feet—in a word, that going on all-fours is natural to man. It may have been our nature once; it certainly has been the nature of every child among us, but he who should now go on all-fours in manhood, merely because it is "natural," would abase himself. Much more do those abase themselves who apologize for slavery to passion because it is

"natural." There is a higher, even though an unborn, nature. When a little child I learned Dr. Watts' poem:

Let dogs delight to bark and bite
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.



A TEACHER OF ISRAEL

Here is an argument based on the inherent spirituality of the child. The little one might say, "Why should 'bears and lions growl and fight,' and not I? It is my nature to, as well as theirs." Yes, and it is his nature not to. He has another, a higher, nature. And if the child should say, "My little hands are well adapted to the tearing of eyes—I have tried it and

know," he may be answered in the rebuke of his own conscience, which is as real as his finger nails.

The need of regeneration is inherent, and universal. Sin emphasizes the need, but did not create it. Every man has need to be born from above. First is the natural, then the spiritual. The spiritual self is as real as the physical self. But



JESUS AND NICODEMUS—(UNKNOWN GERMAN ARTIST—OLD)

as the physical body might have died unborn, so may also the spiritual life, and sometimes, alas, it does so.

Jesus believed in the spirituality of man. The spiritual nature which man already has, is the unfertilized germ of the spiritual life to be. Quickened by the Spirit of God, made alive to its own powers and the world's true needs, the real man is born and from above.



CHAPTER X

JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL

The range of hills which forms the backbone of Palestine contains one remarkable gap, visible even from the Mediterranean. Seen from the valley, Mounts Ebal and Gerizim appear like rounded cones, but they are really ridges, between which lies the valley of Shechem. No other spot in all Palestine is so fertile, well watered, or desirable for habitation. The two mountains run nearly east and west, and the valley at the narrowest point is hardly more than five hundred yards in width. Between the two mountains stands Nablous, whose name is corrupted from Neapolis, "the new city," and is the modern representative of Shechem.

Shechem is thirty miles from Jerusalem on the south and the same distance from Cæsarea on the north. It is sixteen miles from the Jordan and about the same distance from the sea. The low gap between the mountains is really the water shed, and from it in either direction flow the streams from its multitudinous springs, eastward to the Jordan and westward to the Mediterranean. The inhabitants of Nablous say that there are eighty springs within and around the city. The atmosphere of the valley is humid as compared with the rest of Palestine, and the air acquires that quality lacking elsewhere in the Holy Land, in which distant objects assume soft outlines and delicate tints.

To this great gap in the hills Abraham had directed his steps and here camped by the oak of Moreh (Gen. 12: 6, 7), and built an altar unto the Lord. Jacob pitched his tent to the east of the city and later purchased the ground from Hamor, ruler of the Hivites. Here he dug a well, and near it his son Joseph was buried. (Gen. 33: 18-20; Josh. 24: 32; John 4: 5, 6, 12; Acts 7: 16.)

In the fifth century before Christ occurred that break between the Jews and Samaritans which has lasted to the



ENTRANCE TO JACOB'S WELL

present day. A young Jewish priest, Manasseh, had married the daughter of Sanballat, the Samaritan governor, and refused to leave her at the command of Nehemiah. Returning with his wife to Shechem he was received by his father-in-law and installed as the high-priest of a national worship in which Jehovah was the only God and the five books of Moses the only law. A temple was built on the top of Mount Gerizim, already sacred with its associations, and there the Samaritan people gathered annually and still gather to celebrate the feasts of the passover. Their Pentateuch contained at the end of the Ten Commandments a passage commanding wor-

ship on Gerizim, and both they and the Jews contended earnestly for their respective forms of worship each charging the other with corrupting the sacred text. The controversy was yet warm when Jesus sat on the well, and it is no nearer settlement to-day, though the number of the Samaritans has diminished to a community of about one hundred and sixty-five. They still worship God on their holy mountain and keep up their succession of high-priests, the present high-priests counting himself successor and signing himself as the son of Aaron.*

The two great mountains define the valley and make plain the most immediate locations to it. It is thus that we are able to identify so closely the scenes of this journey of our Lord. Joseph's tomb is pointed out with a strong probability of genuineness, and Jacob's well is still there identified beyond a reasonable doubt. It is a deep circular well whose depth has varied at different times as it has been partly filled up, but it is probably not far from seventy-five feet deep. The curbstone is worn to grooves by the ropes that for ages have drawn water from the depths below. With a candle one may look down the whole distance to the water, and with a rope and water-jar one may still draw water as in the early days. The water is cool and fresh. I drank from it and found it good, and the traveler of to-day sitting for a little time where Jesus sat and drinking of the water that he drank, goes on with the words of the Saviour ringing in his memory:

"Every one that drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life" (John 4: 13, 14).

It was in the winter of the year 28 that our Lord passed through Samaria. The month was probably December, for it lacked four months of harvest. His disciples went into the village close at hand, the village of Sychar, nearer to the well than Shechem, and now identified as El-'Askar. It was

*A discussion of the questions of the value of the Samaritan Pentateuch is contained in an extended article by the author in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for October, 1903.

a small village then as compared with the somewhat populous city of Shechem, as it now is in comparison with Nablous. While Jesus sat on the well, weary and thirsty, a Samaritan woman came to draw water. Not many people came to the well in the middle of the day, for though it was winter, the



CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA—(DORE, 1832-1883)

sun was hot and burdens were carried, when possible, earlier or later in the day. There, however, the woman came, and Jesus talked with her. A request for water is the most common of all pleas for assistance in the East, and he would be counted most inhospitable who refused it even to an enemy, but so bitter was the feud between the Jews and Samaritans that the woman wondered at his asking for a drink. But the woman's readiness to help a stranger became the occasion of her receiving a blessing for herself and her country.

be left in the realm of the dead nor his flesh see corruption. Here, where the blessings and cursings had been read in that scene of unrivaled picturesqueness and solemnity, he came with the new Law whose blessings were for the salvation of all men. Here, where Jacob had dug his well, he discoursed on the water of life. Here, where stood the monument of the unhappy division between the Jews and their nearest neighbors and kinsmen, he uttered the prophecy of the universal



JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN WOMAN—(REMBRANDT, 1606-1669)

and spiritual worship of God. Here, where Samaritan worship was most strongly entrenched and prejudice deepest, he began his foreign missionary work with hopeful results and a promise of larger things.

The revelation to the woman at the well grew first out of a real need on the part of Jesus. His request, "Give me to drink," was the expression of his own genuine thirst. It gives dignity to human life when we realize that God really needs us; that we are invited "to come up to the help of the Lord."

But a deeper reason was the woman's need. Her response to the need of Christ was the condition, though unrealized, of her receiving the water of life. It is ever thus, and our willingness to serve becomes the reason of the blessings bestowed. Jesus needed the water; the Samaritans needed the water of life; and Jesus "must needs go through Samaria" that he might open a new and living fountain there.



JACOB'S WELL

CHAPTER XI

HE CAME TO HIS OWN

Among the saddest words written about our Lord are those of John, "He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not." The world was God's already. Jesus had valid claims upon the love and service of men. It was not an unnatural thing that he should have asked their affection in return for that love which he lavished upon mankind, or their service when he who was Lord of all lived among men as he that serveth. If mankind had been of the devil, and the process of salvation had been a violent wresting of men away from the original intent of their being, it would have been less strange. It would not then be a wholly surprising thing to know that he came to those who were Satan's and that they remained loyal to Satan. But the world was God's from the hour when God in loving self-abnegation poured his own life into the world; and men were Christ's own in the thought of God from the dawn of creation.

We are intensely interested in this return of Jesus to his early home. This had been his first long absence from it, we may believe, since his early childhood. There are times when one truly comes to man's estate only by leaving home for a season. Many a man can remember the day on which he consciously grew out of boyhood, and it has been oftener than otherwise the day of his arrival among a new company of associates. Yesterday he was a lad at home among the people who had known him from his cradle. To his father he was still a little boy, and his mother still half thought of him as her baby. To the neighbors he was one of a group of lads, growing fast, to be sure, but still a lad. To-day all this is changed. Away at school, in business, on a visit, he is thrown among a group of self-reliant young men, thinking for themselves, act-

ing without asking permission, and he comes into their privileges and methods as a matter of course, and the boy of yesterday is the young man of to-day.

This is not all. He has a new scale of measurement. He has a new gauge for his ambition. He is more of a man not only in the estimation of his fellows, but also in his own self-consciousness. His home-going is a very different thing from his departure. He left his home a lad; he returns a few months or even weeks later, and is more changed than those who see him realize. Of the quality and effect of that change, his home-going is the test.

Who that thinks at all has failed to wonder that any young man ever aspires to be better or greater than the surroundings of his birth? What is that spirit which says in the soul of a young man who has never healed a disease, "I am a physician," or in one who has never preached a sermon, "I am called to the work of the ministry," or to one who has never pleaded a case, "I will be a lawyer?" Their fathers were farmers or village shopkeepers; how should their sons proclaim themselves professional men? How can they face their old neighbors with such preposterous claims? No wonder they go away from home to obtain their start in life; and, when they return with their professional titles, no wonder that the community waits, more than half skeptical, to see what, if anything, is to come of it all.

It was in the power of the Spirit that Jesus returned. The Spirit's presence was no new experience to him, but the scope of the Spirit's power was enlarged by the enlargement of his own horizon. We are perhaps never quite sure of our ground when we attempt to interpret those spiritual experiences of our Lord that partly accord with our own and partly transcend them. But this we know, that the descent of the Spirit upon him at his baptism was not an objective fact alone, but that it made visible a real inward experience. And when, led of the Spirit, and sustained by the Spirit, he went into the wilderness, and there met temptation at short range and conquered it, we may be sure that epoch marked in his own thought a real spiritual advance. We may not know how to

interpret it; we may lack words to make it real to ourselves; but we ought to assure ourselves that the Jesus who returned to Nazareth was in his own consciousness a man of wider and deeper spiritual life than the Jesus who had left Nazareth to begin his ministry as a companion of John the Baptist and thus



A PEASANT FAMILY OF PALESTINE

to fulfil all righteousness. Returning, the significant change in his own relation to the world lay, as Jesus himself expressed it, in his larger possession of the Spirit. It was the truth which registered itself in his own consciousness; it is the theme of his address to his own people; it is the affirmation which the evangelist records. This was the thought of the Scripture passage read by him that morning from Isaiah, and it was the fulfilling of that Scripture promise that constituted his theme.

It might help us to understand the Christ if we recalled oftener the Scripture statements of his possession of the Spirit. It was of the Spirit that he was begotten; in his growth from childhood, increasing in wisdom and in stature, the Spirit was his, and the grace of God was upon him; with that Spirit he was baptized, and the dove-like descent was the token of inward grace; in the progress of his ministry it became apparent that God gave not the Spirit to him by measure; and the Old Testament passages which pre-eminently he fulfilled are those which define his glory as that derived from the transcendent possession of the Spirit of God.

It is thus necessary to suppose that Jesus' own apprehension of the nature of his work among men had developed during this absence. Certainly he seemed changed to his neighbors. He had sat in the synagogue all through his boyhood, had attended school there, no doubt, and there had heard on Sabbath days and there had learned to read on other days, the words of the law to which this day he listened as another read. When the reading of the prophets was due, he no longer sat, but rose and offered to conduct that portion of the service, and afterward to speak. It was a new thing for him to do, and it did not pass unnoticed.

But it was no new thing for him to be at the service of God's house. He went to the synagogue "as his custom was." Even to the Saviour there was power in godly habit. Few relatively of our acts are undertaken with a process of conscious and independent reasoning. Much of what we do is done under the momentum of habit. Blessed is he whose habits are those which conduce to worship and to instruction in righteousness.

At least seven persons, as a rule, participated in the successive reading of portions of the Scriptures in the services of the Jewish synagogue. Frequently strangers were invited to speak.* Any man of good standing in the community and of good repute for learning and piety might be called upon or might volunteer to address the congregation. Whether the

*As in Acts 13: 15.

Scripture for this day was one assigned, or whether Jesus selected the passage which he desired, is a question about which scholars have different opinions. But it was a singularly felicitous passage, a word from the second group of prophecies included under the name Isaiah, the great, hopeful, illuminating book which prepared the expatriated nation for a return to its own land. It was to proclaim the set time of



EMINENT MEN OF PALESTINE

God's deliverance that the words had been spoken and recorded; and it was a larger fulfilment of the hope of deliverance which Jesus taught.

All such prophecies had their nearer fulfilment. All of them had initial reference to some event in the prophet's own lifetime or a time not then remote. But the grandest of Old Testament prophecies overflow the narrow banks of local fulfilment, and move on, deep and wide and majestic—so deep and wide that at times the narrow bed of the original meaning is utterly lost to sight—over the broad flood-plain of their larger Messianic hope to meet the incoming tidal revelation

of God's redemptive love in Jesus Christ. It is always a help when we are able to discern the breadth and direction of the prophet's initial meaning; but it is a sad limitation of our privilege in Christ if we confine our exploration to the tortuous channel of the prophet's personal vision, and fail to make our own the swelling stream of the gospel's majestic overflow where floats securely the ark of God with the rainbow of eternal hope above it.

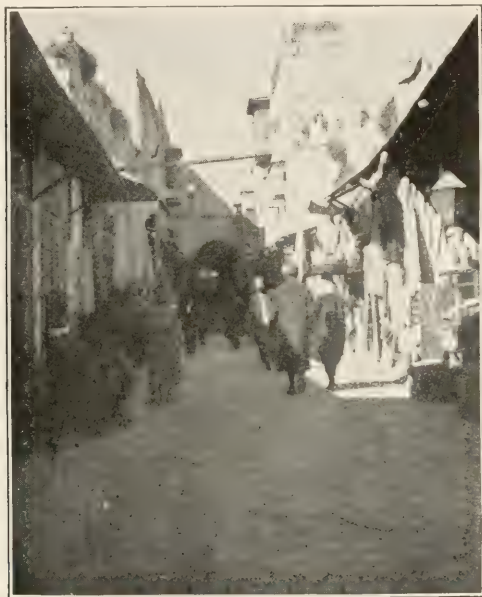
Jesus did not wait for the challenge that was sure to come. His old friends were there, full of curiosity, which varied from a languid interest in the message itself to a skeptical and hostile cynicism. He uttered for his hearers the stinging proverb with which they were ready to taunt him. Already he saw their rising opposition. It was another temptation to turn stones to bread, and to use his power to secure the favor of his old friends. Above that temptation, though his own brethren and late employers were the tempters, Jesus rose with dignity and decision. And the refusal unmasked in an instant the bitterness and scorn which curiosity had dissembled.

The effect was instantaneous. They no longer wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth. They no longer judged the Messenger by his message, or gave pretense of a courteous hearing to a new gospel. He had done a few mighty works in Nazareth; he had laid his hand on a few sick folk and they had been healed. But he could do little—here is the inability of omnipotence—because of their lack of faith. He was not even a carpenter to his neighbors now. He was the disappointed promise of a free entertainment, and they scorned him. So Jesus was rejected because he refused to use his divine power for purposes of entertainment, and to satisfy a morbid curiosity.

The Greeks stumbled through their philosophy, but not more so than the Jews through their seeking of a sign. The supernatural has its dangers to faith. No part of the life of Jesus bears more eloquent testimony to his divinity than the restraint which he put upon it in the manifestation of the supernatural. The times have not yet passed when people

turn their backs upon the church in quest of a gospel which, denying matter, uses its quasi philosophy for ends distinctly material; nor are Christians above temptation to make perfect in the flesh that which is begun in the Spirit.

What a message it was to which Nazareth stopped its ears that day! It was a message that had in it no promise of loaves and fishes, no offer of free miracles on demand, no present



PALESTINE STREET SCENE

relief from the sickness and care of earthly life. Signs of his supernatural power would have come with faith, but they were distinctly not promised as a result of it. But it was a message of good news for the poor, healing for the broken-hearted, liberty for those in bondage to sin, vision for the spiritually blind, help for the bruised, comfort for the sorrowing, and the assurance that God's good time was at hand. And Nazareth rejected that gospel and its Messenger, because the Lord of glory refused to work miracles for free entertainment and for local self-gratulation.

Jesus wondered at it. Let us not in our timidity explain away the precious truths of our Lord's humanity. The Scriptures assure us that it was a sad surprise to him. He had started back home with enthusiasm. He knew the personal needs of the men to whom he was going. He went with love and expectancy. But the day or days that intervened between his return and this Sabbath had chilled his hope and rendered impotent the divine effort for their relief. It was Jesus' first bitter disappointment, and it drove him out, homeless and disowned, a man without earthly kindred or an earthly home. It was a part of his bitter cup to know the keenness of disappointment. He, with all earth's benefactors, knew the meaning of Kipling's lines:

And when your goal is nearest,
The end for others sought,
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hopes to naught!

Sadly, indignantly, pitifully, the homeless Saviour turned away from his own people, marveling at their unbelief, and learning the lesson of disappointment which had its part in making the Captain of our Salvation perfect through suffering.

It would not be so bad if all this were a bit of ancient history. But, alas! to this day the sinless and sin-forgiving Saviour comes to his own, and they that are his own receive him not. This day, more than in that day when Jesus preached at Nazareth, is fulfilled in our ears every gracious Scripture which tells of the benefits of his salvation. The poor, the broken-hearted, the captive, the blind and the bondman, rejoicing still in his salvation, testify to his comfort and vision and freedom and hope. Alas for the man who is Christ's own—his kinsman, his brother, a child of his own Father, yet a strange and unfilial child, who turns him away. For, to as many as receive him, to them gives he the right to be called, in a new and more blessed sense, the children of God, even to those that believe on his name.

CHAPTER XII

THE HEALING CHRIST

Though rejected at Nazareth, and living for a time in obscurity, Jesus was welcomed by many of his countrymen who had been much impressed with his teaching and his unrecorded works at Jerusalem (John 4:43-45). Jesus now remained in Galilee from about the first of January until near the end of March. Of these three months we have hardly any clear information. It is possible that he lived unobtrusively in Nazareth, attracting no particular attention. The only time we hear of him, however, he is at Cana (John 4:47), and it is not certain that Mary and her family were not residing there, and Jesus with them.

We come thus to the close of the first year of Jesus' public ministry. It began with his baptism in January, 27, and his public introduction to his work in Jerusalem in the March following. We know almost nothing of his Judæan ministry from March to December, and practically nothing of his Galilæan ministry from January to March, save one incident which we are about to consider. This was the year of obscurity in the public life of Jesus, and but for the Gospel of John we should know as little of it as of the hidden years in Nazareth.

This first year of teaching closed with a miracle of healing. A nobleman from Capernaum sent word to Jesus that his son was sick. With great reluctance Jesus entered upon that course which was certain to make his ministry conspicuously one of miracle working. He knew that once begun there was no stopping, and that the demand for miracles would increase until it ceased to be the cry of need and became the demand of irreverent curiosity. "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will in no wise believe," said Jesus; but the nobleman cried, "Sir, come down ere my child die." The tender heart of Jesus

was melted by the father's entreaty. "Go thy way," said he, "thy son liveth" (John 4: 46-54).

We are told that this was Jesus' second miracle at Cana. It was very different from the first one. It was a type, however, of the miracles that followed. From this time on Jesus became not only the teacher, but the healer of men. The prominence given thenceforward to miracles of healing justifies our pausing at the outset to consider the work of Christ in its relation to health both then and now.

Jesus had no fondness for being known merely as a worker of miracles.* He preferred to attest his power and truth by moral and spiritual evidences rather than by those which bred in the people a desire for the unusual. That such a desire speedily grows abnormal, he well knew, and to that fact his experience adds new evidence. More than once he manifested great reluctance to work miracles, and repeatedly he forbade the knowledge that he had done so to be published. The supernatural was the resort of every charlatan and fraud; Jesus made his appeal to the heart and conscience. Jesus was reluctant to have men think it their duty to believe because of his power to reward or punish them; he would have them believe because of their love of truth and goodness. He shrank from seeming to bribe them to be good by means of his miracles, and preferred that men should hear his truth, and see his life, and believe in God who had sent him.

The final test of truth can never be the apparent attestation of what appears to be the supernatural. The last appeal is ever to the reason and the conscience of men. Far back in the Old Testament times men were warned against following a new religion simply because it was accompanied by signs and wonders:

"If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and he give thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that

*A portion of this chapter is condensed from my book "Faith as Related to Health."

prophet, or that dreamer of dreams; for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul. Ye shall walk after the Lord your God, and fear him, and keep his commandments, and obey his voice, and ye shall serve him, and cleave unto him" (Deut. 13: 1-4).

If we were forever committing our faith to that which comes to us with an air of mystery, we should have before us a per-



CHRIST HEALING THE SICK
(REMBRANDT, 1606-1669)
(FROM THE FAMOUS "HUNDRED GUILDER ETCHING")

petual phantom chase. Even though signs and wonders be shown, even though prophecies are made and fulfilled, the final test is the value of the revelation to the lives of men. If a man is tied with ropes and shut into a cabinet and the lights are turned down, and strange things occur, the final question is not whether I can explain his loosening of the knots, but whether the revelation made in the dark is of real value to the assembled audience. If a pencil is put within a folded slate, and later writing is found within, the final question is not whether I can explain the means by which the writ-

ing has been accomplished, but whether the alleged revelation has really added to the sum of human knowledge. If a man establishes a new religion and works cures, it is not necessary to prove that all who are alleged to have been helped by him grow sick again, but only to inquire whether any new principle has been discovered which makes for the permanent advantage of men and women. Between the false and the true, the pretender and the real bearer of a message from God, we must discern, not by a comparison of wonders which make the curious gaze, but by evidences of sincerity, unselfishness and goodness. The working of cures can never attest as divine an alleged revelation accompanied by vulgarity, cupidity and pretense.

Besides being a most uncertain proof of the divinity of the faith which it proclaims, the supernatural, so called, has other serious disadvantages. It tends to disturb faith in the goodness of the established order of things. It sets us to looking for God in his unusual manifestations, and to ignoring an "earth crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God." It discounts God's habitual methods, and enhances unduly those which are exceptional. It tends to divert men's minds from the real essence of the divine revelation, and to fix their attention upon the accessories thereof. It creates a morbid craving for more of the mysterious, and so forever stimulates what it cannot satisfy, an appetite for the marvelous and the abnormal. It creates new and false tests of truth, and refuses to accept truth except as it becomes more or less mysterious and unnatural. It sets a wicked and adulterous generation to seeking signs and wonders, which seeking they substitute for a search after righteousness.

"Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe," said Jesus reproachfully. What was even worse, they would not believe after they had seen them, as he himself knew. "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead." The miraculous as a means of conversion was a conspicuous failure in Christ's day. He did not rely upon it. He rebuked the craving for it. He

taught men to believe in truth and goodness, and not to demand those exhibitions which in false teachers so readily become mere feats of fortune-telling and legerdemain. It is better for a man to believe through a miracle than not to believe at all; but "Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed." Blessed are those to whom God is real, not in the unusual only, but in all the normal exhibitions of his righteous and inviolable laws.

I have great patience with men who find it difficult to believe in miracles. In so far as Christianity has miracles, they are a means to an end, which end is faith in Christ. If that end be attained without them, the miracles need impose no added burden. The moment they impede faith, they may be allowed to stand aside for the help of those to whom they are of real assistance, while those souls that do not find help in them, find God through such agencies as he uses for their assistance and enlightenment. The man who derives no help from miracles will not, if he is wise, deny them; to other souls they have their meaning. But he need not wait to find God through the means which Christ counted of lesser importance, if God has made himself plain through means that appeal to him as more truly spiritual.

Miracles have still their evidential value to us, and to the greatest of them, the resurrection of Christ, Christianity itself affords nineteen centuries of unbroken testimony. This is the only miracle which the modern Christian need trouble himself to prove. So far as the others are important, they follow readily from this. Some miracles were less important than others when they were wrought, and some had a greater impressiveness and value to their own age than they can possibly have to a later time. He who believes that Jesus Christ rose again from the dead, and that he lives still in the life of heaven and of the world, need not trouble himself because some of the other miracles give him difficulty. Nevertheless, one has only to compare the miracles recorded of Christ with the apocryphal miracles and the alleged miracles of other religions, to be struck at once with the contrast. The miracles of Christ form

a cycle attesting his power over natural and spiritual forces. They are full of dignity and majesty and strength. They appeal not to men's love of the marvelous, but to their spiritual nature. They exhibit a sympathy and a self-control which are the perfection of the human and the divine. They are free from all ostentation and pretense. They are free from all timidity on the one hand, and from all striving after effect on the other. They are free from all appeal to superstition and from self-advertising. They are free from all grotesqueness and from all pandering to vulgar curiosity. They are full of a grace which belongs to no other prophet or religious teacher. They are full of a conscious power which never shrank from the extremity of human need, and never exceeded by any effort at display the occasion which evoked them. They are simple, beautiful and convincing. They were done in the daylight. Their motive was transparent, and their result was immediate and easily tangible to the senses. They are ever for moral or spiritual ends, and exhibit beautifully and helpfully the power of God in its various moral relations. They are appropriate, masterful, and worthy of the Son of God.

It is the regular method of the imposter to make his claim at the outset, and work his wonders to prove it. Christ wrought very differently. He began by preaching the good tidings of the approach of the kingdom of God, veiling his power, keeping it in the background, using it sparingly, often reluctantly, and only when there was special occasion.

Still, he who claimed to be the Son of God must give reasonable evidence, not only of goodness, but of power, and of that power manifest for moral ends. So Jesus wrought from time to time such works as were necessary to impress his own age with a conviction that he had come from God. He proved that he had power over nature, power over sickness and sin and all the forces of evil, and power over the hearts and lives of men. Largely his miracles were works of healing, for of such there was pressing need. It may be that a mere arithmetical comparison does not give us in right proportion his own thought of the legitimate objects for display of divine power.

It may be that he would have preferred a larger proportion of other manifestations of the divine nature. He could not escape from men's infirmities, and so he healed and comforted. But his first miracle was wrought to add to human pleasure (John 2: 1-11); the one miracle recorded by all four evangelists was



CHRIST RAISING THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS
(GUSTAV RICHTER, 1823-1884)

not of healing but of feeding (Matt. 14: 19, 20; Mark 6: 35-44; Luke 9: 12-17; John 6: 5-13); the miracle by which he brought his disciples to him, and by which he defined their future work as his followers, was to profit them in their regular method of getting a living (Luke 5: 1-11); and the only one by which in part he sought to help himself, was wrought to pay the tax collector (Matt. 17: 24-27). God's power is for life's

normal functions, and not wholly for its remedial necessities. It is entirely possible, therefore, that our study of Christ's miracles has led us to think too much, relatively, of those of healing, because of their numerical preponderance. We may err in supposing God's work to be remedial rather than constructive. It may be that in God's thought the remedial is the incidental, and the constructive is the essential in the mission of Christ. It may well be that the mission of Christ to men concerns, more definitely than we sometimes think, their accustomed vocations, their daily problems, and even their normal recreations and pleasures.

But Christ was constantly pressed upon by the world's necessities. The unending groan of pain, that from the dawn of history has been wrung from the heart of this sad earth, smote ever on his sympathetic ear. What works he might have wrought in a world with less stern necessities, we may perhaps debate, but it was a world of pain and sorrow, a world with little skill in healing, a world with great ignorance of the laws of health, into which he came. He went about doing good, and he did the good that was most needed, whether its specific form best represented his mission or not. When the leper cried, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," he did not stop to ask whether he was healing lepers out of proportion to their number—he healed the man before him. So, teaching and healing, he lived his wonderful life. Men's bodily needs and men's spiritual needs, he met them both. Upon his own loving, generous heart he took the burden of the world's sickness and sin. "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses."

The question may be asked by some reader whether God still works cures in answer to prayer; and if so, how, among many systems claiming to work cures, we may know which is truly from God. In another book I have attempted to answer this question more fully than is possible here. But I may say that I believe God still hears and answers prayer, for our bodies and for our souls.

But, if by answering our prayers God intended to do what-

ever we think we want, we should never dare to pray. These bodies of ours are not constructed for immortality, nor is this world God's best. Every man and woman of us, save the few who are to live till life becomes a burden, and those to be overtaken by sudden death, will one day face death with longings for life, and prayers that God will raise us up. We ought so to pray. We have no right to want to die while we are able to live and help the world. We shall pray to live, and in so praying we shall do our duty. But in God's good time, he will hear that prayer, and will answer it by taking us to the life everlasting and to larger service.

There is more divine healing than at first we recognize as such. All healing is divine. We wrongly restrict the meaning when we apply it only to those cures which proceed from immediate religious influence. Every cure is an answer to prayer, prayer that in many cases has been wrung from the heart of sobbing centuries, and whose answer is revealed in some new method of saving life.

Let me suppose two cases of men equally sick, and both beyond present human help. In the one case Christian men, uniting their prayers and faith, surround the bed, and pray for recovery, and recovery comes. They do not see that human means have availed, save those consequent upon prayer. Let them be thankful, and believe that their prayer has been answered. Still the case remains an isolated one, remarkable and accounted divine just because it is unusual. In the other case, after centuries of effort and pain, and the unwearied toil of generations of physicians, some of whom prayed and some of whom did not, a remedy is found, which saves that man's life not only, but remains a permanent addition to human knowledge, a truth whose benefits are to accrue to all generations. Perhaps the last man who made the discovery did not pray at all; perhaps the first man saved had no faith in prayer. Nevertheless, I say that if one and only one of those cases is to be accounted divine healing, the one better deserves the name which represents the discovery of a permanent divine truth. I do not choose between them. I count them both

divine, but if I had to choose the one or the other, I should choose the one which stands for the larger human gain, the one which has come as the result of both prayer and effort, and which abides as the answer to a thousand prayers yet to be offered.

We cannot afford from our discovery or half-discovery of natural laws, to deduct a false philosophy that rules out God. God lives and reigns, and generation by generation men are learning better by what methods to become workers with him.

Through the skill and the blunders of the physicians, through the prayers and the toil of friends, through the heart-breaking disappointments and the glad rejoicings, we are learning better God's ways of restoring health. This is from God.

Through much pain and great needless suffering, we are coming to a better knowledge of the laws by which health may be maintained. Cures are from God, much more so that soundness of health, that wholeness of body, which needs no healing.

The average of human life grows steadily. The thoughts and purposes of men grow large. So moves the world toward its larger and better future, and God lives more in the life of men. This is the source of health, of wholeness, of holiness, and these all are from the same root. Trusting in him, we shall find strength for life's inevitable sorrows. Trusting in him we shall find strength sufficient for sickness and for health, for life and for death, for earth and for heaven; and through that trust we shall find health and wholeness for our bodies and our spirits which are his.

Jesus was right in judging that the working of such a miracle as the healing of the nobleman's son would advertise widely his power as a healer. In his first circuit of Galilee, he healed a leper (Matt. 8: 2; Mark 1: 40; Luke 5: 13). The leper had heard of him and believed in his power. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." How could Jesus resist such an appeal?

Pitiable indeed, was the condition of the victim of this ter-

rible disease. Doomed to banishment from home, to weary wanderings, to be shunned of all men, and finally to die, alone and unwept—no fate could possibly be more sad than this. The leper had heard of Jesus in some way; had probably learned of the healing of the nobleman's son, and had come to believe that he who could free the spirit of man from the power of evil spirits, could free the body from the most terrible disease. At first the thought may have been a mere question, growing into a conjecture, and this into a belief, at length intensified into a living faith in the power of Christ.



A GROUP OF PALESTINE LEPERS

So far as we know, this was the first human acknowledgment of the divine power of Jesus, excepting the testimony of John the Baptist "Behold, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and the confession of Nicodemus, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God." But one of these men was the appointed forerunner of Christ, and the other was "the teacher of Israel," and this man who professed equal faith, was a leper and an outcast.

"If thou wilt," said the leper. How improbable it seemed that the great high-priest would come near one so vile. Well the leper remembered the last time he had seen a priest of

God. There had begun to be a suspicion among his neighbors that he showed the signs of incipient leprosy; he denied the imputation at first, indignantly, then less confidently, and at length fearfully, desperately, as the evidence of the disease grew more terribly strong. At last, he was openly charged with leprosy and brought before the priest. Shut up for seven days, he emerged from his prison with the fatal scab more extended, and was officially pronounced unclean, and sentenced from that time forth, so long as he should live, by one who was at once the legal magistrate and the divine oracle, to rend his garment, and with bare head and covered lips, to dwell without the city, crying to all who might pass his way, "Unclean! unclean! unclean!" From that day, he had gone forth a wanderer upon the earth, branded as indubitably as Cain with what was supposed to be the mark of his sin; shunned of all men, and especially of good men. Would Jesus look at him? The more he heard of the power of Jesus, the more certain it seemed that he had come from God. The more terrible his own condition became, the greater seemed the distance between Christ and himself. How should he approach him? It was against the law for him to salute any man by the way. What could he say to Christ which would make him pity his deplorable condition, and not turn away in disgust from his loathsomeness? These were hard questions. The risk, however, was not great, for life admitted no possibility much worse than he was experiencing. Though the attempt was illegal, and success very uncertain, he came kneeling, beseeching, and professing his faith. "If thou wilt, thou canst," he said. "I will," replied the kind voice of the Master, "Be thou made clean." Christ's willingness was established and so was his power. Many lepers afterward came to him, and all were cleansed; singly, in pairs, in groups of ten he healed them. This man he not only healed, but touched. How gracious was the touch, and how full of power!

Soon after his removal to Capernaum, another notable case of healing occurred. A paralytic, carried by four friends, was brought to the house where he was preaching, and when the

crowd prevented their coming to him, they ascended the flat roof, and removing some of the tiles, let the sick man down at his feet (Matt. 9: 1-8; Mark 2: 1-12; Luke 5: 17-26). "And Jesus seeing their faith saith unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins are forgiven thee."

Who said anything about sins? It was paralysis that ailed



JESUS AND THE PARALYTIC

the man, and that was what brought him to Jesus. The scribes and Pharisees thought it presumptuous for Jesus to talk about forgiving sins, and the sick man's friends may well have confessed to a feeling of disappointment. He had sins, of course, but these were not what had given his friends concern. If they could only get him so that he could work for his living, he might consider his sins later, and repent of them when times

were better, or after he had had opportunity to think about something beside his physical ills. This may have been what his friends thought about it, and the man himself may have had some such feelings. Certainly a feeling akin to this underlies a good deal of the philosophy of a certain type of modern benevolence. It says, "Do not preach to men who are hungry; give them something to eat. Do not trouble men with theology, but work for the eight-hour law. One world at a time is enough; leave God and heaven until we know more about them, and give your energies to solving the bread-and-butter problem, and the needs which press upon men and women with long hours and small wages. It is their sickness and their hunger which should concern you. They have sins enough in all conscience, but it will be time enough to talk about them when men are better fed and clothed and housed."

The Church is not to any great extent an employer of labor, or a producer of material wealth. It possesses few opportunities of securing employment for men, or of raising their wages, or of assisting them to market their commodities. Its kingdom is not of this world. Wherefore, there are many who say: "What is the Church good for, and why should we go to church at all?" There are thousands of men who are perfectly willing to go to church if the church will distribute soup tickets, but who will pass its doors in open and avowed contempt if the church have nothing to offer them but the forgiveness of sins and joys of honest living. There are people to-day who want bodily healing, but who care little for spiritual grace; who are very willing to be fed, but who do not hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Let us not judge these men too harshly. There are many of them who bear heavy burdens in life, and who seek for some sort of sympathy and help in the midst of life's troubles and cares. Though they seek never so selfishly and unwisely, how shall the Church of Christ deny them the comfort of genuine sympathy that surely is their right and our duty? Jesus did little to ameliorate the conditions of his own day and time. It was a poverty-stricken country to which he came, and he left

it still groaning because of the sterility of the soil and the meagerness of the harvest, the burden of excessive and unjust taxation, and the three-fold curse of poverty and disease and dirt. He inaugurated no movement to raise men's wages or shorten their hours, and he left no infallible cure for human disease and suffering, but he never withheld from men a genuine sympathy that seemed so full of hope. The sisters of Lazarus rejoiced at his coming even when they looked for no resurrection of their brother. His presence meant good to them. His sympathy would not fail them. Of this, his companionship and his help, they were always sure.

But these were not the best of the blessings that Christ brought to men. Ah, poor sufferer, weighed down with the infirmities of years, there is one thing you need more than bodily healing. Ah, friends, who have borne your companion to the housetop, and let him down at the feet of Christ, it is not his body that needs first aid! The restoring he needs and shall also have, and the words of the Saviour shall not fail commanding him to take up his bed and walk, but the greater blessing is that first bestowed of pardoned sins, and of a conscience at peace with God!

The men had faith; both the paralytic and the four who brought him. It was not a faith that the man would be forgiven, but faith that Jesus would do something to help him; faith that he would go home the better for his coming; in that they were not disappointed. It was a fragmentary faith; an imperfect faith which fell far short of reaching the full willingness of Christ to help. It was a faith that had a reward in excess of what it was seeking. It is often so. Not wholly is God restricted by the limitations of our own faith. Faith in Christ is not confined to faith that he is about to do a specific thing for us. There is a power in him, and grace with him for an excessive reward to those who trust him.

Not always does a man get what he goes out after. Men who have succeeded in that which they have most desired, sometimes tell us that a man can accomplish anything which he really sets his heart upon; but life is full of examples to illus-

trate the truth that some things most earnestly sought are never attained. Many a man struggles on with his bodily infirmity and the limitations of his environment, to whom, nevertheless, is offered the larger gift. It is a mistake to assume that Jesus will always say, "Rise up and walk," but he will always say to the penitent believer, "Thy sins are forgiven." Many a Christian carries through life, as Paul did, a body weakened by incurable disease.

It is something that religion makes people agreeable and good neighbors; and a religion which does this and nothing more, is not to be despised. If Christianity did no other thing than to establish a day in the week on which by common consent those who profess it should put on clean linen, it would be sufficient to justify the Christian faith; but no man has received all that God has ready for him who has only come to realize the benefits of an occasional change of raiment. Deeper than this must the real change be, if God does his best work for men. Faith in Christ still has its excessive reward.

Later in the summer Jesus found and rewarded another instance of faith, that of the centurion, whose faith he declared greater than he had found in Israel.

Thus early in the ministry of Jesus did he give to the world a token of his regard for all nations, and a promise of the extension of his kingdom among all men. Returning from the mount on which he had preached his great sermon, Jesus was met by a deputation of the leading men of Capernaum, beseeching him for the relief of this centurion's servant. Jesus had healed Jews; would he heal a Gentile? Those who came to Jesus evidently believed that their faith was or might be necessary to make up for the lack of the faith of the centurion. They took pains to assure Jesus that he was personally worthy, but the very need of the explanation as they made it showed that there was a doubt in their minds as to his being up to the standard of faith as required by Jesus. But as Jesus was going, the centurion sent, saying, "Speak the word, and my servant shall be healed."

It was an eminently practical, business-like, soldierly sug-

gestion. It was so practical that it must have shocked those who heard it a little. Jesus marveled at the centurion's faith. He had not always when present been able to do mighty works among the Jews because of their unbelief. Here was a heathen who had so much more faith that he could bless him at a distance. It was greater faith than he had ever found in Israel.



THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS
—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

The true followers of Jesus were not limited to those who accompanied him in his journeyings. There must have been a considerable number who remained at home and quietly bore their testimony for him. The healed demoniac was not allowed to follow him, but was sent to his own home to tell what great things the Lord had done for him. Zacchæus in Jericho, Lazarus in Bethany, and many more into whose homes he had

come, must have remained loyal to him. The owner of the ass on which he rode to Jerusalem, the host in whose upper room they ate the passover, like Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathæa, were among his sincere disciples. Besides these there must have been many who clung to their old forms of worship, for as yet there had been no break between Christianity and Judaism, but sincerely believed on him, and a number not smaller, who were somewhat perplexed by conflicting opinions, and bewildered by their previous expectations of the Messiah, who had, nevertheless, heard him gladly, and needed only further instruction to bring them to Christ. The Church visible has never been conterminous with the Church invisible. In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, however perplexed with distracting doubts, or confused by erroneous teaching, has been and is accepted with him.

This centurion laid no claim to faith. He was not a Jew; he had never received the rite of circumcision; he did not keep the ceremonial law; he was a heathen. He had, however, distinguished himself by his favorable attitude toward the Jews. Stationed with his company of troops near Capernaum, he had noted the favorable contrast between Judaism and heathenism, and while not professing conversion to Judaism, had been the largest contributor to, if not the sole donor of, the chief synagogue of the place—a structure whose ruins, if they could be identified with those of Tell Hûm, would show that the gift was by no means a small one. The ruins may serve the same purpose, however, for it is quite unlikely that Capernaum's synagogue, erected by such a patron, was at all inferior to those of the neighboring towns.

It is significant that of centurions, of whom the Jews could not think even such an one worthy except by stress of need to receive a blessing from the Jewish Messiah, no less than three are conspicuous for their connection with the early Church—this centurion of Capernaum, the centurion of the crucifixion, and Cornelius of Cæsarea. And Jesus prophesied that many should come from unexpected quarters to sit down with the Jewish patriarchs in the kingdom of God.

Another notable work was wrought by Jesus that summer in the raising of the daughter of Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue (Matt. 9: 18-26; Mark 5: 21-43; Luke 8: 41-56). On the way to the house of Jairus he healed the poor woman who touched the hem of his garment. Jesus was always doing good by the way, and amid the throng and press of that day he



RUINS OF THE SYNAGOGUE AT TELL HUM

noticed the woman who found healing in the furtive touch of faith. Passing on, Jesus brought joy to the house of Jairus. I never recall that scene, or look at Hofmann's picture without emotion, remembering one dark day when by accident I opened to it in a child's book of Bible stories with the words underneath, that were the echo of my own heart's cry, "My little daughter is at the point of death: I pray thee, that thou come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be made whole, and live." It was an unspeakable comfort to remember that

he came. So, also, he came to us in our need, and still comes to many an anxious bedside.

At the same time, and apparently on the same day, Jesus healed two blind men, and afterward a dumb demoniac. So full and busy were the days of his life in Capernaum.

The cures brought blessings to those who were healed, but they failed to convince the doubters. Those who could not deny the miracles ascribed them to Satan (Matt. 9: 34), and the rest continued demanding signs (Matt. 12: 38-45; Luke 11: 29-36). The supernatural has failed as a means of conversion. The showing of signs led to the growing demand for signs, till the heart of Jesus was heavy; for men sought him to be caused to marvel, and not to hear his words or do his will. So the works of healing were not an unqualified blessing, and it is more than doubtful whether they would serve better ends to-day.



"GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN!"
(HOFMANN, 1821—)

CHAPTER XIII

JESUS AND THE SABBATH

Jesus attended a second feast at Jerusalem, as John tells us (5: 1) and it is commonly believed to have been a passover. In any event it is manifestly distinct from the passover already referred to (John 2: 13). This feast marks the close of the first year's ministry. It had been a year of small beginnings but of growing power. Jesus had now been in retirement for some time, and was greeted with interest at Jerusalem. The most notable public event of this visit was the work of healing at the Pool of Bethesda. The place is believed by many to have been identified, and one clambers down to the pool through the remains of three churches, that have been built, one over the ruins of the other, to mark the spot.

Here Jesus found a man who had had an infirmity thirty-eight years. There was a superstition that the pool had healing power for the first man who entered it after the occasional "troubling" of the waters by an angel. The myth of the angel, which worked its way into the Bible narrative, has now been relegated to the margin.

This incident affords us one of our best illustrations of the occasional inaccuracies of the text of Scripture. The oldest manuscripts omit the words, "waiting for the moving of the water" and the story of the angel troubling the pool. The spring was an intermittent one, and the medicinal value of the waters—if they had such value—may have been greater in the beginning of its periods of activity. Whether this was true, or was only believed to be true, need not concern us. Some scribe who knew the local superstition that this "troubling" of the water was occasioned by the visit of an angel, and the popular belief that only the first man who entered the pool

could be healed, inserted in the margin of his copy the story as it is found in the version of King James. In time the added words found their way into the text itself; but the oldest copies show us that they do not belong there. We have to deal with the impotent man, who, doubtless believing this superstition, was there and had been there for a long time. We are not concerned with the legend of the angel.



WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?—(C. SCHÖNHERR, 1827—)

Jesus asked this man, "Wilt thou be made whole?" It was no needless question. The man had become fond of his infirmity. He had told his story a thousand times a year for nearly forty years, and it had grown larger and more delightfully sad each year. What a series of disappointments he could relate, until now, if by any chance he had gotten in first, and been healed, his occupation would have been gone! There are people, not a few, who need, not medicine, but faith and resolution, a forgetting of their disappointments and infirmities, and some wholesome exercise in making beds.

But the healing of this man, while it added to the popular fame of Christ, brought about a clash with the sticklers for the letter of the Jewish law on the observance of the Sabbath. Jesus laid down the fundamental law, "The Sabbath was made for man." It seems to us a commonplace, but it was a strange doctrine then. Just so far as they could, the Jews had made



THE MOVING OF THE WATERS—(JEAN RESTOUT, 1696-1768)

man over to fit the Sabbath. On just this point Jesus came into sharp collision with the doctors of his nation, and had, in consequence, a series of discussions with them, growing out of various incidents in which he deliberately set at naught established custom with reference to the Sabbath.

It will be well for us to consider the principal occasions on which Jesus was criticised for disregarding the Sabbath. We cannot count in this list the healing of the demoniac in the synagogue in Capernaum (Luke 4: 31-36), for this occasioned no recorded criticism, and the same is true of the cure of

Simon's mother-in-law (Luke 4: 37-39). In both cases the need was so urgent that the cures were unchallenged. Possibly, also, there were no scribes present in Capernaum. Nor yet may we consider the other cures wrought on that same day, for these were delayed by the people themselves until sunset (Matt. 8: 16; Mark 1: 32; Luke 4: 40), when the Sabbath was at an end.

The first occasion that gave rise to controversy was this healing of the man at Bethesda (John 5: 1-47). The next was the incident of rubbing out of the grain (Matt. 12: 1-8). The next was the healing of the man with the withered hand (Matt. 12: 9-14). These were the occasions of scandal in the first half of Jesus' ministry. Later occurred the healing of the man born blind, which cure occurred at Jerusalem, in the last winter (John 9); and soon afterward, in Peræa, the healing of the infirm woman in the synagogue (Luke 13: 10-12) and that of the man with the dropsy, in the house of a Pharisee (Luke 14: 1-5).

We must not fail to notice that all of these controversies might have been avoided. The cures could have been postponed until the next day; or Jesus might have taken the patients aside, as in other cases, and healed them privately. In the case of the rubbing of grain by the disciples, Jesus might have cautioned them to take bread, or to restrain their hunger lest they cause others to stumble. The offense was needless; Jesus deliberately courted opposition on this point.

We must note also his defense. The Jews supposed that he assumed the right to abrogate the Sabbath through a claim of equality with God. But Jesus denied this as the ground of his conduct. He could do nothing apart from God. "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father doing." Whatever claims he makes for his divinity, he makes this one as the representative of men, for whom the Sabbath was made.

Jesus declared himself Lord of the Sabbath, by right of his manhood and not alone of his divinity, which up to this time he did not permit to be known. "I say unto you that a greater thing than the temple is here."

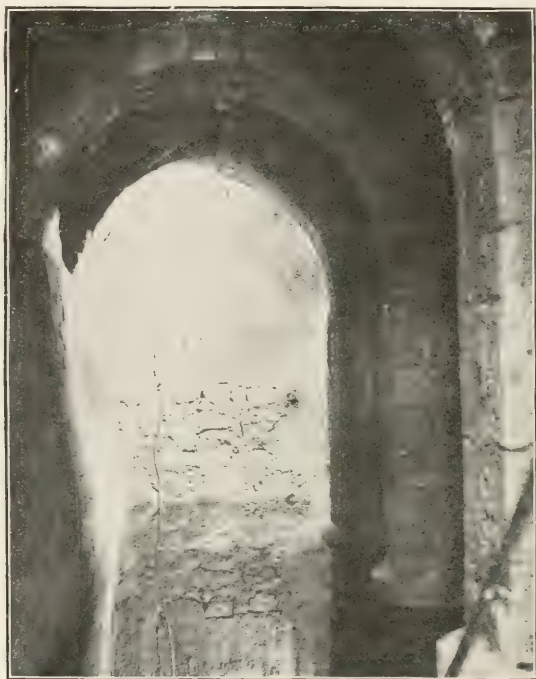
He defended himself by an appeal to an instance of mere human need. At a time in David's career, least reputable, a time when he was telling lies and becoming the companion of outlaws, his need justified the priest in breaking over a ceremonial law for the sake of a hungry man, insincere though he was. "How much is a man better than a sheep;" therefore, "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." "I desire mercy, and not sacrifice."

We have no reason to doubt that Jesus esteemed highly the Jewish Sabbath as a day of rest and worship. Yet from the beginning of his ministry he deliberately and with purpose aforethought went out of his way to engender controversy as to the method of its observance. The immediate gain of his departures from established customs was insignificant, and the loss was great, so great that it involved bitter and acrimonious debates, alienation of disciples, and a hostility on the part of the priests that at length proved the occasion of his death.

The principle of Jesus, as gathered from his own words, is that religion is adapted to the nature of man, and is to be interpreted in the light of man's need. This principle, far from doing away with the Sabbath, grounds it in the eternal purpose of God to promote the welfare of men, and makes the Sabbath an abiding necessity. The principle on which the Jews based the Sabbath would in time make it superfluous. To set forth the real nature of the Sabbath was consonant with the whole plan of Christ's work; and in it we may see in epitome the spirit of his whole mission.

Thus interpreted, the Sabbath, and every institution of God on earth, becomes not an arbitrary requirement, but a divine benefaction; not the imposition of a grievous obligation, but the conferring of a priceless boon; not the result of a divine mandate for which no reason is to be asked or given, but an evidence of the reasonableness of God's gracious commandment, ordained for the physical and mental and spiritual welfare of his children. To ground religion upon that basis was worth the cost of opposition. The work of Christ, so far as it related to organic religion and to religious institutions, was

a most instructive and persuasive commentary upon the words of Moses: "For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou should say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it, that we may do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest



THE POOL OF BETHESDA

say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it that we may do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." (Deut. 30: 11-14.)

God has not made an arbitrary standard to which human life is required to conform; he has been governed in the creation of that standard by the nature of human life, which is a reflection of his own nature. The law of the Sabbath, then,

is to be interpreted in the light of the physical, social, and spiritual needs of men.

The world never needed a day of rest more than in this busy, rushing age, in which men are breaking down from excess of care and prolonged effort. It never needed a day of



THE DISCIPLES RUBBING OUT THE GRAIN—(DORE, 1832-1883)

spiritual uplift more than in the midst of our present commercialism and haste to be rich. A day of mere recreation is not enough. It sends the wearied man back to work more weary, as employers of labor testify. The world needs rest and uplift and spiritual impulse, and should find it in the Sabbath, which was made for man. If we are wise and seek the best interests of men, we shall not seek in the name of an imaginary "free-

dom" or protest against so-called "Blue-Laws" to break down the too few restraints upon the weekly day of rest. Rather we shall seek, without limitation of personal liberty, save as it hinders the liberty of others, a growing reverence and love for the Lord's day.

Greek mythology had among its heroes Antæus, a gigantic wrestler. Born of the earth, he renewed his strength whenever he touched it, and was only conquered by Hercules when the latter lifted him into the air and there squeezed him to death. There is truth in the legend, as seen in the fact that our bodies are renewed by contact with the soil. But our souls are heaven-born, and renew themselves only by touching heaven. Our danger is that the great god Mammon, finding us with strength of soul depleted, will squeeze out our spiritual life in the pressure and grind of common things. Once a week—and it is not too often—let us rise to touch heaven.



JERUSALEM FROM THE WALL

CHAPTER XIV

BESIDE THE SEA OF GALILEE

The last two chapters, in their grouping of similar incidents, have anticipated the orderly chronological progress of the narrative. We return to Galilee and find Jesus in a new home. He has now established himself in Capernaum by the Sea of Galilee, which from this time becomes the central spot in his ministry.

Jesus first visited Capernaum (John 2: 12) in March, or April, A. D. 27. It was a brief visit, and he was accompanied by his mother, the family, and the first five disciples. In April, 28, when Jesus had been rejected at Nazareth he removed to Capernaum and made this place his headquarters until his final withdrawal from Galilee in the autumn of 29. (Matt. 19: 1, 2; Mark 10: 1; Luke 9: 51.) In this interval of a year and a half Jesus seems to have made at least nine departures from and returns to Capernaum. Three of them were extensive tours and the others were more limited visits to near-by towns.

There is nothing in the New Testament to indicate the site of Capernaum beyond the fact that it was on the shore of the Sea of Galilee and across from Decapolis, being on or near the plain of Gennesaret (Matt. 4: 13; 14: 34; John 6: 17-21; Mark 6: 53). It is twice mentioned by Josephus (Vita, 72. B. J. II, X. 8), who, when injured upon the Jordan, was carried thither, and his testimony adds the fact that there was a fountain there.

Capernaum derives its interest solely from its relation to Jesus. After his rejection in Nazareth he made his home in Capernaum, first as the guest of Peter, whose mother-in-law he healed (Mark 1: 31), and later apparently as the proprietor of a house probably rented for himself and disciples, as we

are told that he was "at home" (Mark 2: 1). Here he paid taxes (Matt. 17: 24-27), and it was called "his own city" (Matt. 9: 1).

Capernaum was a "city" of some importance, the center of a collecting district, and the permanent station of a body of troops whose captain had built the synagogue (Matt. 8: 5, etc.). Here Jesus taught in the synagogue (John 6: 59), and wrought many miracles. Here he taught his disciples the



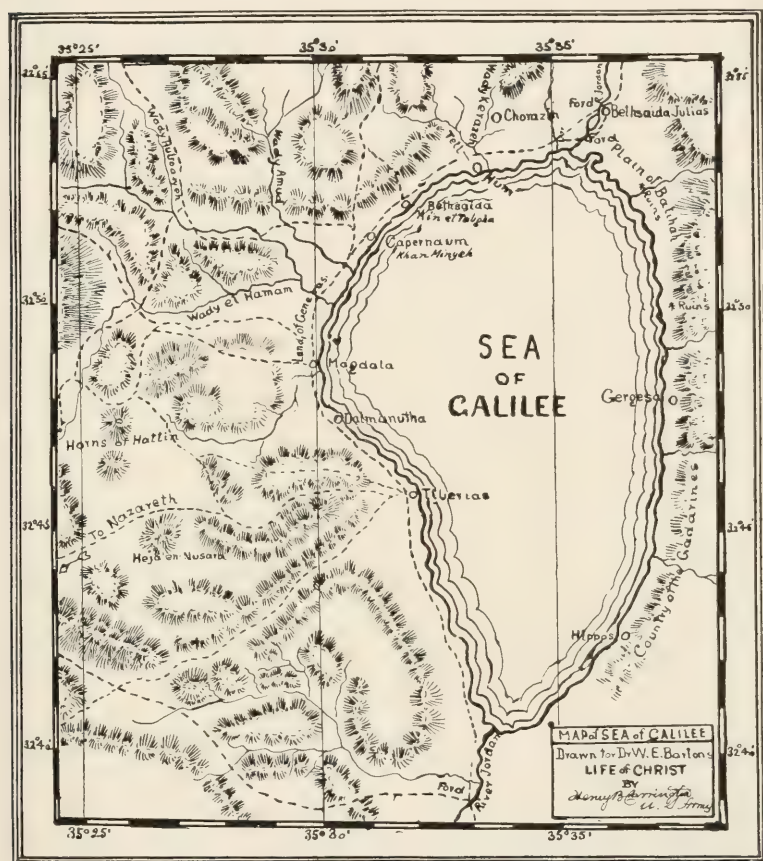
THE BEACH OF BETHSAIDA
(‘AIN ET TABIGHA)

lesson of humility from a little child who ran in at the door when it was known Jesus was "at home" (Matt. 18: 2; Mark 9: 33, 36).

To this city, the home of Peter and of Andrew, whose native city was Bethsaida, but who had come to live in Capernaum (Mark 1: 29; John 1: 44), the disciples to the number of seven gathered after the resurrection and remained till Jesus appeared to them by the sea in the morning (John 21). Very

few places are so intimately associated with the most interesting incidents of gospel history.

Two sites are pointed out on the Sea of Galilee as those which may be what little is left of Capernaum. One of these



MAP OF THE SEA OF GALILEE—(BY GENERAL HENRY B. CARRINGTON, U. S. ARMY)

is Tell Hûm, at the northern end of the lake, and the other is Khan Minyeh, about three miles to the west, near its north-western extremity. Readers interested in the arguments pro and con can find them in extended works on this subject. It will answer the purpose of the present volume to give the

author's conviction that Khan Minyeh rather than Tell Hûm answers the general requirements of the Biblical narrative. It is a place of springs, which are distinctly mentioned by Josephus, and these are lacking at Tell Hûm. The ruins at Tell Hûm, however, are more extensive than at Khan Minyeh, and the fact that among them are the remains of a synagogue leads one strongly to desire to identify it as the one in which



THE SHORE OF CAPERNAUM
(KHAN MINYEH)

Jesus taught. In any event it is practically certain that he preached in this synagogue, as the villages at the northern end of the lake received his special attention. Tell Hûm has been thought by some to be Bethsaida or possibly Chorazin, but Chorazin is probably identical with a ruin north of Tell Hûm. Chorazin is referred to only in Matt. 11: 21; Luke 10: 13, and is located west of the Sea of Galilee and of the Jordan. Jerome locates it two miles from Capernaum, but says it was deserted in his day. It was praised in ancient days for its wheat.

Thomson, in 1857, identified it at the ruin called Kerazeh, which is generally received as correct, but the identification, while probable, is uncertain. This site is off the lake, and nearly north of Tell Hûm. We do not know what incidents occurred there, but the place is referred to by Jesus as one of the three that had had the largest opportunity to see and know him. It is a striking fact that the cities which Jesus denounced for their unbelief have all disappeared, past the



THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES—(CRAYER, 1582-1669)

possibility of certain identification. If Capernaum was at Khan Minyeh, Bethsaida was probably located at 'Ain et Tabigha (Heptaregon)—a little vale, bordering a beautiful curve in the beach east of the rocky promontory of Tell 'Ariemeh—the monkish "Mensa Christi". There was also another Bethsaida, on the other side of the lake, where the five thousand were fed. We shall have occasion, in considering that miracle, to mention this Bethsaida and the question of its site or sites.

There is only one other city on the Galilee side of the lake that has interest for us in connection with the work of Jesus.

and we have no specific mention of his visiting there. Magdala, identical with the modern El-Medjel, is identified beyond reasonable doubt, and lies south of all the above villages. It is now a poor and miserable town, situated in a fertile region, well watered but very poorly cultivated. It is a striking fact that it alone of the cities associated with Christ's ministry here, should be certainly identified. It brings to our memory the fidelity of the woman who, healed by Jesus from her insanity, was faithful to him to the end; "last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

The city of Tiberias, which lies farther south on the same side of the lake, was begun in Christ's youth, and completed during the early part of his ministry, but we have no record that he ever visited it. It is to-day the principal city on the lake, and the point of departure for excursions upon its waters.

It is of little consequence that we are unable to identify the sites of the cities that adorned the Sea of Galilee in Christ's day. One of them does as well as another for the purpose of illustration or as a point of departure. It is the lake itself that chiefly holds our interest. No tourist who has ever made the journey will recall without a thrill of satisfaction the experience of a sail upon this deep, blue body of water so intimately associated with the most striking scenes of our Lord's ministry.

The event which brought Jesus back from Judæa into Galilee was the imprisonment of John the Baptist, for the sake of whose disciples Jesus had once before withdrawn from the neighborhood of Jerusalem (John 4: 1, 2; Matt. 4: 12; Mark 1: 14; Luke 4: 14, 15). Returning first to his own home, Nazareth, and finding no welcome there, he had come to Capernaum, where, on the first Sabbath, he taught in the synagogue, healed the mother-in-law of Peter, and wrought many cures (Matt. 8: 14-17; Mark 1: 21-34; Luke 4: 31-41).

Then came a memorable day on the Sea of Galilee. Peter had been fishing all night, and with poor success, but tired as he was he would not go home.* His nets needed washing,

*I quote a few paragraphs from my book "I Go A Fishing."

and a crowd was gathering on the beach. Peter had been, since the Sabbath, a noted man in the village, for he was entertaining the new Rabbi. Peter for more than a year had been an avowed disciple of Jesus.

Soon the crowd parted, and Jesus passed through to the water's edge. The people pressed upon him so that he could



ANCIENT AQUEDUCT ABOVE KHAN MINYEH

not see over their heads, and he looked about for a pulpit. There were boats at hand, and he knew Peter's from the rest, and, stepping into it, asked Peter to push out a few yards, and hold the boat where he could make himself heard.

We have no record of the sermon or its results. The Master uttered his message, and the seed fell, some by the wayside, some on the rock, some in the thorns and some on good

ground. It is a mistake to expect a pentecost after every sermon, or even that every sermon shall be remembered.

The sermon was finished, and Peter took Jesus for a sail. and the Master showed Peter where to fish with good success. The net came up full and overloaded. It was a large recompense for the use of Peter's boat, but Peter found in the miraculous draught of fishes other suggestions. In some way that miracle was a call to a new and more intimate discipleship.

It was their divinely given success that brought those first avowed disciples to a point where they were ready to leave all with him. They left the fishing business with a record of success, and not because business had failed. Harry Morehouse, the English evangelist who so quickened Moody, used to say of this miracle, "It takes faith to leave fish." Such faith as was requisite the disciples did not lack.

Four disciples were present when Jesus uttered this second call to service. John was one of these, as he had been one of the first, and with him now is his brother James. Andrew and Peter are there, also. The group has not grown smaller. Nathanaël and Philip may have been at Cana for a time, as they seem to have had interests both there and at Bethsaida. At any rate they have not dropped out of the circle. The number has not diminished to four; it has grown to six. This half dozen, all fishermen, now leave their work and accompany Jesus on his first preaching tour through Galilee.

The tour was not a long one. It extended into "the next towns," which were probably Bethsaida, Chorazin, and the other lake villages. He healed a leper in one of these places, and cast out demons, "And Simon and they that were with him followed after him."

It is by no means certain that they never fished again. They were soon back in Capernaum, in which town Jesus seems to have made nine different sojourns between his missionary tours. On these he was accompanied by his band of disciples, who, during the earlier portion of his ministry, may have resumed, when at home, their former occupation. But there was a distinct advance in their conception of discipleship. To

follow Jesus now meant far more than it had done fourteen months before. They were still fishermen, but they were called to be with their Lord, and to that call they had responded gladly, nobly.

After his first tour of Galilee, Jesus returned to Capernaum, and there, in early summer, he healed the paralytic, and was charged with blasphemy for claiming power to forgive sins (Matt. 9: 2-8; Mark 2: 3-12; Luke 5: 18-26). He had another controversy, also, occasioned by his disciples rubbing out



TELL HŪM

grain on the Sabbath, to which reference has already been made.

At this time, too, Jesus added another to the number of his disciples, Matthew, or Levi, the tax-collector (Matt. 9: 9; Mark 2: 14; Luke 5: 27-28), whom he called from his place of business, and who followed him.

The spring passed by, and the summer came on. Jesus sometimes left the hot homes of men, and taught by the sea-side (Mark 2: 13), and sometimes he preached from a boat, and afterward went for a sail.

I do not wonder that Jesus loved the blue lake of Galilee, "the most sacred sheet of water which the earth contains." The rabbis declared that of the seven seas created by Jehovah, this was his delight. Josephus grew rapturous over it, saying that it might be called "the ambition of nature," and that "the



THE CALL OF MATTHEW—(BIDA. 1813-1895)

seasons seemed to vie for its possession." But to its natural beauty is added this unspeakable charm, that its shores have been trod and its waters sailed by Jesus, the Christ. The pilgrim from the new world recalls its every memory with a thrill of delight, and sings in his heart,

O Galilee, sweet Galilee, where Jesus loved so much to be!
O Galilee, blue Galilee, come sing thy song again to me!

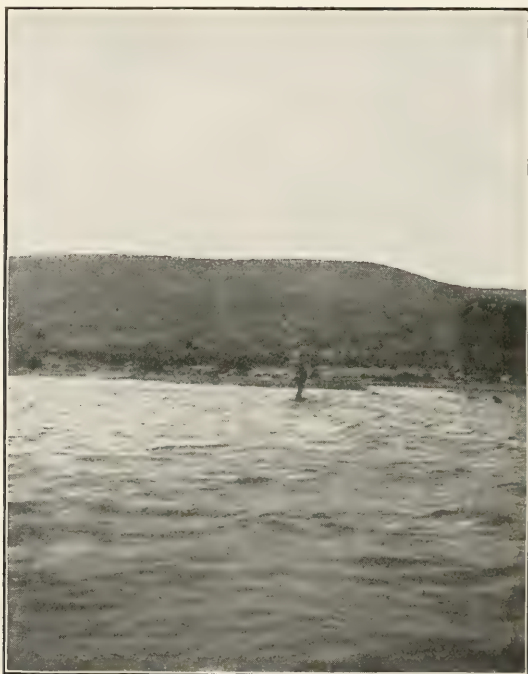
I shall never live to be old enough to forget my own sail on the Sea of Galilee. The day was bright with sunshine. The waters rippled into song about the boat. The shores were brilliant with flowers. The whole scene was one of beauty. The southern end of the lake, shut in by hills, was calm, and



THE CALLING OF MATTHEW
(CLEMENTE OF EMPOLI, 1554-1640)

our progress was made by "toiling in rowing"; but at the northern end there sprang up a brisk breeze which caused us to speed rapidly on our course with all on board sitting to windward on the gunwale. Other boats filled with members of our party were near at hand and sailing over the same course, and competition between the boatmen was keen for the

first arrival. The race added its own zest to the occasion. There was no memory of fatigue from the long ride over the Galilæan hills; all sense of weariness vanished. The spray dashed over our bow and the boatmen sang merrily as we passed one after another of our competitors. But the race was not the only thing that thrilled us, for again and again we remembered how the disciples had sailed that same little



FISHERMAN WASHING HIS NET

sea, and our Lord himself had been with them repeatedly as they loosed from this same shore and launched out across its blue waters. In his day the lake was alive with boats. The highways on the shore were thronged with caravans. The fertile hillsides clothed with wheat and barley sloped down to the water, and the valleys crimson with flowers were beautiful in the sunshine. In all Palestine there is no other spot so

sacred, so free from mercenary or superstitious associations, so unspoiled by modern innovations; nor is there in all the world another place where the imagination is so free to make real to itself the scenes in the life of Christ.

The Sea of Galilee is 627 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The hills around it rise to a height of 1,200 to 2,000 feet. The greatest depth of the water is 156 feet. The extreme length of the lake is twelve and one-fourth miles, and its greatest width six and three-fourths. Fish still abound in it and are good to eat. They furnished us an excellent supper, and along the shores the fishermen were washing their nets as in the days of Jesus. I caught a photograph of one of these fishermen as we sailed by; it is not very distinct, but it is worth reproducing because thoroughly characteristic.

Amid scenes such as this we spent a memorable day, and when we tied our tent flaps down at night and went to sleep beside the lake which Jesus loved, it was with a new sense of the reality of the life and labor of the Son of man, who trod these shores and sailed this sea and there wrought his lasting work on the lives of his disciples and the world.



TIBERIAS.

CHAPTER XV

THE ORDINATION OF THE TWELVE

One night in midsummer, A. D. 28, Jesus withdrew from his disciples and remained alone on a mountain near the Sea of Galilee (Luke 6: 12). It was one of his many nights alone in prayer. In the morning he came down to the seaside, and again preached from Peter's boat. The multitude now thronging him was great, and the best way to secure a little space, that more might hear, was by putting a narrow stretch of water between him and his audience.

After a time he came ashore, and climbed the mountain again, and took with him twelve men, whom from this time he called his apostles. Six of them are already known to us; Matthew has lately joined the group, and the other five have been his disciples from the beginning. They are Peter and Andrew, Philip and Nathanaël or Bartholomew, and John. James, the brother of John, had also come into the group, and there was another James, the son of Alphæus. The other four are Thomas, "the twin," and Simon, the revolutionist, and Judas, also called Lebbæus, and Thaddæus, and Judas the traitor.

There were three pairs of brothers among the apostles. Several of them had been associated as relatives or as partners in business. All were from Galilee. It was a small, and not very inclusive group, yet it was more representative than we might suppose, and quite as heterogeneous as was consistent with harmony.

There is a book in the New Testament called popularly "The Acts of the Apostles." The title is noteworthy, because the acts of so few of the apostles are recorded. For the most part we do not know by what specific deeds the most of these men

approved themselves as apostles of the Lord. It is enough to know that the Lord knoweth them that are his. Not even the apostles can be sure of widely advertised achievements as the token of sure discipleship, but the humblest disciple may rejoice in opportunities of service such as made up the obscure and worthy labor of a majority of the apostles.



FISHERMEN ON THE SHORE NEAR WHERE THE DISCIPLES WERE CALLED

Matthew was a tax-collector, and Simon Zelotes was a tax-hater and an insurrectionist, and some of the rest we do not know about.* But more than half of them were fishermen, and it was this occupation which supplied the figure of speech which to this day describes their official work. They were fishers of men. They were disciples already, but the time had come for them to assume a still more intimate relationship to Jesus.

*See "I Go A Fishing."

"Ye are the light of the world," he said; "Ye are the salt of the earth." These were strange words for him to say to a company of fishermen, even with the world as small as it then was, but he spoke truly. For the Galilæan fishermen had been chosen apostles, and were now set apart to preach the good tidings to all the earth.

This was the end of their fishing for fish. Peter, to be sure, once cast a line in an emergency, and caught a fish, and thus



CHRIST AND THE FISHERMEN—(ZIMMERMANN, 1852—)

made his former vocation supply his Lord's need and his own. But to all intents and purposes the second preaching of Jesus from the boat was the closing of the fishing industry for the men whose boat it was. For perhaps two months they had been attending him almost constantly; now, they were formally set apart for life-long service, and for nearly two years they remained with him. It is not our present purpose to follow them in the experiences of those two years. It is

enough for us to know that they followed Jesus. Sometimes there were crowds to hear him, and sometimes he was deserted, but they followed him. Sometimes they thought that they saw his throne ahead, and later they knew that they saw his cross, but they followed him. They were ignorant and narrow and ambitious, but they were faithful. "Let us go with him that we may die with him," said Thomas, whom we cruelly remember as the doubter. They all followed him—afar off, sometimes—but there are few more beautiful things in history



JESUS PREACHING FROM PETER'S BOAT—(HOFMANN. 1824—)

than the devotion of that little band that saw the multitude dwindle, and heard the cheers change to hoarse cries for blood, and listened to the taunts of the Pharisees, and saw the machinations of the priests increasing to success, but still followed him.

I cannot refrain from reproducing here one of my own snapshot photographs, taken on the wharf of Tell Hûm, with my own boat and boatmen rather dimly shown. The photograph is none too clear; but very distinct in my own memory is the impression made upon me during the sail, that it was just

such sturdy, warm-hearted, but untaught men whom *Jesus* as called, and whose story, imparted by himself, has transformed the world. No single impression of my journey in Palestine stands out more clear-cut in my memory than that suggested by the men in this dim photograph. It was not men like these that changed the course of history, but the Lord whom they followed and who transformed them.



MODERN GALILEAN FISHERMEN.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Much of Bible history gathers itself about its mountains. The Hebrew lifted up his eyes to the hills, and rejoiced in the presence of God which he found symbolized in the mountains round about Jerusalem. The hills of the Holy Land are full of pleasant suggestions. When landing at Haifa, one sees above him the rugged ridge of Carmel, and soon before him the rounded cone of Tabor. There is Lebanon to the north, with Hermon just over the Mizpeh valley. David saw the storm sweep over Lebanon, breaking its cedars, and heard in its thunders the voice of God. John saw the snowy summit of Hermon with the clouds and sunlight playing over it, and it became to him suggestive of the great white throne, with the rainbow round about the throne of God. As Hermon and Lebanon range themselves over against each other, so in reality and in association do Ebal and Gerizim, where the law was read with its blessings from one, and its cursings from the other. Then, there are mounts Hor, where Aaron died, and Nebo, where Moses looked, first across the Jordan into the land of promise, and then across a narrower stream into heaven. There are Carmel, where the fire descended in answer to Elijah's prayer, and Horeb where the tempest and earthquake and fire were followed by the still small voice.

The life of Christ is closely related to the hills of Palestine. More than once he went apart into a mountain to pray. It was from a mountain crest that, beholding the beauties of Jerusalem, suddenly revealed to his vision, he wept over the city. There are the mount with the garden of Gethsemane at its base, and the mount on which he was transfigured. There

are Calvary with its cross and Olivet where his feet last pressed the earth before he ascended into heaven.

Among all these sacred hills room must be made for another—the mount of his great sermon. A little apart from the multitude, but with the throng in full sight below, Jesus took his disciples to the top of one of the two low horns which



A CITY SET IN A HILL

crown the summit of the plateau of Hattin, and there preached his sermon on the mount.

The hills of Scripture fall somewhat naturally into pairs, and this mount inevitably suggests comparison with Sinai, where the law was given. The author of Hebrews contrasted, not this particular hill, but the whole system of Christianity, with Sinaitic Judaism, in his lofty words: "For ye are not come unto a mount that might be touched, and that burned with

fire, and unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words; which voice they that heard entreated that no word more should be spoken unto them: for they could not endure that which was enjoined, If



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT—(FRITZ VON UHDE, 1846—)

even a beast touch the mountain, it shall be stoned; and so fearful was the appearance, that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake: but ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to innumerable hosts of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born who are enrolled in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect,

and to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better than that of Abel." (Hebrews 12: 18-25.)

It is natural for us to make this contrast somewhat more specific, to set the gospels over against the law, the beatitudes opposite the commandments, and to contrast the system of negation and command of the Old Testament with that of love and inspiration in the New. Thus does Sinai find its full complement as well as its antithesis in the mount of Christ's discourse. Sinai is bleak, barren and inaccessible; but Hattin is fertile, and covered with flowers and grain; the commandments are negative and prohibitory; the beatitudes overflow with the blessings of positive righteousness.

The traveler from Nazareth or the Mediterranean coast to the Sea of Galilee, following the road that winds among low hills on the elevated table land, sees at length before him and to the left, a double-turreted hill, and knows it at once as Mount Hattin—the "Horns of Hattin." A detour of a mile or more will bring him to its summit, and may introduce him to a group of dark and threatening-looking Arabs, who rise up out of the ground and demand bakshish for his damage to their wheat fields. Whether they own the fields, or he has done them any damage, need not long be considered, nor is it necessary to inquire too closely into their intentions. A few small coins, produced without taking out his purse, may well be given them, and the tourist will do well to rejoin his company on the road below as speedily as is consistent with a dignified retreat. No tourist should ride to Hattin alone, and he who does so will probably be left somewhat uncertain as to whether the Arabs really intended to rob him or not. This, at least, was the experience of some men of my own party, who became separated from the main body by their interest in the Horns of Hattin.

It was the tradition of the Crusaders that fixed upon Hattin as the scene of the Sermon on the Mount. Dean Stanley adopted the tradition, and gave it general currency. Our first thought would be that a mountain nearer Capernaum would

more probably have been chosen; but this objection grows less if Capernaum was at Khan Minyeh and not at Tell Hûm.

The "mountain" is only sixty feet above the table-land; but the plateau itself stands high above the plain of the lake. It is thus conspicuous from the lake, and would easily have been the goal of a company ascending from the water's edge to hear a sermon from Jesus. We cannot, of course, be sure that this is the hill where Jesus sat and preached, but there is nothing in its situation to render the tradition improbable.

The Crusaders gave the hill its present name: and they had sad reason to remember it; for here, where Jesus blessed the peace-makers, occurred a bloody battle. On July 5, 1187, under a blazing sun, thirsty and faint and overburdened with their armor, the Christians fell before the furious charge of Saladin. Their dead bodies lay on this sacred slope; their blood reddened once more the bloody plain of Esdrælon; and the Saracen was left in possession of the land where Jesus lived and taught. Here was lost the true cross, as the Crusaders esteemed it, and the crescent flamed over the Mount of Beatitudes.

Of the public discourses of Jesus, the Sermon on the Mount is the one most fully reported. We have as much as he probably spoke in fifteen minutes, and that appears less a report of a single discourse than a collection of utterances, some of them used in other connections.

Scholars have found it impossible to agree upon an analysis of this address which makes it correspond to our modern idea of a sermon, that is, a connected discourse, with a definite proposition and with logical progress of thought from one division to the next. In our modern sense it was not a sermon at all. It is not easy to state its central thought in a single proposition, as a sermon is supposed to do, but the teachings of the sermon gather about the general idea of the righteousness of the kingdom of God. It discusses many things—the blessedness of doing good; the character of the disciples in their relation to the world; the relation of Christ's teaching to the Law; the duty and the form of prayer: the importance of

discrimination; the sin of judging harshly; and the stability of character of those who hear and heed the sayings of Christ as opposed to the sandy foundation under the lives of those without faith in him. These general ideas and the disconnected precepts enjoining these duties, have these co-ordinating principles: trust in God, who cares for the lily and the sparrow; fidelity to our fellow-men in the spirit of the Golden Rule; and the essential unity of all spiritual interests in the kingdom of God. Trust in God, as herein taught, is enjoined with this



THE SEA OF GALILEE FROM TELL HÛM

promise, "Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

It is not the purpose of this book to give expositions of any of the extended discussions of Jesus. Books abound in which this is done, and well done. It is enough for our present purpose to note in this discourse the relation of the work of Christ to the Old Testament law. Jesus declared that he came not to destroy but to fulfil the law. He destroyed only as the flower is destroyed which becomes fruit; for he said of the old law, "Ye have heard that it was said, . . . but I say unto you." He fulfilled till the old law overflowed.

There are two wrong notions of Christianity, one that it is a sort of revision of the Jewish law; the other, that it is primarily the declaration of a system of philosophy. Christianity is not a system of legislation. Christ came not to give law, but life. "Which is the great commandment?" The



GARDEN OF THE FRANCISCAN MONKS AT TELL HÛM

question had little interest for Jesus, but he had an answer. There is one commandment which includes them all—love for God and man. But this is the very point; love cannot be compelled; hence love is above law. Love and legislation are two different matters. Wherefore, he who sees in Christ's "new commandment" only a summary of the Mosaic code misses the whole spirit of Christianity.

Some good people have this idea of law so inwrought into their minds that they cannot help thinking that God must be the victim of his own laws, must inflict their penalties whether he will or no. And they say, "God would willingly forgive the penitent sinner, but the penalty of law must be enforced. Christ paid that penalty, and we are free from the law."

But he who thus speaks has not gotten to the bottom of the problem. To him may be said, "Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep. Whence shalt thou bring up living water?" The infliction of penalty was the least of God's troubles. What God desired was to make penalty unnecessary. Christ came to conquer the evil that has its root in flesh, and give righteousness, not of mere legality, but of sonship.

We are told that "What the law could not do," God accomplished in Christ. The law could do some things, and did. It was not superfluous, but it was temporary. It was not the divine ideal. It taught men the power of God. It gave to them a high conception of their obligation to him. It forced them to think of duty, and enhanced their idea of the sinfulness of sin by making it expensive, and by the shedding of blood. It emphasized the elements necessary to national duty. It kept the Jewish people separate, an integral nation, during the long time needed for the development of God's purpose. All this and more the law did. But perfect obedience is not thus secured. The law was weak because it gave no permanent leverage on character. A man might keep the law outwardly and still be but a whited sepulchre. It imposed burdens that were irksome. It tended to promote formal observance without the spirit of obedience. It had the necessary defects of its virtues. It was a good thing for the time being. It was no failure, except as it failed to do what it was never expected to do. It accomplished what God intended, and God is patient and can wait for a new day and another method. God is fertile in resources, and his successes are largest toward the last. The earlier methods are successful in proportion to their relation to these.

How many of God's efforts seem abortive! The first man born to humanity was a murderer. The first attempt to make saints of his parents ended in their expulsion from Paradise. The first settlement of the then known world was so unsatisfactory that the flood was called into requisition. The first son of Abraham, through whom the patriarch hoped for the promise, was a warrior with his hand against every man's hand. The first king of the Jewish nation was a disappointment, and a new dynasty came on. And the author of Hebrews would have us believe that the whole old covenant was in some sort a failure, and passed away for its weakness and unprofitableness (Heb. 7: 18).

Jesus came, not to restore the law, but to establish a republic of God; in whose realm God should rule by consent and co-operation of the governed. God could rule unchallenged in the stellar spaces, but in the heart of man he sought and still seeks not law, but grace. "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."



HEAD OF CHRIST
(DA VINCI, 1452-1519)

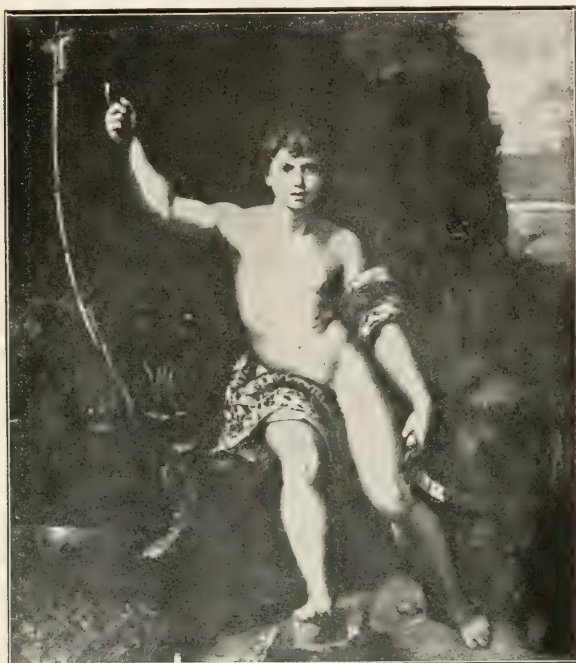
CHAPTER XVII

THE DOUBT OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

One day in the summer of A. D. 28, two or three men clambered down the high walls that shut in the Dead Sea, and began a long walk up the Jordan valley. They were earnest men, but we do not know their names. They were from the remnant of a little band that had remained with John, not forsaking him for Jesus. We may not approve their judgment, but we must admire their loyalty.

These men had seen, with jealousy for their heroic teacher, the crowds deserting him and going to Jesus. They did not understand it, and they did not like it. Who was Jesus but a disciple of John, like themselves? Had not John baptized him? On what ground but one could he rise above John—that of being the Messiah? And if he were the Messiah, why did he not say so, and prove it by releasing John? They had always complained, as they prayed and kept their fasts, that Jesus did not fast; and John was now in prison in the dark fortress of Machærus, while Jesus was attending feasts in Pharisees' houses, or eating with Matthew and the like. Why did he not stop his feasting and release John? They propounded these question to John: and John, heroic doubter, at length charged them to go to Jesus and demand an answer to this question: "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" Jesus did not answer the question directly which these stern men propounded to him, but said to John's disciples, "Go and shew John again these things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me" (Matt. 11: 4-6).

He knew that he could trust John to make the deduction. John might doubt, but he would not desert. Jesus hastened, too, to tell his own disciples not to think ill of John for his doubt; John was no reed shaken by the wind, but a man, every inch a man. Another point Jesus wished made clear; the right of John and himself to live differently, and to teach in different ways, and yet both to speak God's truth and live godly lives.



YOUNG JOHN THE BAPTIST—(RAPHAEL, 1483-1520)

John lived the ascetic life; Jesus lived a free life among men. He did not say that his or John's was the better way, but that wisdom was justified of both her children, and that people who wished to do right might choose in all earnestness the one or the other course for the sake of God and the world. But he complained that people criticised both, and followed neither.

Jesus was no bigot. He was tolerant, broad, appreciative. The principles which he laid down concerning himself and John were wise, just and right. Not uniformity of outward life, but unity in the inward spirit; not unity of creed, but unity of faith—this is the unity of the gospel.

It was the question of John's disciples in regard to fasting, however, that brought forth that statement of Jesus of the superiority of the new to the old. And this, in effect, did pronounce his way superior to that of John. In unmistakable terms he declared that the new way was better than the old; that he had not come to patch an old system, but to establish a new and better one.

"And he spake also a parable unto them; No man rendeth a piece from a new garment and putteth it upon an old garment; else he will rend the new, and also the piece from the new will not agree with the old. And no man putteth new wine into old wine-skins; else the new wine will burst the skins, and itself will be spilled, and the skins will perish. But new wine must be put into fresh wine-skins. And no man having drunk old wine desireth new: for he saith, The old is good" (Luke 5: 36-39).

All this is plain but the last verse, which, singularly, is often used to prove the very opposite of what Jesus intended. It is one of the misused texts of Scripture. It is taken as Christ's endorsement of old ways and old forms of faith. But Jesus was telling why his system must be a new one—because the old one was not worth patching. He had new wine which must be put into new bottles. Neither was the old wine good enough nor were the old bottles good enough. The contrast is not between wine which was good because old, and other wine which was poor because new. The point is that some men have drunk of the old until they assume that only old can be good.

Old wine is not always good, neither is new wine necessarily bad. Old wine may be better than wine of the same quality less old, but the process of aging has its perils. Old wine becomes musty. Old wine deposits dregs. The old prophets

cried out against the people of their day that they had "settled upon their lees" (Jer. 48: 11; Zeph. 1: 12). That is one of the perils of old wine. That was the trouble in Jesus' day. The wine was so old that it was near the bottom of the cask; stale, full of sediment, and unwholesome. People said, "The old is good enough," and kept drinking it, and the longer they drank it, the worse it became. Even this is not the greatest peril in old wine. It generates increased intoxicating power. It



'AIN KARIM, TRADITIONAL BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

blinds men to the way in which they walk. It makes men believe that all safety is in the past. It renders them careless of the duties and perils of the present. If old salt can lose its savor and become worthless, old wine may lose its virtue and acquire positive poison.

New wine lacks much which connoisseurs enjoy. It lacks the flavor and poetry, and I know not how much more. But it has life. It has power to ferment and work off its own impurities, to clarify itself, all of which the old wine lacks. If

the fermentation be unpleasant while in progress, it is at least better than eternal deadness. The new is raw and crude and insipid, or at least it has the credit of being all these, but it has in it the power to work out a future. It has not settled into hopeless content and an inert conservatism.

There is no temper of mind, except a shallow, curious skepticism, so fatal to truth as a dead orthodoxy. And the two are not incompatible. They often co-exist in the same community, and sometimes in the same individual. The stationary nether millstone of conservatism and the upper stone of skeptical curiosity, which asks, "What is truth?" and does not wait for an answer, between them grind truth to a powder. The temper of both is in the bad sense of the word, conservative, yet in the true sense of the term both are destructive.

Jesus was the advocate of the new. He came as the bringer of a new and better covenant. He taught a new birth. He revealed a new hope for humanity. His new cloth was too good to be used to patch an old garment. He used it to make a new and better spiritual robe than the fig-leaf invention of the old. He taught his disciples to bring out of their treasures things new as well as old, and the things he taught them were to them surprisingly new. Men were continually saying that this was new to them, that they had never seen it on this wise before. He came to fulfil the prophet's promise that men should receive a new heart. He came to reveal a new salvation. He taught a new code of ethics. He revealed a new purpose of God. In this illustration of the old wine and the new, the old bottles and the new, his sympathies were with the new, and his promise to his disciples was to drink with them the fruit of the vine, new in the kingdom of God. And when the rapt young Son of Thunder saw him in his final glory, it was in a new heaven and reigning over a new earth.

We talk of the "old, old story," but the gospel is "good news." We trace the same plan through the ages, but to each age it is a new revelation, with transitions most abrupt. No age has been able fully to adjust itself to the new features of God's plan. It is a defect of our Christian poetry and hymnody

that we have few songs fitly setting forth the newness and freshness of the divine life in the believing soul. We have even dropped from our hymn-books that first of the hymns of Watts,

Behold the glories of the Lamb
Upon his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

We have songs that are new, but in too large proportion they are songs about the "old, old story." The Bible is full



JOHN REBUKING HEROD—(G. FATTORI, 1828—)

of the shout, "Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song," and the promise of heaven is that the songs shall be new. With God is perpetual spring-time of righteousness: the Christian life is a fountain of everlasting youth. Experience and the song of the Christian should be more of the newness of the hope

which has come to men in Christ. We are all familiar with the camp-meeting song—

It's the old-time religion,
And it's good enough for me.

Its successive stanzas tell that it was "good enough for Moses," and "good enough for David," and so on. The tune has the swing and tread of conviction, and the theme gathers power as the song goes on. But the religion that was good enough for Moses was the best religion that Moses could obtain; "the old-time religion" was not good enough for him. The religion that was good enough for David, was David's best possible and somewhat better than that of Moses. John's religion was good, but not good enough for Jesus. The new was better.

We have had glimpses of the character of John and we are soon to lose sight of him altogether. Before the sword falls, let us pause for a more intimate acquaintance of the man who sits in his chains awaiting—and with what emotion—the return of his messengers from their visit to Jesus.

With John we stand upon the watershed, between the Old and the New dispensations. He belonged to the Old, and hence the least in the kingdom of heaven had privileges denied him; but his heart and life belonged to the New, and among earth's unselfish heroes his is a foremost place.

Let us notice first his modesty and unselfishness. The people were eager to claim him as the Christ. Popular sentiment was all in his favor. Even after he was dead, his name was a name to conjure with, and was well used by Jesus for his own protection. The Jews could not answer his question concerning John, for they feared the people, for all men acknowledged John as a prophet. This speaks more even than the burst of intense enthusiasm which his life kindled for the depth of his influence upon the nation. Had he assumed to be the Messiah, he could have gathered about him a band as devoted and loyal as that which went out into the wilderness to Mattathias, the Maccabee, and his sons. "But he confessed, and denied not; but confessed, I am not the Christ."

He denied even being the prophet whom they were expecting. He bore the office of Elijah, but refused Elijah's honors. Even the honors due himself he declined in his almost supersensitive fear that he might attach the popular affection so strongly to him that it might not easily transfer itself to the One who was to come. Who this One was, he did not know. He was personally acquainted with Jesus, but knew him only as an upright man. "I knew him not: but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." To behold this descent of the Spirit, John watched eagerly. He seems to have thought of the coming One as possibly present among any of his audiences, and perhaps eagerly scanned the faces before him himself to discover, if he might, the expected King, as he said: "There standeth one among you, whom ye know not; he it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose."

If to any one it seem an easy thing for such a man as John to lay down his honors at the feet of Jesus, let him but reflect how earnestly he himself is tempted to contend for such petty honors as may come to him, and how hard a thing it is to lay them aside for duty's sake; and then put himself, with all a man's pride of leadership, with all a man's aspirations, with all a man's love of accomplishing in the sight of men what he feels himself able to accomplish, with all a man's fondness for recognition, and natural inclination to protest against neglect, in John's place, and try to imagine himself doing what John did.

To be sure, John did but his duty; but if a man be not praised for doing his duty, for what shall he be praised? And if he himself, by stern determination to make that duty appear easy, covers from the world the struggle, the disappointment, the humiliation which it involves, shall we not the more certainly give honor to whom honor is due? "He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light," says the other John of him; but Christ is unwilling that we should think because John was not that light, he was no light at all.

"He was a burning and a shining light," says Jesus. But John himself did not call himself even a light. He was not the Christ, not Elijah, not that other prophet, nothing at all—but a voice. He was simply his message; as to his personality, he was not. John was like that unknown prophet of the exile, who either found an unrecognized book of Isaiah—which for a hundred or more years had lain without influencing current literature or thought, so far as we can learn—or himself gave to the captive Jews the latter part of the book now known by the name of Isaiah (and whichever of these hypotheses is true, he must have been a man of rare faith and inspiration). Like that exile prophet who took up the broken strands of earlier prophecy and connected them with his own time and cast to the sinking nation a strong rope of hope—but who is himself known to us, not even by name, but *only* as an echo of Isaiah—John wished to be simply "a voice." He answered inquiries concerning himself by quoting those earlier words and saying, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord." It is not easy to eliminate one's personality and be but a voice. When children, we were told by our elders, and we learned the lesson with difficulty, that we should "be seen and not heard." To learn later in life to be heard, if need be, but not seen, is not an easier lesson. It is easier to give alms when a trumpet is sounded before us, but greater charity is sometimes seen only by him who seeth in secret.

We must note also the character of his preaching. It was preparatory, but it was thorough. His was foundation work which was to be covered by that built upon it, even his baptism not counting as Christian baptism, but it was no half-way preaching which he did. The ax was laid to the root of the tree. He preached repentance and the approach of the kingdom of God. The great themes of the gospel—faith, hope, love—were treated by those who followed, but John's themes are by no means out of date. Grant that John was an ascetic, that his hard and inflexible doctrine of righteousness is inferior to the liberty with which Christ has made us free, the time has

not come as yet to pass lightly over the need of deep contrition for sin, and the even greater need of bringing forth



THE BEHEADING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST—(C. S. PEARCE, 1881—)

fruits meet for repentance. John's preaching was also practical. It took hold of the live issues of the day, the labor

troubles, and the social discontent of his time. It was strong, earnest, every-day gospel, good for all times.

Note also John's courage. When, since Nathan stood before David and rebuked him for his great sin, had a prophet done a more courageous, manly thing than John did when he rebuked Herod? It was no reed shaken by the wind which Herod saw before him. As John was the Elijah of the New Testament, so Herod was its Ahab, and Herodias its Jezebel; and Elijah's mission to that weak and wicked king was not more perilous or courageous than that of John to the other, no less wicked and vacillating. Whether Herod's vain curiosity, which afterward made him desire to see Jesus, caused him to send for John, or whether John strode into his court with the abruptness of his prototype, we do not know, but it is recorded that "when Herod heard him he was much perplexed, and heard him gladly." It is dangerous to be a hearer of the word and not a doer. There sometimes comes with the hearing and the acquiescence of conscience to the truth, so virtuous a feeling in view of the perception of the truth, that it almost passes for the performance of it. Meantime Herodias nurses her wrath, and her daughter dances.

So, as Elijah had his juniper tree, John had his Doubting Castle. Do not try to explain away the doubt. It was real and intense. Great natures like his are capable of being rocked between tumultuous emotions. John, who had nerved himself for whatever might come, who expected to see his own popularity wane, and was willing to be unnoticed or forgotten, could not bear unmoved the enforced inactivity, the prolonged uncertainty, the alternating hope and fear which his incarceration in the castle of Machærus involved, while a sword keener and more finely hung than that of Damocles was suspended above him; and the new Messiah seemed either to have forgotten the forerunner to whom he owed in such large measure his favorable reception, or else to be unable to help him. It was not simply for his disciples' sake that John sent to Jesus to ask, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" John himself needed the assurance of Jesus' answer.

And probably he then died, disappointed but trusting. There must have come to him at times grave doubts, awful misgivings, feelings of unutterable despondency, when it seemed that his whole mission had failed. Yet, there was the memory of Jesus' holy life and the descent of the Spirit and the preaching of the gospel to the poor; he must trust. So John held on in the darkness till God reached down and took the hand that was almost numb with long clinging in the storm and cold, and took him home.

Luke changes the order of events in this narrative that we may have as the closing scene in this connection, not the doubt and death of John, but the baptism of Jesus, as the fitting close of John's ministry. So he tells us between the acts of John's imprisonment, and then brings the ministry of John to a dramatic close when he baptized Jesus, and witnessed the descent of the Spirit. It was the sign for which John had been waiting. His acquaintance with Jesus and his confession of his own unworthiness to baptize him, made it easy to believe that it was he whom God had called; and when the Spirit descended upon him, John saw it, and heard the voice and believed. Then he pointed his disciples to him as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Day by day, without regret, he saw his audiences growing smaller and those of Jesus growing larger. Though Jesus was most considerate of his feelings, it must have been hard for John cheerfully to live up to his own ideal, and be content to decrease that Jesus might increase—yet nobly he did it. He was not the bridegroom, but his friend; and the friend of the bridegroom rejoiced. Noble man! Among those that have been born of women his superior hath not been seen for courage, for devotion, for unostentatious fidelity. He was a burning and a shining light, and he went out, but not as a torch, in smoke and darkness; his was the light of the morning star, which shines on somewhere, though to us its light is lost in the greater effulgence of the Sun of whose rising it is the harbinger.

God raises up special men for special times. There is ever a man sent from God, whose name redeems history just when

all seems lost. No good work fails. A man's methods may be outgrown, and the ends for which he labors drop from popular view, yet the man's cause may gloriously succeed. The ship is sometimes as truly making toward port, and utilizing every league that it has gained, when sailing on an entirely different tack. A man's cause may seem to die with him, yet he, being dead, still speak. Fidelity is true success. Faith, hope, love, courage, sincerity, can never really fail. A man is not always the best judge of his own success. More than one man sent from God has died saying, "I am not the light, but only a witness," of whom God says, "He was a bright and shining light." God bless all who do the work of John in the world—and their name is legion—mothers whose unseen toil will bear fruit in the service their children render to the world; wives who stay by the stuff, but whose husbands' success in life is in large part due to their fidelity and love, and all who labor casting bread upon the waters and who never see it return, and know not that on distant shores it feeds some shipwrecked soul! Let us remember how full the world is of service devoted and unselfish and true, and thank God and take courage.

It is characteristic of Christianity that its face is ever to the future. It has a splendid history, but it does not rely upon that history for its present power, nor is it as a deposit of historic truth that chiefly it is to be studied. It has a glorious past, but the past is not the sphere of its greatest glory. It points backward indeed to Eden and Sinai and Golgotha and Olivet, but only that it may beckon men forward to the redeemed society of earth and the transformed and glorified multitude of heaven. There is no limit set to the possibility of the future glory of the Christian life. Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it; it hath not entered into the mind of the past. John, great and noble as he is, is not the prophet of the future. Not "Back to John," nor "Back to the Fathers," nor "Back to the Old Testament," nor even "Back to Christ," should be our motto, but Forward with Christ.

Nearly a year passed with John in prison. John had brought down on himself the wrath of Herod for his fidelity to truth and righteousness. A merry dancer pleased the king, and he gave her John the Baptist's head. But John rose from the dead before the troubled conscience of Herod, who heard of the work of Jesus and remembered his sin—but did not forsake it.



THE BURIAL OF JESUS—(LUCIO MASSARI, 1569-1633)

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WOMEN FRIENDS OF JESUS

From the middle of the summer of the year A. D. 28, we find a new group among the followers of Jesus. They accompanied him on his second preaching tour, and "ministered to him of their substance" (Luke 8: 1-3). These are said to have been healed by him, and they followed him in gratitude, and with loyalty, that, in the case of some of them, ceased not to the end. Three are mentioned at the outset, Susanna, and Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, which shows how near already Christianity had come to the palaces of the realm, and foremost of all, Mary of Magdala, the most slandered woman of history. She had been insane, and Jesus had healed her. There is not the slightest reason to believe that she had ever been a harlot, and the chapter heading of Luke 7 is an illustration of wisdom beyond what is written. All we know of her past is that she had suffered this terrible malady, and had been healed by Jesus. This is insufficient ground for assuming that she had led a wanton life. She disappears from sight after this first reference till near the end, but she appears at the crucifixion as one who had been present much of the time in the interval, devotedly following Jesus, with a faithful company of her friends (Matt. 27: 55-61; 28: 1).

Mary, the mother of Jesus, appears in the narrative during this same summer. She had come over from Nazareth with her other children, full of solicitude for her Son, whom rumor declared to have gone mad. Joseph was doubtless dead, for Mary and her children had come alone. It was a ten hours' walk from Nazareth to Capernaum, and the family was late in arriving. The crowd was so large that they could not gain entrance to the house. They sent in a request that he would

come to them. But Jesus had outgrown home restraint. He could not now submit to the restriction of those who misunderstood him. His relations were with the world at large. "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father in heaven, he is my brother, and sister, and mother," he said. It was essentially the same answer he had made when a woman in the



THE VIRGIN ADORING THE CHILD—(CORREGGIO, 1494-1534)

crowd cried out her expression of the supreme honor that must belong to her who had borne and nursed him, and he replied, "Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." This apparent disowning of his kindred must have seemed hard to them, and it is not easy for us to interpret otherwise, but we may be sure that it was the expression of sincere affection, though of a broader and more inclusive kind

than his relatives understood. "Neither did his brethren believe in him" at the outset, but he won them to himself and his cause, and the "brethren of the Lord" were among his truest followers afterward (John 7: 3, 6; I. Cor. 9: 5; Gal. 1: 19; Acts 1: 14). Mary, too, his mother, who had kept and pondered many things in her heart, left her home in Nazareth and followed him to the end. His dying care was to provide



THE MADONNA OF THE CARPENTER SHOP—(DAGNAN-BOUVRET)

for her as he hung on the cross, near which she stood with her sister, and with Mary Magdalene (John 19: 25-27). Faithful to the end, she trusted even after the crucifixion, and was with the company in the upper room during the forty days (Acts 1: 14), among the women friends of Jesus. Earliest, dearest, most loving and best loved of these friends, was Mary, his mother.

Mention of these three Marys, his mother, his aunt, and she of Magdala, reminds us at once of Mary of Bethany. We do not know whether she and Martha were numbered as yet among his friends. The incident recorded by Luke in which



MADONNA AND CHILD—(ALBRECHT DURER, 1507)

Martha fretted because Mary was not helping her (Luke 10: 38-42), is not very definitely fixed in its chronology, but would seem to belong in the visit of Jesus to Jerusalem the following December. Even so, it is by no means certain that Jesus had

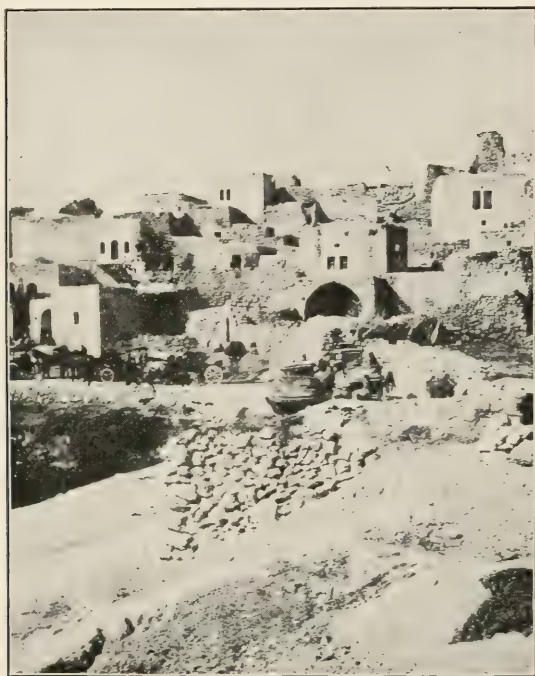
not already been their guest. There had been abundant opportunity for visits to Bethany in his early Judæan ministry, and on the occasion of his more recent week in Jerusalem at the passover. The sisters lived at Bethany, and so we do not see them with the Galilæan group of women, but we cannot forget them.



CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER—(DÜRER, 1511)

No doubt Mary and Martha represent different types of Christian life. Mary appears the more intellectual, Martha the more practical; Mary has been counted the more spiritual, but I am not certain that this judgment is correct. Both lacked perspective for their faith. Each was limited in her sphere of vision, Mary by the opportunity to learn of Jesus—she saw him so seldom and there was so much to learn—and Martha by the necessity of caring properly for him, and perhaps also

by her temperament. Martha was sensitive; she was shut out of the world of intellectual realities and higher companionships, which world was very real to Mary. Not more did she fret, I imagine, about doing more than her share of the work, than because her practical mind and the daily round of domestic care had left her little opportunity of sharing what Mary so enjoyed. Martha has been used for a foil for Mary for something



SO-CALLED HOUSE OF LAZARUS, BETHANY

more than eighteen centuries. It is time to appeal from judgment that has been rashly made. Martha, too, had a deep spiritual nature, as we shall yet learn. It is quite too much to censure her because once she fretted over too much housework. It is not easy to be a Christian over a hot stove. If every woman missed heaven who at some time has grown impatient over the vexations of having to be both cook and

hostess, heaven would be a lonely place. I admire the intellectual ardor of the modern Mary, who will have knowledge though the heavens fall and the cookies burn; but my heart goes out to Martha in the kitchen, flurried and fluttered lest all may not go well, but broiling the steak to a turn. Martha's theology may be defective, but three times a day I prefer her to Mary. And I maintain that spirituality is consistent with the ability to make bread. The Lord's words to Martha were a rebuke but a kind one. They appear to have meant some-



MAGPALA

thing like this: "Martha, you embarrass me and tire yourself with your excess of kindness. Do not worry. And let Mary learn her lesson—both you and she will need it for your comfort. The supreme thing in life is not bread, but food for the soul, and that Mary is seeking."

Blessed be Mary! She is active and numerous in the modern church, and the church is blessed by her activity. She teaches in the Sunday-school; she is a member of the Missionary Society; she writes papers on the work in Japan and darkest Africa; we need her and love her and believe in her. But

blessed also be Martha, who looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not of the bread of idleness. Jesus loved them both, and they were both honorable and useful.

We have called thus to mind a few of the women friends of Jesus, and they are a noble company. Very different women they were, with different causes for affection, but loyal, devoted, thankful—the sisters and forerunners of that splendid



JESUS AT BETHANY—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

company of women that for nineteen centuries has blessed the Church and the world. But there are others, less intimately associated with Jesus, who profited by his friendship. Among them is the woman, supposed without reason to have been Mary Magdalene, who came in uninvited at the feast of Simon the Pharisee, and annointed Jesus' feet, washing them with her tears and wiping them with her hair (Luke 7: 36-50). The Pharisee host knew her reputation, but not her penitence;

her shame was public, but not her sorrow. The woman, whom good men had spurned and bad men had trampled lower, went forth from the presence of Jesus, forgiven and blessed.

There was another woman who came to Jesus in that summer at Capernaum—she who touched the hem of Christ's garment. This woman had spent her all upon physicians, and was nothing better but rather worse. I believe it. From contemporary documents we know what physicians were accustomed to prescribe for that trouble, and it reminds us of the suffering



THE READING MAGDALEN—(CORREGGIO)

of women through the ages with their own pains and those of coming generations, while the help of men is often little better than a mockery.

No wonder the poor woman was worse rather than better. No wonder the Jews had a proverb, "Live not in a city whose chief is a medical man," and another "The best among doctors deserves Gehenna." Physicians had their value even then. Their knowledge and skill were quite abreast of the age. But alas for the poor woman! The only comforting fact for her was that, having no more money, she was through with them.

This poor woman came to Jesus ceremonially unclean, empty of purse, and ashamed to describe her trouble. She crept up in the crowd and touched the hem of his garment. Every pious Jew obeyed the injunction in Numbers 15: 38, 39, and wore upon his garment a fringe and cord of blue. She touched



JESUS, MARY AND MARTHA—(SCHONHERR, 1824—)

this; it was a mere superstition, if we please to call it so, for the cloth had no merit; or it was a beautiful act of faith, if we are able to see things as Jesus did. Jesus called her "Daughter," though she probably was old enough to have been his mother. No woman likes to be considered old. Jesus was a gentleman. The healing and the gracious words alike wrought

lasting blessing to the poor woman, to whom some men in her own generation, and certainly the social custom of the time, exhibited scant courtesy, and perhaps even less real sympathy.

She only touched the hem of his garment
As to his side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around him,
And straightway she was whole.

He turned with "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole,"
And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.



THE FEAST AT THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE PHARISEE—(RUBENS)

The disciples wondered that the Master should be conscious of a touch amid the pressure of the crowd on every side, but this was not really so wonderful as it seemed to them. The wonder is not the Master's perception, but the woman's faith. It would have been amazing if he had not recognized the timid yet hopeful touch of the hem of his Jewish robe. If any reader of this chapter has ever passed through the streets of a great city in the midst of a Christmas crowd, leading a little child, his own child, pressing close upon him and attempting to fol-

low his lead, he has recognized the vast difference between the little one's attempt to arrest his attention and the purposeless surging of the multitude. It may be a very little touch, a tug at the coat, a chubby hand clasping a single finger, in fear lest the father may get too far ahead, or an effort to turn him aside for a moment to gaze into a window; but amid all the pushing and thronging the father recognizes the touch of the hand that belongs to his own little one.

There were thousands of people who thronged Christ in the



THE WOMEN FRIENDS OF JESUS—(ALEX. GOLZ)

multitude, but not many who touched him. The woman was probably not the only sick person in the crowd, but she was the one that found healing through her faith. We sometimes get and give wrong impressions as to Christ's success with men. We note, with genuine satisfaction, how he discovered the hidden goodness in men and women and brought it to the surface. Men who sometimes were thought unworthy and hardly worth saving were found by him in all their possession of latent better qualities. Jesus was the discoverer of the better nature of men. Matthew never knew himself to be capable

of anything but the business of a publican until Christ found him and enabled him to write a gospel. Simon Peter supposed himself a fisherman for life until Jesus discovered the real greatness of his character. Zacchæus was considered a disreputable citizen, and had a rather grim determination to earn his reputation, until Jesus discovered in him the elements of a noble and benevolent man. All this we are glad to remember about our Lord and the men for whom he labored, for



JESUS AMONG THE PHARISEES—(JEAN BERAUD)

the remembering of such truths as these reflects honor not only to him but on the people among whom he lived.

And yet this is only half the truth. Large numbers of men knew Jesus and despised him because he was a carpenter. They heard him speak and turned away when they saw some Pharisee sneer; they felt their hearts burn within them, but delayed their invitation and he was gone. Multitudes jostled him in the crowd here and there, few touched him.

The case is not wholly different to-day. We are brought, all of us, into possible personal relations with Jesus; indeed we

can hardly escape him. Where shall a man go in Christendom and be away from Christ? To what pursuit shall he give himself and wholly forget the Man of Nazareth? Shall he plunge into law, business or politics? The words of Christ have become axioms in these professions. Shall he go into music, architecture or art? The great canvases are eloquent concern-



THE WOMAN AT THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE PHARISEE
(SCHOOL OF GIOTTO, 1276-1330)

ing him; the noblest anthems peal forth his praise; the most superb architectural achievements rear their arches and lift their towering spires to heaven in his name. If he would go to literature his case would be no better, for what great book does he read that does not by its contents or contrast suggest the Christ?

But these things after all may make only a jostling crowd in which one ever is near to Christ but never touches him.

The man who feels in his heart the need he has of healing may content himself with the mere feeling, and, having received of the effects of the religion of Christ, may fail of that real possession of his spirit, without which there is no vital Christianity. In one case there is the mere surging of the crowd, and in the other, if we will have it so, there is the striving and the seeking which bring with them the healing and the blessing.

With those who lived a long time ago, close personal contact is impossible. How little we know of Jesus! We have a fifteen minutes' report of one sermon, and as long a talk with his disciples, and a good many incidents, brief and more or less incomplete. The Bible does not pretend to give us his biography. We have no picture of him. We have no trustworthy description of his appearance. He lived in a time which has to be interpreted to us. We need to have explained to us the customs of home life and business, of weddings and funerals and feasts, to understand the incidents and parables which are given us. We know but a few facts of his earthly life, and come at these indirectly, and have to translate them into our modern language and forms of thought. We touch but the hem of his garment, yet the world is healed with the touch. It is true to-day as Whittier wrote:

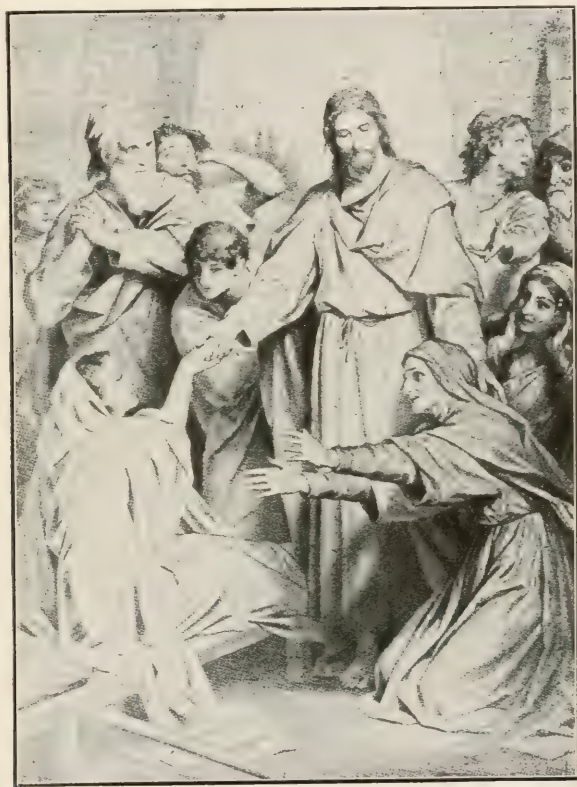
The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

There was another woman whom we should remember if not as a friend of Jesus at least as one who counted him her friend—the mother of the young man whom the Lord restored to life during this same summer.

On the northwestern edge of "Little Hermon," where it slopes down into the Plain of Esdrælon, stands the little village of Nain, composed of a pitiful collection of mud hovels. While it does not appear ever to have been a walled city, it was once larger than it is now, and a place of more importance, as its rubbish heaps witness. The village is approached by a rough and steep path, which appears to have been unchanged

since the days of Jesus; and in the midst of the village stands a rude little mosque, apparently occupying the site of an earlier Christian church, and called "The place of our Lord Jesus Christ."

To the west of the village of Nain, and on the left as one approaches it from Capernaum, are rock-hewn tombs, many of



THE SON OF THE WIDOW OF NAIN—(H. HOFMANN, 1824—)

them ancient. The traveler entering the village from the north has the whole scene brought vividly to his imagination—the bier and funeral procession wending its slow and sad way down this rocky path; the Lord meeting it at the entrance to the narrow street, and halting the procession to recall to life the widow's son.

In Palestine the dead were buried as quickly as possible, and the whole neighborhood joined in the burial service. The graves were outside the cities, and were treated with respect. The body was carried on a bier or in an open coffin, and borne by neighbors who changed frequently to afford opportunity to a larger number to participate. In Judæa the musicians and hired mourners would have preceded the body, but in Galilee they followed, as here described. The women came immediately behind the bier, since according to an old Jewish saying,



THE VILLAGE OF NAIN

woman brought death into the world, and thus should lead in the procession to the grave. On the way to the grave the procession frequently halted to listen to brief addresses, and at the grave there was often a funeral oration. Along the way the hired mourners rent the air with their cries.

Whoever met a funeral procession was expected to turn and join it. Instead, our Lord halted it. Among the dishevelled women with their mercenary grief, he recognized instantly her whose sorrow was real, and addressed her with the sympathetic words, "Weep not." No voice that ever fell on human ears

was so potent to dry tears; but how could she cease to weep? for the dead was her only son, and she a widow. It is impossible to tell the story in words as simple, picturesque and beautiful as those of the Gospel narrative.

"And he came and touched the bier; and the bearers stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he gave him to his mother" (Luke 7: 14-16).

Only once in Scripture is Nain mentioned, and that in this passage. It is quite distinct from the Nain mentioned by



CHRIST AT THE HOUSE OF LAZARUS—(SIEMIRADSKY, 1834—)

Josephus (B. J. IV. ix: 4), which was on the other side of the Jordan. The recorded visit of Jesus occurred in the summer of A. D. 28, on the day after the healing of the nobleman's son in Capernaum. Jesus probably passed through the village on some of his journeys, but we have no record of the fact.

This single incident gives Nain a beauty that even its present squalor and filth cannot wholly destroy. Here our Lord brought comfort from sorrows, and life from death. The comfort that came to the heart of the widow of Nain has come with his gospel down the ages and flooded the sorrowing world with hope.

CHAPTER XIX

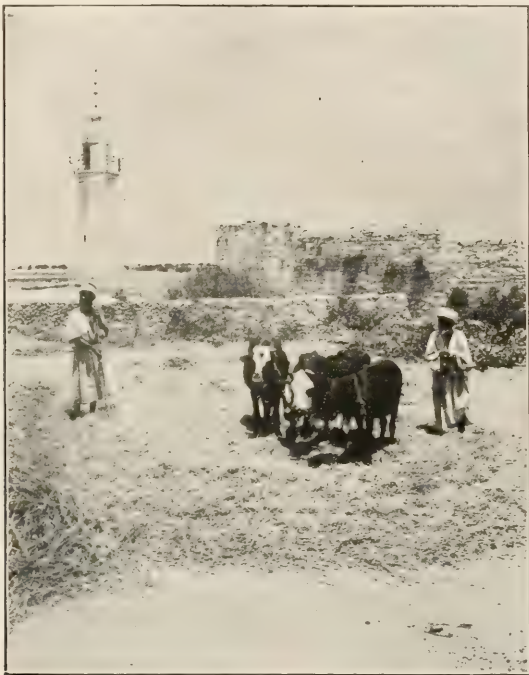
THE GREAT TEACHER AND HIS PUPILS

Early in the second autumn of his ministry, Jesus began a new system of instruction. At the outset he had taken John's text, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," and his preaching had been propositional and didactic, as is shown by the sermon on the mount. Now it became illustrative and suggestive. The parable became his customary method of teaching. On the first day on which he is declared to have spoken parables he seems to have delivered seven or eight of those that are preserved in the gospels.

No teacher ever employed the parable so naturally, so forcibly, or so effectively as Jesus. He used the things of common life to illustrate its deepest spiritual truths. As he spoke, the material for his illustrations was all about him. The fields close at hand illustrated the four kinds of soil of the sower, and showed where tares as well as wheat had grown. Mustard seed, sown in the spring had grown into great herbs with birds singing within hearing while he spoke. Merchants in the little city close at hand were buying or selling their wares; and fishermen near by were casting their nets, or sorting their fish. Jesus did not go far away for his material, and from this time on "without a parable spake he not unto them" (Mark 4: 34).

The effect of these parables was as various as that of the seed in the parable of the sower. Some heard the parables with delight, but obtained no spiritual benefit therefrom; some thought them obscure, and heard with their ears but did not understand with their hearts; some felt the rebuke of them, but were too sinful or full of prejudice to heed their truth; and some eagerly grasped the truth, and were new men and women from that day on.

The eight parables grouped in this one report are, first, the sower, illustrating the various effects of the preaching of the Gospel; then that of the wheat and the tares, showing the admixture of the good and the evil in the world as Jesus found it; then the seed that grew day and night, illustrating the progressive stages of the spiritual life, the blade, the ear and the full corn in the ear; then the mustard seed, illustrating the



THRESHING FLOOR IN PALESTINE

growth of the kingdom from little to great; then the leaven, illustrating the method and principle of that growth in the individual heart and in the world; then the treasure hid in the field, and the pearl of great price, illustrating the supreme value of the kingdom of God; and finally, the drag-net, illustrating the inevitable division among those who hear and seem to heed the word, but not all of whom prove faithful. There were parables of fact and of method—parables of encourage-

ment and of warning—parables of promise of the coming of the kingdom, which show his marvelous confidence that the seed sown in the rocky soil of Galilee would overshadow the nations, and that the leaven in the hearts of the little company of his followers, would yet leaven the whole lump. This was a wonderful series of lessons, and when it was finished the congregation was astonished at his doctrine, and he was weary in body and in brain.

From this time till the end of his ministry the teaching of Jesus was chiefly by parable. The propositional form of instruction was chiefly employed thenceforth for the answering of questions. The parable, simple, illustrative, and yielding hid treasure to the seeker, was so constantly employed that "without a parable spake he not unto them."

On the afternoon of the same busy day on which he uttered his first recorded parables, Jesus crossed the lake and was overtaken by a storm on the way, and the tempest ceased at his command. In the morning they came "to the other side, into the country of the Gergesenes." Here two demoniacs were healed, and the herd of swine ran down into the sea. The people, fearful lest his visit should bring them harm, requested him "to depart out of their coasts," and he withdrew (Matt. 8: 23-34; Mark 5: 1-20; Luke 8: 26-39). This occurred "in the county of the Gadarenes," or "Gerasenes," in the region opposite Capernaum, known as Decapolis. Jesus repeatedly crossed the sea to this region, and here early had disciples. His actual ministry, however, was limited by the opposition of the people awakened by the loss of the swine.

Decapolis was a region named from its ten cities, which Pliny tells us were Scythopolis, Hippos, Gardara, Pella, Philadelphia, Gerasa, Dion, Canatha, Damascus, and Raphana. The region included all Bashan and Gilead. The ten cities were allied for purposes of defense and trade, as were many similar groups in the Roman Empire. It is probable that Greeks made up a considerable part of the population of the colony, as the presence of swine would indicate. Swine are comparatively uncommon in Palestine to-day, but I saw a few on the

shore of the Sea of Galilee, not far from the place where the herd ran down, and their presence at once suggested the narrative. Few travelers go far into Decapolis, and those who do



JESUS TEACHING IN THE SYNAGOGUE
(CORWIN KNAPP LINSON)
(COURTESY OF S. S. M'CLURE CO.)

soon leave behind religious associations. There are abundant reminders of early Roman power. Among the ruins of ancient cities the inhabitants, many of them Circassian colonists, dig

for coins, pottery and glass, and build into the walls of their huts carved stones and mosaics of two thousand years ago.

The scenes of Biblical interest, however, lie near the lake shore, in a region whose hills look barren and uninviting compared to those of the Galilee side, and where the swine could have choice of several excellent places for their descent.

In the winter of A. D. 28-9, Jesus went about on his third preaching tour (Matt. 9:35; Mark 6:6). It is probable that this tour brought him again to Nazareth, and that, while not threatened with personal violence as before, he met indifference and contempt. His mighty works aroused some wonder, but little real faith (Matt. 13:54-58; Mark 6:1-6).

Jesus understood well by this time the certain opposition that awaited him, and the feeble assistance that he could expect from many of his professed followers. He talked sternly to several half-hearted disciples, who, on one pretext or another, sought delay or excuse (Matt. 8:18-22; Luke 9:51-60). Because of the urgency of his work now, and also its inevitable limitations, he could attempt nothing more than a mission to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and this would call for the utmost efforts of himself and his disciples. The harvest was great and the laborers were few.

Few indeed they were. John, the heroic herald, was near the end of his life, still in prison, and soon to die. Jesus himself would not have long to work. He had few friends whom he could depend upon; but he called the twelve whom he had chosen four or five months before, and sent them out in pairs on independent preaching tours. They must soon be left to work in the world, and it was none too soon for them to be learning how; so he sent them forth (Mat. 9:36; 11:1; Mark 6:7-13; Luke 9:1-6).

All the disciples had now been for six months, and several of them for a much longer period, under the instruction of Jesus. They were now to go forth and teach others what they had learned. It was a double advantage for them to do this, for in teaching they learned while they were imparting. He is a poor teacher who does not learn more than any of his

pupils. The apostles were learning how to teach the world—and they learned.

It is well, doubtless, for us to drop the title "Saint," without which many good people do not speak or write the names of the apostles or evangelists, and speak of them familiarly as "Peter," Matthew," "James" and "John." But they were



JESUS STILLING THE TEMPEST—(DORE, 1833-1883)

saints, nevertheless, albeit very human and imperfect saints. How great is our debt to them! Had they failed to remember and repeat the words of Jesus, we should hardly have heard of him; had they forsaken him when the multitudes left him, we could hardly have believed in him. There is a real apostolic succession, that of the spirit; for we are built on the founda-

tion of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. These men treasured the words of Jesus even when it is evident that they did not understand them. Some of these utterances are so terse and epigrammatic that once heard they are ever remembered; the apostles thus remembered and recorded them. Some are of such profound wisdom that no man could have invented them; the apostles wrote them and the world is enriched. Some are so astounding that no one but Jesus would have dared to utter them; the apostles recorded them, and history has verified the words.

John tells us that, though his Gospel was added as a supplement to the others, it is far from completing the account of the life of Christ. He tells us that there are many other things which Jesus did, and doubtless said, not recorded in the Gospels. The question has often been asked whether we have any of these words of Jesus, unrecorded by the evangelists. Certainly we have one of them, Paul tells us to "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he saith, It is more blessed to give than to receive." These words are not found in the Gospels. They were doubtless familiar to the disciples, however, for Paul's use of them implies previous knowledge. Either they were treasured in memory and transmitted orally, or they existed in some collection of detached "Logia" or "sayings," of Jesus. There is a good deal of reason to believe that such a collection of "sayings" existed. A few years ago a papyrus leaf, discovered at Oxyrhynchus in Egypt, and dating from the earliest Christian centuries, seemed to bring down to us a scrap of such a collection. Besides this, the early Church fathers preserved several alleged "sayings" of Jesus.

There is no inherent improbability in the genuineness of these sayings. They are as likely to be authentic as sayings of Socrates or Cæsar similarly preserved. The sources from which they come to us are not uniformly trustworthy, and the "sayings" vary in value. Many of them are mere varieties or enlargements of words from the Gospels. The whole collection shows us how poor and incomplete would be our knowledge of the words of Jesus if we had to trust to these extra Biblical sources.

From about sixty such "sayings" that have been culled out of early writings by modern scholars, I have selected the following list, containing the best of these sayings, and those that rest on the best evidence.

1. Remember the words (logon) of the Lord Jesus, how he saith, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20: 35.



THE HAND TO THE PLOW

2. Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.—Rev. 16: 15.

3. On the same day, having seen one working on the Sabbath, he said to him, O man, if indeed thou knowest what thou doest, thou art blessed; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed, and art a transgressor of the law.—A remarkable addition to Luke 4: 4 found in one ancient MS., the Codex Bezae,

called Codex D, which dates from about 500 A. D. The quotation appears to be still more ancient than the manuscript.

4. In whatsoever state I find you, in that will I also judge you.—Justin Martyr, who died about 166.

5. Ask for that which is great, and that which is little shall be added unto you.—Clement of Alexandria, about 200 A. D.

6. Prove yourselves tried money changers.—Clement of Alexandria and others.

7. The Son of God saith, Let us resist all iniquity, and hold it in hatred.

8. Thus he saith, Those who wish to see me and lay hold on my kingdom must receive me by affliction and suffering.—Barnabas.

9. But ye seek to increase from little, and from greater to be less.—Codex Bezae, called Codex D., after Matt. 20: 28; also the Latin and Syriac versions.

10. Woe to him who has saddened his brother's spirit.—Gospel of the Hebrews, now lost but once highly valued in the Church; this fragment is quoted by Jerome who died 420.

11. Never be joyful save when you look upon your brother in love.—Gospel of Hebrews, quoted by Jerome.

12. He that wonders shall reign, and he that reigns shall rest. Look with wonder at that which is before you.—Clement of Alexandria.

13. I came to put an end to sacrifices, and unless ye cease from sacrificing, God's anger will not cease from you.—Gospel of the Ebionites, supposed to have been a variation of Matthew. The sect disappeared in the fourth century. This passage is quoted by Epiphanius, about 367, A. D. He died 403.

14. Jesus saith to his disciples, Ask great things and the small shall be added unto you; and ask heavenly things and the earthly shall be added unto you.—Origen, who died 253.

15. The Saviour himself saith, He who is near me is near the fire; and he who is far from me is far from the kingdom.—Origen.

16. The Lord says, Keep the flesh pure, and the seal unspotted, that ye may receive eternal life.—Clement of Rome.

supposed to have been mentioned by Paul in Phil. 4: 3; wrote his epistle about 97.

17. Jesus saith, For those that are sick I was sick, and for those that hunger I suffered hunger, and for those that thirst I suffered thirst.—Origen.

18. It was not through unwillingness to impart his blessings that the Lord announced in some Gospel or other: My mystery is for me and the sons of my house. We remember



A FAMILIAR SCENE IN PALESTINE

our Lord and Master how he said to us: Keep my mysteries for me and the sons of my house.—Clement of Alexandria.

19. I will select to myself those things: Very, very excellent are those whom my Father in heaven has given to me.—Quoted from Eusebius, about 325, from "The Gospel existing among the Jews in the Hebrew Tongue."

20. Peter says that the Lord said to his apostles: Should then any one of Israel be willing to repent, so as to believe

upon God through my name, his sins shall be forgiven him. After twelve years go ye out into the world, lest anyone say, "We did not hear."—Clement of Alexandria.

21. There are also a number of ancient additions to incidents in the Gospels, with amplifications of the words of Jesus as there recorded. Such additions are most easily accounted for of all textual variations, and are generally to be distrusted, the rule of textual critics being to prefer the shorter reading. One of the most ancient and least improbable of these is found in Clement of Rome, where Peter answers Jesus, saying: "Ye shall be as lambs in the midst of wolves," with the question, "But what if the wolves tear the lambs?" and Jesus answers, "Let the lambs not fear that the wolves can hurt them after they are dead; and do not fear those that kill you and can do no more to you, but fear him who, after you are dead, hath power over soul and body to cast them into hell."

22. The only similar addition that seems worth quoting is an insertion in the story of the rich young man. "The Lord saith to him: How sayest thou, I have kept the law and the prophets, for it is written in the law, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, and lo, there are many brothers of thine, sons of Abraham, covered with dung and dying with hunger, and thy house full of many good things, and yet not one goes out from it to them.—Gospel to the Hebrews, as quoted by Origen.

23. To this interesting list may be added, with strong possibility that they are among the "many other things" that Jesus said, the "sayings" recorded on the ancient papyrus leaf discovered in 1897 in the ruins of Oxyrhynchus in Egypt:

a. The first is a part of the saying found in Matthew 7: 5: "And then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

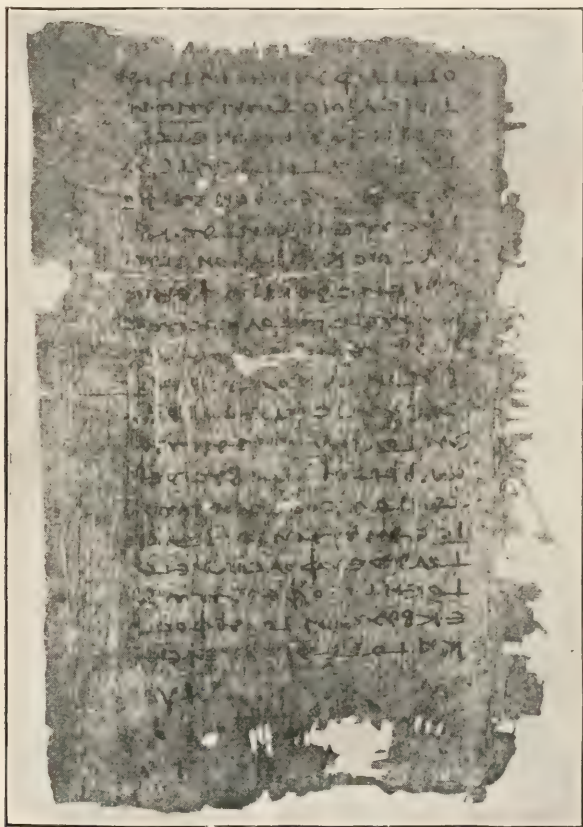
b. "Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father."

c. "Jesus saith, I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken, and

none have I found athirst among them; and my soul grieveth over the sons of men because they are blind in their heart."

d. " * * * * poverty * * * * "

e. "Jesus saith, Wherever they are * * and there is one * * alone, I am with him. Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me. Cleave the wood, and there am I."



EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS CONTAINING "SAVINGS" OF JESUS
DISCOVERED AT OXYRHYNCHUS, 1897

f. "Jesus saith, A prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him."

g. "Jesus saith, A city built on the top of a high hill and established can neither fall nor be hid."

CHAPTER XX

THE BOY WITH THE BASKET

The winter passed, and spring came again, and with it came a new period of popularity for Jesus, a period brief, but almost overwhelming. The twelve apostles on their missionary tours had advertised him widely. When passover time drew near, multitudes of pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem, crowded upon him, eager to see and hear him, and curious to witness some mighty work. Jesus and his disciples endured the throngs till they were crowded out of house and home, having no place or time even to eat; and then they retreated to the other side of the lake, to the region of Bethsaida. Here the multitudes followed them, and Jesus wrought the only miracle recorded in all four of the Gospels, the feeding of the five thousand.

We have seen that there probably was a Bethsaida near Capernaum. There was certainly another Bethsaida, the "Bethsaida Julias," east of the Jordan, referred to by Josephus (*Ant.* XVIII. 2: 1; 4: 6; *B. J.* II. 9: 1; III. 10: 7; *Life* 71, 72, 73), and Jerome (*Commentary on Matthew* 16: 13). This is the Bethsaida of Luke 9: 10, near the "desert place" mentioned in *Matt.* 14: 13 and *Mark* 6: 31, where the five thousand were fed. George Adam Smith supposes a single town divided by the Jordan, but this hardly fills the necessities of the description. Some of the incidents seem to require a Bethsaida near Capernaum on the western side of the Sea of Galilee. The feeding of the five thousand occurred on the eastern side, and as Luke 19: 10 tells us near to Bethsaida. The site of the city is discernible on the slope of the hills near the mouth of the Jordan and above it on the table land. It is a "desert place," that is, uncultivated, which at this season of the year would

be green with spring grass. Thus it was when I saw it in March, and a beautiful place for a large gathering. Later in the season the grass would be dried by the sun, and the place hot and bare. Near here, probably, also the four thousand were fed, and from here Jesus sailed "to the parts of Dalmanutha" in the borders of Magdala, returning "to the other side" to Bethsaida (Matt. 15: 32-39; Mark 8: 1-22). Here he healed the blind man (Mark 8: 22), first, however, leading him out of the village, and commanding him not to re-enter it, as he desired to avoid the publicity of a miracle.

"Come ye yourselves apart unto a desert place, and rest awhile." So said the Master to his disciples; and both he and they needed a vacation.

The Gospels suggest three reasons for this rest-time.

The first is that Jesus had heard of the death of John the Baptist (Matt. 14: 13). In that event he doubtless recognized a possible danger to himself, and he was moved with a peculiar sorrow over the murder of his kinsman and friend.

The second is that the apostles had returned from their preaching expeditions (Mark 6: 30), and doubtless needed rest, as well as opportunity to report to him undisturbed, and to receive from him instructions for future labor.

The third is that "There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat" (Mark 6: 31).

The presence of the crowd is explained by John, who tells us that the passover was at hand (John 6: 4). Jesus and his disciples did not attend it (John 7: 1), but took that time, when the religious life of the nation was most intense, but when their own work was at a momentary halt, for needed rest.

That our Lord did not obtain the rest he sought is no argument against vacations. Several times during his ministry he withdrew himself for quiet, and the rest needed at this time was probably secured a few days later, when the crowds had passed through Galilee and were at Jerusalem.

But vacations have their duties. The disciples did not rest undisturbed by obligation. There is no place on earth where we may escape from man's needs; no desert that is void of duty.

The disciples soon were busy. God has no heaven in which we shall be perpetually idle; both there and here are rest and service. And there is no surer test of Christian character than that afforded by a period of rest.

It is only in blessed activity that the soul finds rest. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," says our Lord. The religion of Christ has little in it that can comfort a lazy Christian.

The crowd came around the head of the lake, curious and exacting. It was to escape this crowd he had gone away, but he was moved with compassion toward the multitude (Mark 6: 34). He was hungry himself; but it was not of his own hunger that he thought. He was suffering great sorrow for the death of a friend; but it was the sorrows of others that moved him. He was weary, and in need of rest; yet with unresting toil he gave rest to those who were weary and had come unto him.

Who were this rabble, anyway? They were ready to crown him, or would be if he would feed them; but this very incident became the occasion of his teaching them truth so plain that they shrank from the sacrifice which his service might involve. "From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him" (John 6: 66). "From that time," of all times in his life! This fickle, unstable crowd, intruding upon his quiet, this reckless, improvident horde of curious people—he was moved with compassion for them! It was just a year before his crucifixion. Some of this same crowd of Galilæan pilgrims were doubtless of those that would shout, "Hosanna" a year hence, and, "Crucify him!" before the week was over; yet he had compassion upon them.

It was the crisis of his ministry. The "year of obscurity" was over; the "year of popularity" was closing; the scribes and priests at Jerusalem were already bitterly hostile; but one thing could save him from their machinations, and that was a strong, popular following, so constant that the officials dared not brook it. Jesus looked upon this throng. Here were "the people" whom the officials feared. Could he be sure of them? Would they stand by him? They were eager to make him

king; but would they support him in the crises of his real mission? He had never needed the support of a multitude so much as now. By their thronging him they were endangering his life unless they were ready to support him. He knew that they were fickle, unreliable, yet they were as sheep without a shepherd, and he, the Good Shepherd, taught them, weary as he was. He bore their sorrows, sorrowing, as he was. He healed their sickness, heartsick as he was. He fed them, hungry as he was. He had, he has, compassion on the shepherdless multitude, and seeks the lost sheep "until he finds it."



THE MULTIPLICATION OF THE LOAVES (MURILLO, 1617-1682)

It were an easy duty to be kind to the grateful, to help the appreciative; to heal the useful, and to save the promising. But the Christian must be kind to the unthankful; the soul winner must labor for the hopeless; the physician must save the life that can never be a strong life or, so far as he can see, a useful one. The duty of compassion is not fulfilled by an easy-going sympathy that mildly wishes well; a feeling of compassion is needed that can move one to loving service for Christ's sake. Dominic the monk, moved with compassion for a woman whose husband was enslaved by the Moors, would have sold himself to redeem the prisoner. A compassion that bears the grief and sin of others—this is the kind that saves.

To trust the people, to love the world, to have faith in man as man; all this might have seemed perilous. Yet the kingdom of God is also a democracy, and Jesus awaits for his ultimate coronation not only the will of heaven but the voluntary choice of men. Nor shall it fail. Fickle, unstable as men are, his love will win, in winning, has won them. His compassion on the multitude has justified itself already. And at length in the midst of a great multitude whom no man can number, saved by his compassion, we shall more than fulfil the dream of the Galilean throng. By unanimous suffrage of redeemed humanity we shall crown him King of kings.

Dr. Horace Bushnell had a great sermon on the text "Give ye them to eat." He showed, or tried to show, that our obligation is not limited by our ability. The disciples had not the ability to feed the crowd, yet Christ commanded them to do so. Here, clearly, Dr. Bushnell affirmed, the requirement was greater than the power of the disciples to perform. He went on to show how power grows by the exercise of power, and how sudden strength comes with the emergency—strength in excess of that which we have previously possessed. Alas, how many people fail to undertake what they really could do if they thought they could! According to your faith, be it unto you.

We will not dispute with Dr. Bushnell over the meaning of words—he himself maintained that word meanings are very flexible. Probably in strict use of language the contention would not hold. Strictly speaking, obligation is always measured by ability.

And the fact that God imposes a duty is assurance that God will furnish the strength to perform it. Blessed is he who believes in God and attempts the impossible! Such have been the men whom the world honors. Such are her discoverers, her inventors, her prophets. It is easy enough to show that the thing that ought to be done is impossible; blessed is the man who hears the command of God, and knows that the thing that ought to be can be.

A wise man was proving to other wise men that no steamer

could cross the ocean, when the news came that the first steamer was across. A certain noted general was in the very act of explaining to a Congressional committee why a certain fort which he had been sent to attack could not be taken by the force at his command, when the newsboys outside began to shout the news of a Union victory in the fall of the very fort



JESUS THE CHRIST—(MUNKACSY, 1846—)

which he counted impregnable. Impossible the duty laid upon us? Then let us go and perform it.

Already, apparently, Jesus had raised the question to Philip, "Where shall we buy bread?" (John 6: 5.) Apparently it was not an unheard-of thing for our Lord and his disciples to pro-

vide entertainment for those who came from afar. They seem to have been prepared for reasonable expenditure necessitated by a generous hospitality.

"Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little," said Philip. It is one of the few hints we have of the financial condition of the apostolic company. Two hundred denarii, this was Philip's ready calculation, about thirty dollars, but having the purchasing power of perhaps two hundred dollars. A denarius was a day's wages. We have no reason to suppose that our Lord and his apostles were living in poverty. Some of them had been men of some means, owning their boats and doing a good business. Besides, this was the time of our Lord's popularity, and his friends had doubtless contributed money from time to time. Two hundred dollars was not an excessive amount to have on hand for a family of thirteen in travel, but it was a comfortable sum. "If we should give all we have," Philip would seem to say, "it would give each man a morsel." The problem is to furnish a dinner at about four cents a plate. Philip was right. Yet let not the disciples withhold because it will take all they have. Duty sometimes requires just that, even though the multitude still are but partly fed.

Sometimes, we need to remember, the Lord calls on his disciples for the two hundred pence. He does not always work a miracle. We do well to figure, as Philip did, how much can be accomplished if we give our utmost. Yet we are never safe in assuming that our all is God's only resource. These three things avail for the feeding of the souls of men; humanity's hoard of common good; the power and grace of God; and the contents of the individual life.

When we have given our all, we may be sure that God will find a way to use us. A rich man's son offered his life to his country in the time of the Spanish war. He was kept at Chickamauga all through the war, shoeing horses. It was his place of service, and he gave his effort just as faithfully, just as heroically, as if on the battle field, and perhaps more so. Perhaps more so? Yes, I rather think so. It is easier for us

sometimes to fight than to shoe horses. It takes less grace, sometimes, to count out our two hundred pence and see it acknowledged in the *Missionary Herald*, than to see the Master select for signal honor the man who has no pence at all, but only the basket of loaves and fishes.

To give to our Master our best, our all, and then to serve in the way he shows us—this is sacrifice perfected. The disciples were not called upon at this time to do this, but the call came both before and after to forsake all for his sake. On this occasion the call to give his all came to one person only—the boy with the basket. He gave his all—we shall see what came of it.

“There is a lad here!” Then the case is not altogether hopeless! There are always wonderful possibilities in a boy. How often his friends talk of him as a bother, but in emergencies they turn to him.

His occasional absence when needed ought to emphasize his convenience at other times, for no boy is always at hand, except be he a cripple, poor fellow! A normal, healthy boy must find many places to be in, and even he cannot be in many at once. But considering the number of the places where he must be, and the variety of interests which he must care for, it is rather surprising that he is so often at hand.

And, oh, the errands he runs, and the wood and water he carries, and the potatoes he digs when the supply is short and dinner likely to be late—even now many a household would go hungry if no boy were at hand to supplement a scant meal by a mission to the garden or the grocery. Blessings on the boy, the meddlesome, noisy, thoughtless, impulsive, affectionate, generous, ever-ready, indispensable boy!

Blessed be Andrew, the discoverer of the lad with the basket! He did not know that the boy could aid them, but no one knows that a boy cannot help in any given emergency. A boy is a creature of wonderful versatility.

We face the problems of the future sometimes with anxiety. Great and many **are** they, and the men on whom we have leaned grow old and die. But the case is not yet hopeless. There is a lad here, and tomorrow he will be a man! Bless

you, my boy! All our hopes center in you! Come, let us see what is in your basket!

We read of the flood in Grand Rapids a few summers since, and wondered why the breaking of a reservoir just at dawn, and the pouring of a torrent down a valley filled with houses, should have resulted in so little loss of life. There was a lad there! The newsboy, delivering his early papers and detecting the leak that soon was to be a yawning chasm in the wall of the reservoir, with a whirling flood rushing through amain, roused the people as he went, and saved, God only knows how many lives. There was a lad there, and so ten thousand people escaped with their lives. There was a lad there of old, and so five thousand people were fed. God bless the boy!

That boy sitting beside the fire and watching the kettle cover as the steam lifts it, will yet invent a steam engine. That boy in a log cabin, defending the weak with his great strength, and pitying with his large heart the needy and the suffering, whether man or beast, shall yet free four millions of bondmen. And yonder boy—who knows what good he yet may do? God bless the boy!

The boy as well as the disciples must have asked the question, "What are they among so many?" Unless, indeed, he never thought of the crowd. He had only enough for one, and what one in all the company had a better right to it? Who has so good a right to the boy's basket as the boy himself? The world has the larger claim upon your basket, my boy, and it is none too soon for you to learn it!

Thank God for the basket! It is not wholly the boy's own, anyway. The prudence of the good mother at home provided the loaves and the fishes. Teachers and parents and friends and all past ages have been filling the basket against the world's need. Our life is a basket and the Master needs it.

I do not know how much that boy knew about the Master. I presume that he thought his basket was to provide a dinner for Jesus. Now, no healthy boy gives up his dinner for anybody without a struggle. To provide a dinner even for Jesus by giving of his own—and all the boys must have liked him—

involved a sacrifice. I am glad that it was a boy that did it. It was just like him. He was hungry, as boys are, but generous, as boys are; and he loved the Master as manly boys do when they know and understand him. Not every boy would



CHRIST THE COMPASSIONATE—(RAPHAEL, 1483-1520)

have done it, but no one would have been more likely to do it than a boy.

"What are they among so many?" The boy does not know. He has done one boy's duty, and is content. Here he comes, blushing and eager, hungry yet happy, and Andrew leads him, basket and all, to the Master! A proud moment for you, my hungry little fellow, when the Master smiles on you! He who

has gone hungry for the Master's sake, or that the multitude may be fed, begins to know the spirit of him who came to be the Bread of Life; and the Master's approval—oh, that the world could believe it is better than the bread that perishes!

"What are they among so many?" What are Moffat's loaves among the degraded multitudes of Africa? Yet he breaks them, and thousands eat, and are filled. What are Robert Morrison's loaves among the millions of China? Yet multitudes hear the gospel through his efforts. Behold the teeming hordes of India; yonder is an unlettered shoemaker, William Carey. What has he in his basket for the many who hunger there? Be patient till the Master breaks the loaves. Now behold in the unlearned man, the translator of books, the founder of schools, the originator of industries, the creator of a new order of society! Unlearned, did you say? Before he died he was a professor of Sanskrit, Bengali, and Marathi, a writer of scientific articles for wise and dignified quarterlies, a member of learned societies in London, and much more. And into twenty-four languages and dialects of India he translated the Word of God. The Bible miracle grows small by comparison. The miracles of the multiplication of the Bread of life are greater.

The law of supply and demand holds in the spiritual life. Jesus gave the people bread because they needed it and wanted it. He did not give them spiritual grace, though they needed it, because they did not demand it. Emerson quotes God as saying, "What do you want? Pay for it and take it." God has both kinds of bread. It is a question which the people want.

Our excessive care for the body is pathetic. Many of our systems of healing, whether by prayer or patent medicine, rise but little above the inherent vulgarity of the Egyptians' embalming of the spiritless body. Bread and the circus was the sum of the demand of the Roman populace; the people got both, and Rome went down.

"And they did eat, and were all filled." They all ate fish and bread—the same food that was in the basket; but more of it. The miracle did not change the quality. Doubtless, variety

would have been pleasant, and would have seemed easy. But he who taught men to pray for daily bread was content to provide life's necessities. It was not that he grudged the luxuries—he could make wine, on occasion, and wine, whatever its quality, is no necessity. But the necessities of life are the real needs, and should call for the deepest gratitude.

Butter costs more than bread, and sauce more than butter. The luxuries increase in cost in proportion to their superfluity. Provisions for the real needs of men are the most abundant and the cheapest.

Yet how many of us, having bread and fish, have thanked God with sweet content? How often we have teased him for superfluous things, having already abundance for life's necessities! The people, fed by Jesus, are quite ready to quote Moses, and to covet manna; and no people ever grew more rebellious over the monotony of their food than those to whom Moses gave bread from heaven.

Jesus gave them nothing better; because, first, he gave what was brought him; secondly, he gave what the people needed most; and thirdly, it was all that it was safe to give them lest their well-fed patriotism should cause them to rush into insurrection for a King who could give cake as well as bread.

And they were filled—until tomorrow!

But still they were empty of the righteousness for which they did not even hunger and thirst, yet for which their souls were starving!

The ancient Greeks lived on acorns, but when they learned the arts of wheat culture and bread-making, they discarded their former food, and lived on the better and more nutritious bread which they had now discovered. We have no occasion to despise God's temporal gifts, but every reason to be grateful for them. But alas for him whose hunger for the acorn is such that he never discovers the wheat, and a thousand times more, alas, for the man who fills his life with the bread of earth and hungers not for the Bread of heaven.

Bread can never satisfy. A young man in Chicago cornered the wheat market, and owned more breadstuffs than any man

since creation. He was not made happy thereby. The market turned and left him a poorer and a wiser man. But he who seeks the Bread of life, finds it. There are men who are starving, and are in a delusion, "as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty." But the spiritual gifts of God fail not to those who hunger for them.

Whose were the baskets that were filled? We do not know. It is well that the miracle was unexpected, else doubtless the people least likely to have contributed anything to the feast had been there with empty baskets. It was probably those who had been provident and also generous who had baskets for the gathered bread. There was one basket at hand of which we know, and that, we may be sure, was filled among the rest. It was nearest to the place where the Master sat, for from it had come forth the loaves and the fishes; and it requires but little wisdom beyond what is written to feel sure that it was the first one filled.

Ah lad, who didst give with thought of sacrifice, not hoping to receive again, thine now is this almost superfluous joy! Great had been thy pleasure, even hadst thou given and received not, for all thy life thou shouldst have remembered that thou, with the Saviour, didst feed the hungry! But this is now thine added joy, that more than thou gavest has come back to thee!

We have read the poem of Sir Ralph the Rover and the Inchcape Rock; how the cruel pirate cut off the bell that had been a warning to seamen, and sailed back in after years and was wrecked on that same rock. We have read in a good old Book of men falling into the pit which they dug for the feet of others. We have heard the proverb that "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost." Poems and proverbs grow out of long observation, and a consensus of experience.

On the other hand, we have heard of the rich, benevolent woman who founded a home for worthy old women, and through the subsequent loss of her property found a home there. Had she sought an investment to provide for the vicis-

situdes of her own life she could not have found a better one. And examples such as this are not few to illustrate God's method of blessing him who makes himself a blessing.

God makes goodness almost dangerously profitable. That the bread cast on the waters will come back is as certain as is consistent with true benevolence in giving it.

It is well that a prompt return with compound interest does not always attend one's earthly giving, else would generosity become the world's most chronic vice, and the inevitable symptom of covetousness. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and there is no real giving that gives to receive again. So he never gives who gives only what he possesses—he must give himself.

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.

But as one candle lights another and finds its own light undimmed, so may one soul impart to another soul, love, gentleness, kindness, instruction, encouragement, comfort—every spiritual gift, and be the richer for the giving. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

The boy with the basket might have hidden and eaten his five crackers and two dried fish alone. So would he have starved his soul and his fellowmen's bodies. But he made himself immortal, and heaped his own basket to overflowing by an act of unsparing generosity in the Lord's service.

Miracles must not tend to wastefulness. The miraculous is not to be depended upon as a constant source of supply. To-day it avails—thank God and make the most of it. But for to-morrow we must have recourse to the ordinary channels of provision. Let down your nets, and start the mill and fire up the oven; for God will see you starve ere he makes you a pauper by miracle.

God uses the miraculous sparingly, and then with admonitions of caution. It were easy for the supernatural to prove a snare to us, teaching us to disregard the divine sequence of cause and effect, and encouraging us in idleness and improvi-

dence. It is not miracles we need so much as the utilization of the good we now despise because it is in fragments. The fragments are capable of filling to overflowing all the baskets which we can provide. Fragments of knowledge—gather them up into a storehouse of truth, bringing out of this treasure things new and old. Fragments of time—do not waste them; they are little fractions of eternity. Fragments of joy, never quite enough to satisfy the longings of the heart and sometimes mocking the perfect bliss for which we sigh—gather them up and make of them a mosaic of happiness for your own life and the lives of others. Fragments of Scripture verses learned in childhood from sainted parents, or gathered in maturer years of reading and meditation—gather them up, and make them a strength and a solace in the hours when you shall need a word from on high to hold fast your soul in temptation or affliction. Fragments of opportunity—no chance often to follow up the good we do, and see what comes of it; opportunity only for a passing word, a kindness bestowed by the way, and the two souls part; one day shall all these fragments of kindness be gathered into one record of goodness complete, and the Master himself shall say, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Then shall the righteous, conscious of their fragmentary goodness, and self-reproachful because it was incomplete, learn the truth that unifies all righteous effort into completeness into the ministry of love in his name.

Out of fragments of old pottery wise men have reconstructed past civilizations. Out of the fragments of the broken Moabite stone have come down through nearly thirty centuries confirmations of the truth of the Bible. By means of fragments of rock the story of the formation of the earth's crust is told to us. By little fragments of clothing, torn off and stuck upon the bushes by the captives, the settlers of early days followed the Indians and rescued their loved ones from the tomahawk and the stake. Fragments? Our art galleries

abound in fragments, great even in their ruins, of what were once gems of art, and even now reveal the grace and power of the sculptor in their battered lines, and preserve and transmit the skill that thus we make our own. Great is the good that is preserved to the world in fragments, and blessed are those who gather them up and make the most of them.



THE TOWER OF ANTONIO, JERUSALEM

CHAPTER XXI

THE CRISIS OF THE CHRIST

We come now to the close of the second year of the ministry of Jesus. As before, the dividing event is the passover. Jesus did not attend this passover, but the crowds going to it and eating of the bread in the wilderness forced upon him a crisis. He had now to face the question whether he would yield to the popular demand, and become a king. All the three-fold temptations in the wilderness came back with greater power, for the tempter now was an enthusiastic multitude of Jesus' own countrymen urging him to head a popular uprising for the restoration of their hereditary rights as a nation. Why should he not make bread from stones, when they were so hungry, so poor, so ground down by continuous oppression? Why should he not cast himself down from a pinnacle of the temple, and with wrath as righteous as when he had driven out the money-changers, drive away the Roman guard that kept the Tower of Antonia, almost within the sacred precincts of the temple? Why should he not have a kingdom when the people, his own people, the lost, sheared, scattered, shepherdless sheep of the house of Israel, were ruled only to be plundered, persecuted, and misgoverned?

A recent book is entitled "The Crisis of the Christ." It treats of seven incidents in the life of Jesus among which this is not included. But this was the real crisis of the Christ. Jesus had endeavored to avert it. He had wrought miracles sparingly, reluctantly, and when pressed by the urgent demands of need. Not after the first time did he do a mighty work merely to add to the joy of life; he had more than he could do to hush the cry of pain. He had done this quietly; had taken those whom he had healed apart; had charged them not to tell of it.

But his fame had spread till now the multitude were vociferous in their demands that he should be king.

Some things had been settled already. Jesus was the Messiah. But what kind of a Messiah was he to be? Within the limits of his Messianic mission some liberty of choice was permitted him. The people evidently were persuaded of the truth of his Messianic character: thus far they were led of God: flesh and blood had not revealed it unto them, but their Father in heaven. Could not Jesus trust the people also to determine the manner of his Messianic work? Should he accept their interpretation of his office as the will of God?

And, again, why not? If the world, being foolish, must have kings, why not be one of them? There was no reason why a king should not also be a good man. Good kings had been; why not be one of them? If not, there remained the sad alternative—the people would forsake him; the opposition of scribes and priests would grow more bitter; for him there would be humiliation and defeat. What would happen he knew only too well; it had just happened to John. Why not escape all this, and use his opportunities while he had them?

These were the questions that crowded upon Jesus that evening after he had sent the multitude away. They would not go far; bread was too abundant. They would return. Before he met them again, Jesus must face and settle the question of his life.

Alone, on the mountain top he wrestled over his life decision. On the one side was the eager admiring, needy multitude; on the other was conscience. On one side were the expectations of his friends; on the other was the pleasure of his Father. On the one side was the kingdom; on the other the cross. Alone in the dark and storm, the Christ met his crisis.

But while he faced the storm within, his disciples were battling with the wind that had swept down upon the lake. They were "toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary." It was after three o'clock in the morning when he came to them, and brought cheer and assurance, and with his coming came the dawn and the end of the storm.

The scene was a picture of the tragedy of life. Humanity was in that boat, tossed by passion and the storms of life. Dark were the waves beneath; dark the heavens where God remained silent. But God had not remained apart on a mountain top, thinking of his kingdom, and exulting in the thoughtless praise of men; God had come to men in the midst of the storm, to bring calm and light to their souls. Who knows but the vision of the disciples in the boat below, visible to the Master while he prayed, may have strengthened his purpose to cast himself upon the wave, to enter for better or for worse the boat with humanity, and, though the sea of fickle favor rose in a mighty wave to overthrow him, to bring, safe to its haven,

Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes for coming years?

And what a comfort to the toiling millions at the oars, straining their eyes and seeing only blackness, to know, that, somewhere, out of sight, but not too far away to help, Jesus sees it all!

The crowd met Jesus at the landing; they were ready for breakfast. They wondered too, how he had gotten across, while they had to walk around. Jesus met them sternly. He would not cast himself down from any pinnacles for their curious conjectures. "Ye seek me, because ye ate of the loaves and are filled," said he. They were interested and asked, "What must we do to work the work of God?"

But when Jesus told them to believe in him, they returned to the theme of the loaves, and, none too delicately, reminded him that their fathers had eaten manna in the wilderness. The miracles of Moses were working mischief a dozen centuries after Moses' death.

Then Jesus told them as he had told Satan, that men do not live by bread alone, and that he had come from heaven to feed men with spiritual bread. When he said these things to them, the crowd at once began to murmur, and they said: "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how is it then that he sayeth, I came down from heaven?"

The crowd went away and got breakfast as best it could, and did not return again. The people, finding that there was no more free board to be had in Capernaum, started on again to Jerusalem, complaining as they went. So closed the second year of the ministry of Jesus. Jesus had met his crisis. He would not make bread from stones, nor forsake the world for a



CHRIST AND PETER—(SCHWARTZ)

kingdom. The result was as he expected. "From that time, many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him."

The break between Jesus and the unfed crowd was accentuated by a break between him and the leaders. These, indeed, had for some time been cynical, and at times hostile. They had

complained of his violation of the Sabbath, of his being "a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber," and of his claiming power to forgive sins. On the day of his return to Capernaum after the feeding of the five thousand, he talked to the multitude on the shore, and later preached his gospel in the synagogue. There, apparently, he was invited to dine with a Pharisee. So Jesus, that day, instead of feeding others, was himself fed. We do not know who the Pharisee was, or how he came to give the invitation, but one thing is evident, it was given in no spirit of genuine hospitality. As soon as Jesus was seated a pointed criticism was made that he ate with unwashed hands. Then Jesus turned upon the Pharisees, and accused them of caring so much for form and display that they had neglected the spirit of religion, and had become hypocrites. "The things without, do not defile," he said, "but the evil thoughts within."

It was an unwelcome truth and unkindly received. Invitations to dine with Pharisees in Capernaum came rarely to Jesus after that; and when he ate with Matthew and his company, there was a new accusation, that he was the friend of publicans and sinners. Alas, from that time he had few other friends than these.

We must not assume, because it seems plain enough to us that the things from within defile rather than those without, that Jesus expected the truth to be favorably received. He deliberately attacked the traditions of the Pharisees, who counted ceremonial washing so important that to neglect it was to be guilty of gross ceremonial defilement. The word wash, as used in the passage, means to wash vigorously, or with the fist of one hand scrubbing the other. It was held, too, that the water must trickle back to the wrist. It is by no means certain that washing in Christ's day was all of this honest straightforward sort. The Jews of Jerusalem still require ceremonial washing before entering their synagogues for worship. I inspected the provision for ablutions at the door of one of their largest synagogues there. It is a tiny faucet, opened by being struck from below by the finger, and in such sort that continuous pressure for the sake of the running of a stream is

meant to be impossible. The finger presses up the valve and is withdrawn a little to receive the water, which barely moistens the tip of the thumb and finger. This stands for a bath, ceremonially.

Even such a symbol might do good if men were to say, "It is but a symbol, and has value only as it typifies purity of soul," but the Jews of Christ's time exalted the symbol and forgot its meaning, substituting their cleanliness of body, which may or may not have been thorough, for purity of heart. Jesus attacked this tradition both by example and precept, ignoring the form, visibly and publicly defying it, that he might expose the shame beneath it.

From this, Jesus went on to attack the tradition concerning Corban. A man who intended to make a gift to God might see his parents in dire need, but say, "Corban," that is, "I have dedicated this property to God." This would not imply that he had already parted with it, or intended to do so at once; he might keep it indefinitely, but it was sacred from all demands for relief of suffering, even the suffering of his parents.

To Jesus no tradition that professed to honor God had sacredness as against the needs of men. God's glory is in the welfare of his children. The commandments of God are reasonable and are visibly related to human welfare. To please God by the neglect of parents, was to Jesus blasphemy. So he attacked the tradition, saying:

"Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition. Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" (Matt. 15: 6-9).

This touched the whole question of ceremonial righteousness at its tenderest point. It was just in those matters of tradition that the Pharisees prided themselves that they were righteous. Between them and Jesus henceforth there could be no sympathy. They knew where he stood, and they knew his opinion of them.

The danger of being taken by force and made a king was now well past. The Pharisees, certainly, wanted no king who would thus wound their vanity; and as for the multitudes whom he fed yesterday, they were on their way toward Jerusalem, grumbling because they had no cakes and ale for that day.

Thus did Jesus meet his life's crisis. But it cost him all that men hold dear, save fidelity to duty.



THE MAN OF SORROWS—(JEAN BERAUD)

CHAPTER XXII

THE UNCONCEALABLE CHRIST

Jesus now began the third and last year of his ministry by withdrawing from Galilee into the borders of Tyre and Sidon. The reasons for his withdrawal are apparent in the crisis at Capernaum, the disappointment of the people in the discourse about the Bread of life, and his break with the Pharisees in the matter of eating with unwashed hands. To escape the crowd, gospel-hardened and unspiritual, and from the Pharisees, always cold and critical and now openly hostile, was his purpose.

We do not know just where Jesus went; it is unlikely that he visited large cities. "He entered into a house and would have no man know he was there, but he could not be hid." A Gentile woman sought his help for her little daughter. Jesus was unwilling to work more miracles. Had he not seen the inevitable mischief resulting from them? His miracles had expatriated him. He had come here to escape from the mob that ever hung upon the miracle. But his heart was touched with the mother's need. He would test her faith.

"It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs," he said.

It was a harsh saying, Pharisaical and cold in form; we cannot believe that it disclosed his heart.

But the mother was too intent on the daughter's healing to resent the insult. Quick was her wit, and ready her reply. It was only a crumb that she wanted, one that, falling from the plate of the child at the table, might be eaten even by the dog beneath it. Again the Lord marvelled at faith such as he had not found in Israel. "O woman," he exclaimed, "Great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt!"

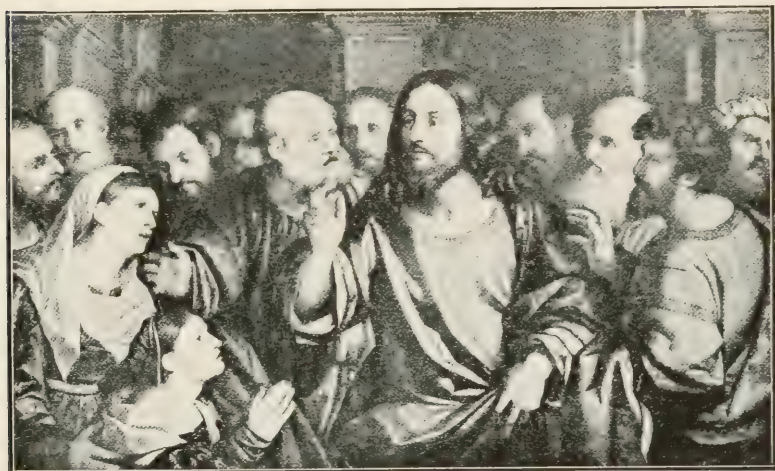
The healing of the little girl probably shortened the visit of Jesus to the region of Tyre and Sidon. He had come to escape publicity, but it was thrust upon him. We may believe that he healed the diseases of those who came to him, taught some needed lesson to the crowd that gathered round, and then moved on seeking some quiet place. He did not find it.

Jesus did not immediately return to Capernaum, but, turning eastward among the foothills south of the Lebanon mountains, crossed the Jordan above the Sea of Galilee, and came to Decapolis, where he had once made a brief visit and had been rejected because of the loss of the swine (Matt. 28: 34; Mark 5: 1-20; Luke 8: 26-39). Here again he did not escape the crowd. A deaf man came to him; Jesus took him aside and healed him (Mark 7: 32-37), and charged the man not to tell of his healing; but the loosed tongue refused to be silent, and the fame of Jesus spread throughout the region. Then the multitude came again, bringing their sick, and Jesus repeated the experiences which had preceded his departure from the region of the lake (Matt. 15: 29-38; Mark 8: 1-9), even to the feeding of four thousand improvident and hungry people.

In this same summer, and not long after this event, Jesus healed a blind man at Bethsaida (Mark 8: 22-26), charging him, as was his custom, to tell no man. But these admonitions were unavailing. The news spread. Jesus now recrossed the lake to "the borders of Magdala" (Matt. 15: 39) "into the parts of Dalmanutha" (Mark 8: 10). This was a region north of the city of Tiberias and south of Capernaum. We are not sure whether he returned to Capernaum, but he was met by the Pharisees with a new demand for a sign (Matt. 16: 1-4; Mark 8: 11-13), and so the clamor for the miraculous grew in proportion as it was fed.

It is not to be wondered at that these people demanded a sign. In the thought of many good people to-day the programme of Christ was essentially this: An advent into the world, with a claim to be the Son of God; the working of miracles to establish that claim; the condemnation of men because they did not accept the testimony of the miracles in their witness to the divine Sonship of Jesus.

The real programme of Jesus was very different. He never referred in any recorded passage to his miraculous birth; he was late in making any claim of his divine Sonship; he was reluctant to work miracles; he went about doing good, teaching, helping, forgiving, inspiring men, and saying, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Mighty works had their evidential value, but they rarely convinced men. It is well for us to remember this lest we suppose ourselves at a serious disadvantage in our remoteness from the actual work of Jesus. Jesus himself would not have counted



THE CANAANITISH WOMAN--(PALMA VECCHIO, 1475-1528)

it so. We have the truth, which he counted the main thing, and we have the witness of nineteen centuries of enlightenment, purity and progress to the divine authority of the gospel. This is a far greater work than the first disciples saw, and is trustworthy.

We should not, then, follow the mistake of other days and seek for an evidence of Christianity in signs and wonders. The true sign of the gospel is a changed life; the real wonder is that of the life of Christ reproduced in the lives of sinful men.

Neither the darkened cabinet of the spiritualist medium with wonders that happen after the lights are out, nor the widely heralded achievement of the "healer" for revenue only, bear the true mark of the work of Christ. These are the works of those whose constituency seeks for a sign.

Jesus now took occasion to warn his disciples against the Pharisees (Matt. 16: 5-12; Mark 8: 14-21). To these men the disciples naturally looked up. But Jesus let them understand that the difference between himself and these teachers was fundamental. It was a strange lesson to the disciples, but they learned it at last, to their sorrow. It is interesting to find that even in his own lifetime, and during the period of his brief ministry, the fame of Jesus had spread beyond the narrow limits of his own country. His work had been a restricted work, national and almost local in its character, yet it had grown to such dimensions that in no part of his own little land was he unknown, and his experience proved that he had already been talked about, and to some extent was trusted, in some if not all the regions adjacent to his own Palestine.

"He could not be hid." No character in history had a better chance of concealment. He was born at a time when the consolidation of national life into one power in Rome turned all eyes toward that capital, and made the rest of the world insignificant. He was born in a remote province, far from the great centers of population and of power. Only an occasional political outbreak brought any one in Palestine to the knowledge of Rome. Palestine was all but ignored in the empire of which it formed a part. The country in which Christ was born, with its whole population, was counted insignificant in the great Roman world. Hardly another Galilæan of that generation is known to us, even by name, save as his name is associated with that of Jesus. He was nurtured and made his home in a village until that time unknown in literature, and which, but for himself, would have disappeared from human knowledge, and in a province of his own small country which had always been treated with contempt. "Search, and see that out of Galilee ariseth no prophet" (John 7: 52), was the word

of a member of the Sanhedrin. His first disciples, who were Galilæans, asked wonderingly, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" His country was ignored in the world of that age; his province was ignored in the country of which it was a part; his village was ignored in the province in which it was located; and he was ignored in his own village.

Some men, by their political power, succeeded in impressing that age and in leaving their mark upon the generations following. So Augustus and Tiberius and Nero became known to fame or to infamy; but Jesus turned his back upon this opportunity of achieving popularity. "My kingdom is not of this world," said he. He declined a place among the monarchs of the earth. Again, as leader of an army, there was opportunity for a man to make himself famous, and we know the names of generals of those days—Antony, Pompey, Otho, Vitellius, Titus and the rest, some of whom rose from military to civil fame. But none of these did Jesus imitate; and though ten thousand legions of angels might have been his, he passed through life unattended save by a few practically unarmed disciples. It was an age of thought and literature, as well as of military glory and civic power, and we know the names of writers of that day. Horace and Virgil and Ovid, Livy and Strabo, Cicero and Pliny were practically his contemporaries. We know that Jesus was not illiterate, but no written word of his survives to tell the story of his life or the ends for which he wrought. It was an age of art, but his was a nation that never gave birth to a Phidias or Praxiteles; and he whose love of beauty was beyond compare left no tangible form of art to perpetuate his memory, neither statue nor temple nor likeness of himself, nor any creation of his hand and skill. He was an artisan, not an artist; a teacher, not an orator; a revealer of God, not a politician; a Saviour, and not a statesman. Jesus turned his back upon all forms of labor and industry by which the men of his generation were seeking to achieve fame. He repeatedly disappointed his friends by his failure to use his manifest powers for the purposes of publicity. His grace was so utterly at variance with the methods of the

times that his own brethren repeatedly reproached him with a probable desire to be known, while he himself remained in secret (John 7: 3, 4). In all these things it would seem as though obscurity would have been the logical result of Christ's method. Yet no monarch or millionaire of that or any generation, no soldier or statesman of that or any other century, no author or artist or philosopher since the world began, became or is so widely known as he.

"He could not be hid," because the divine nature within him shone forth through the humanity that enshrined it. A light such as his could not be hidden under a bushel. The sun could not be shut in a closet, neither could the life of God, which he manifested, be obscured by the conditions of his humanity.

Whatever theology we have, or whether we have any, about the person of Christ, we must never forget that Jesus Christ was avowedly and honestly human, but we must not fail to remember that through this human life there shone in its fullness and majesty the essence of the divine nature. He was the Word made flesh; actual, honest, unfeigned flesh, but still the Word made flesh. Literature has many a romantic story of the child of royal birth, brought up in obscure surroundings, and manifesting when he came to years the dignity of regal birth. So Cyrus, among the shepherds, exhibited the daring and dignity which soon marked him as a prince. So Alfred, hiding in the cowherd's hut, was still a king. But literature has no story more romantic, more beautiful, more inherently truthful, than that related of the Son of God, who was born among men and lived the life of a carpenter, unobtrusively and without self-advertisement, until men beheld in him the glory of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of truth and grace.

And Jesus could not be hid because humanity's need was sore, and he alone could meet it. He came to seek and to save the lost, and when he came, he found the lost blindly seeking him. The inarticulate cry of the suffering, the despairing moan of the outcast, the heart-broken sob of the penitent, all these he interpreted as addressed to himself, and he could not remain in hiding where the need for him was so great.

And so, in the gospel the account of the beginning of Christ's ministry is followed by the record of the deeds done among suffering men, so many and so marvelous that the inert world into which he came was shaken from its lethargy enough to wonder at his power, to be convinced of his goodness, and almost to accept his saving love.

Almost, but not quite. "He suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, died and was buried." But he could not be hid. The cross, though it brought him a death of ignominy, only lifted him up where all men could see and come unto him. The grave could not hide him, but became the gateway of eternal life to all who trust in him. Out from the narrow confines of his age, his nation, his ignominious death and his indisputable burial, pressed forth his new life for all nations.

He cannot be hid. If all the world should try by unanimous consent to forget him, it could not succeed. If all the Bibles in all the ends of the world were burned, it would not obliterate his memory. If all the churches in all Christian lands were destroyed, it would not cause him to be forgotten. It would be perfectly safe to predict that the future will weed from its lists of names counted great, many which the world honors but will not care to remember, and many more, which spite of industrious effort to remember, it must inevitably forget. But his name will be remembered and loved and honored, so long as there is intelligence and faith and moral and spiritual life among men.

He cannot be hid because his life is resident in the life of his people, and he is with them according to his promise. The conditions which once shut in and localized his life are now forever past. Wherever there is a Christian there is the Christ. And when heaven and earth are passed away, and all things hidden are revealed, and all things secret are made known, then shall he stand forth with a glory which the brilliancy of heaven can only the more perfectly disclose; then he shall appear at the right hand of God the Father, amid the praises of heaven and the glories of a redeemed humanity. Thus, to all eternity shall he abide, the Unconcealable Christ.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

The summer passed and the autumn brought with it one of the great annual festivals of the Jews, the feast of tabernacles. It was the annual commemoration of the journey through the wilderness, which, from the time of Nehemiah had been observed by dwelling in tents (Neh. 8: 17). We have no record that Jesus had previously attended this feast. He had not been at the passover in the spring preceding, and his policy of retirement was confusing to his friends, as well as to those who did not believe in him.

And now we meet again the brothers of Christ, who are still unconverted, and who are disposed to be meddlesome. There were four at least of the brothers, James, Joseph, Simon and Judas (Mark 6: 3), and there were two or more sisters whose names we do not know. The Bible never calls them cousins or relatives, but always brothers, and we have no reason to call them anything else. These later became his disciples, but at this time they were concerned with demanding why Jesus, whom they assumed to be desirous of advertising himself, preferred to remain in seclusion. But Jesus gave them no intimation of his plans.

There was much gossip about Jesus at the feast, and many wondered whether he would appear. The Pharisees and priests were openly hostile, the people were divided. It was understood that Jesus was in hiding.

But while the feast was at its height, about the middle of the week, Jesus appeared, teaching openly in the temple. We do not know the nature of his discourse, but we are told that the Jews who heard him were astonished at his learning. "How knoweth this man literature?" they asked. To them

learning meant knowledge of the law, and the place to attain it was in the schools of the rabbins. Jesus impressed people who heard him as a man with a liberal education. The common people heard him gladly, but the scholars, as well, wondered at his teaching.

Jesus at once turned to the miracle which even yet was the theme of much discussion in Jerusalem—the healing of the impotent man at Bethsaida, a year and a half before (John 5: 1-16). The rulers were still plotting against him because that



THE NEW ENTRANCE TO JERUSALEM
(MADE ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR)

work had been performed on the Sabbath. Jesus at once exposed the plot, and when the people demanded, "Who goeth about to kill thee?" he proceeded to defend his act of healing a man on the Sabbath. If a baby boy was born on the Sabbath the father caused him to be circumcised a week later, notwithstanding the preparation and labor that accompanied the act. If it was lawful to perform such an act on the Sabbath because the letter of the law might seem to require it, was it less right to heal a man, when the whole intent and spirit of the law, made for men's welfare, demanded his healing?

Not only did the argument carry weight, but the bearing of Jesus, standing forth fearlessly, and preaching thus, caused the favorable sentiment toward him to gain ground. There were many who were ready to say at once, "Do the rulers indeed know that this is the Christ?"

But others objected that Jesus had given no satisfactory account of himself, and that what they knew of his antecedents was not such as they expected in the Christ. Jesus met this



TOWER OF DAVID AND HIPPICUS, JERUSALEM

objection, saying, "He that sent me is true; I am not come of myself."

The people were more and more inclined to believe in him as day by day he taught in the temple. And while the priests would gladly have arrested him, they could not do so without too great a demonstration. So the feast passed by, and the last day came.

The feast of tabernacles had a notable ceremony, that of the libation of water, brought by the priests in glad procession from the fountain of Siloam in the valley of the Kedron. As the procession re-entered the temple court, Jesus, standing

in a conspicuous place, cried out to the thirsty throng about him, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; he that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water." The disciple was to be himself a fountain, supplied from the fountain-head of grace.



DAVID STREET, JERUSALEM
(THE FLAG SHOWS THE AMERICAN CONSULATE)

What more he said we do not know, but an increased number of the people were ready to accept him, while others asked, "Shall Christ come out of Galilee?"

The priests saw their authority in danger. The people were gradually being won over to Jesus. The leaders determined to arrest him, and sent officers for that purpose. The officers returned without him. There had been no resistance, no flight. But as the officers were struggling through the crowd,

they heard the words of Jesus, and were themselves convinced that he was beyond their jurisdiction.

I know of no scene in the life of Christ that is more eloquent in its testimony of the power of Jesus over men. I suppose that those officers were made of the stuff that constitutes good constables. They were none too tender-hearted; they were accustomed to hard scenes. They knew that they were not to judge him, that they were only to arrest him and let others try him. But they faced the priests who sent them—they would not face Christ—and said, "Never man spake like this man."

It was a straightforward judgment, made by unsentimental men; and the world approves it. Never man spake so tenderly, so lovingly, so authoritatively. Never man spake words that live as his words live, in the heart and aspiration of the world.

The return of the officers resulted in a heated discussion among the Pharisees, Nicodemus defending Jesus, and others opposing him. The result was a division of sentiment that set aside, for the time, the plan to arrest him.

The evening of "the great day of the feast" Jesus went to the Mount of Olives. It is quite unnecessary to suppose that he went out to spend the night in prayer. Undoubtedly he prayed; but he probably spent a while in the cool of the Garden of Gethsemane, doubtless already a favorite haunt with him, and then passed the night with his friends in Bethany.

The next morning he was back in the temple, and still master of the situation. But a trap was set for him. A woman had been taken in adultery, and was brought to the scribes and Pharisees. It afforded them a fine opportunity to ensnare Jesus. The law in Leviticus (20: 10) and Deuteronomy (22: 22) commanded that such should be put to death. The law included the man as well, but the man, as too often happens, had escaped. The law, of course, was a dead letter. Not for centuries had it been in force in Jerusalem; still, it was suspended theoretically because the Jews no longer had the power of inflicting a death sentence. Jesus, they thought,

would not dare to say that the law should be enforced, neither would he dare abrogate it.

It was a fine opportunity the devil had made ready to their hand; and the shameless men pulled the shamefaced woman through the crowd to Jesus. Among them all there was no father or brother or husband that for daughter's sake or sister's



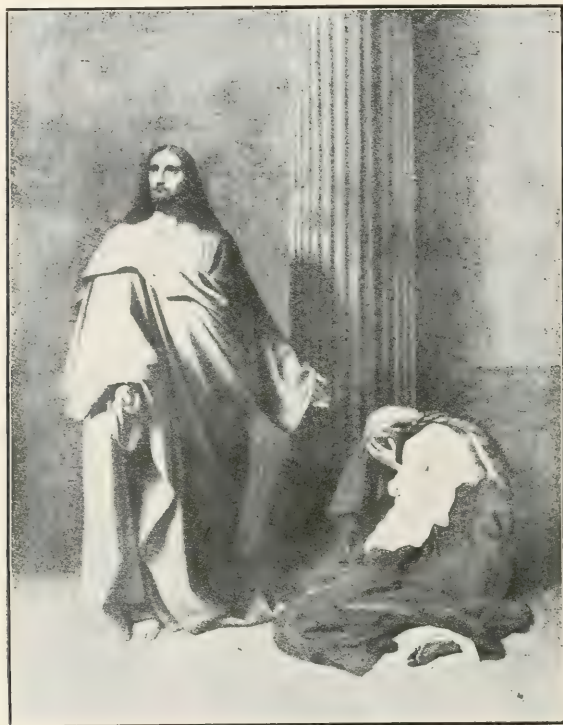
INSIDE THE JAFFA GATE

or wife's, raised hand to strike off the clutch of those men upon her as they dragged her into Jesus' presence.

Jesus seemed preoccupied while they were stating their case. Stooping he wrote on the ground; it is the only time we are told of his writing, and what he wrote we do not know. They pressed him for an answer to their dilemma: "they continued asking him." Then he lifted himself to the height of his majestic manhood, and they quailed before his look. "He

that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," said he.

It is impossible to add words to the story as it is told in the Scripture: "And again he stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground. And they, when they heard it, went out one by one, beginning from the eldest, even unto the last:



CHRIST AND THE ADULTERESS—(EMILE SIGNOL)

and Jesus was left alone, and the woman, where she was, in the midst. And Jesus lifted up himself, and said unto her, Woman, where are they? did no man condemn thee? And she said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said, Neither do I condemn thee: go thy way: from henceforth sin no more (John 8: 8-11).

So miserably failed the attempt to entangle Jesus in the trap of judgment against a poor woman.

That day he continued his discussion in the temple. His place of teaching was "the treasury," or court of the women, called by the latter name not because it was exclusively or even chiefly for women, but because women were permitted to go no further. The Jews were loud in their demands that Jesus should declare himself. Why did he leave them to conjecture?



THE ADULTESS—(TITIAN, 1477-1566)

Who was he? Jesus told them that the man who willed to do God's will should know whether his teaching was from God or from himself.

Without declaring whether he was the Messiah, he made at this feast some most astounding claims. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink"; "I am the light of the world"; "I am not alone"; "I and the Father that sent me"; "I do always the things that are pleasing to him"; "Which of you convinceth me of sin?"; "If a man keep my word, he shall

never see death." It is no wonder that these words provoked the Jews to wrath. But the words which angered them most were two utterances about Abraham.

Jesus said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." They answered, "We are Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man." It was an idle boast. Abraham's seed had often been in bondage. Who are these millions in Egypt making bricks without straw? Abraham's seed. Who are these whose kings appear with monotonous regularity on the Assyrian monuments, bearing each his annual tribute to a foreign conqueror? Abraham's seed. Who are these who sadly march in chains to Babylon, and there hang their harps on the willows for three score years and ten? Abraham's seed. To what nation has not Abraham's seed paid tribute? Abraham's seed has bowed under the yoke of Egypt, Assyria, Moab, Syria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome—to answer is merely to call the roll of the great powers of antiquity. And whose were these soldiers present to keep order at this very feast, these tax-gatherers eager for their money? These were Romans, attending to the seed of Abraham—still in bondage not only to Rome, but to sin, to tradition, to empty form. From this Jesus would gladly deliver them by his truth; but they were ready to cry out with their fathers of old, "Let us alone that we may serve the Egyptians."

The other reference to Abraham was, "Your father Abraham saw my day, and was glad." He meant that Abraham saw coming an era of better things for his descendants, and in faith trusted God and waited for the day whose harbinger and whose realization was Christ. But the Jews were not content with such an interpretation, and demanded to know how he, being still a young man, certainly under fifty, could have seen Abraham. Jesus was not wont to give easy answers to such challenges. "Before Abraham was, I am," said he.

This was quite too much for their patience. Stones are abundant in Palestine, and the Jews found a quantity and prepared to cast them at him; but in the confusion Jesus escaped, and the discussions of the feast came abruptly to an end.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE VISION OF THOSE WHO WAKE

Jesus returned from the feast of tabernacles, but not, apparently, to Capernaum. Instead, he withdrew into the region of Cæsarea Philippi. Here, alone with his disciples, he prepared them for the coming tragedy and for independent labor after he should be taken from them. In anticipation of this he asked them, "Who do men say that I am?"

The disciples reported to him the conjectures they had heard. Some said he was John the Baptist; others, Elijah; still others Jeremiah; and others, simply "one of the prophets."

The time had come for the Twelve to express their own faith, and Jesus asked them pointedly the question, "But who say ye that I am?"

It was a great question. They might have answered more readily some months earlier. They had listened eagerly when people asked Jesus who he was, and he had not answered. How should they now answer him? But their faith had not left them. There was but one thing any of them could answer, and yet to say it plainly when he had not said it, to commit themselves on a point on which he had been so reticent, to declare what he had so steadfastly refused to declare—is it any wonder they did not shout the answer in concert?

But Peter spoke. Sometimes he spoke too soon, but not this time. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Then Jesus blessed him, for Peter had learned what Jesus wanted men to be sure of without his asserting it. The truth of his divinity was not a dogma to be forced upon men, but a vital truth to be spiritually discerned. Flesh and blood had not revealed it to Peter. Jesus had not told him. Peter had learned it in the way that Jesus desired, and it came as a

gracious revelation from God. "From that time began Jesus to shew unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and the third day be raised up" (Matt. 16-21).

From that time, when he had just disclosed to them the truth for which they had been yearning! From that time, when their hopes began to rise again! Yet it was the right time for them to learn it. Jesus had waited long for the time that now had come.



MOUNT TABOR FROM THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON

When Peter rebuked him, Jesus sternly reproved Peter that his faith should now fall so far below his recent confession. Jesus did not attempt to soften down the truth. He told them, on the contrary, that they, too, were to take up the cross and follow him. But that truth had in it some comfort. It was better for them to share with him, at all events, in his sacrifice, if not in his glory. But they did not understand his words, and they continued to wonder and question to the end.

While Jesus and his disciples were yet in the north country, another event occurred, the most significant thus far in his

whole ministry, the transfiguration. It was in the autumn preceding the spring of his crucifixion—the autumn, when Palestine dries up, and the verdure of its spring withers; even so had the prospects and hopes of the disciples shriveled since the passover, when multitudes had been thronging him. It was the autumn, and ahead lay the winter of discontent and desertion and betrayal and humiliation, to be followed by the new life of the resurrection and the outpouring of the Spirit.

It appears to have been on a Sabbath evening, just a week after Peter's confession, that the Lord ascended the moun-



MOUNT HERMON

tain, probably Hermon, in the region of Cæsarea Philippi, where we are told that Peter's confession occurred. On one of the spurs of this mountain they spent the night, and in the morning they descended to find the demoniac boy in need of healing, and then took their way back to Capernaum, where the tax-gatherer was ready with his demand for the Lord's annual payment. To such conditions of human life they were soon to ascend, and from such conditions they had ascended; but while they were upon the mountain they beheld the transfiguration.

The whole northern end of Palestine is dominated by the snow-clad summit of Mount Hermon, its triple top rising above the intervening hills from every elevation. From its slope the view is most beautiful. A sunset from one of its summits, or from any of its slopes above the level of the foothills, is a sight of solemn grandeur. The Lord and the disciples watched it that Sabbath evening, no doubt, looking down the while upon the Sea of Galilee and the region of Christ's ministry, with mingled emotions, as they recalled the incidents that had occurred in this and that and the other village, clearly in sight from where they sat, but growing dim in the shadows. So far as we know, the Lord never before had climbed so high, or looked down on such a panorama. To the eastward, toward Damascus and beyond, the shadow of the mountain itself was cast, a shadow said to be one of the most wonderful on earth, extending seventy miles across the desert; while to the north and south of this darkening wedge cast by the white mountain top, the lingering light shone on hill-tops here and there, and across the level plain, till at last the sun went down, a ball of fire, into the great sea to the west, and one by one the stars pricked their way through the short Syrian twilight, and measured the depth of the black vault of the sky.

Up from the hot, close air of the valley and the village, Jesus and the three disciples had come for a night of rest and prayer. Not to the very summit, surely, for there the weather would have been freezing, but high enough to find the coolness and breeze and to overlook the land below, and low enough down to see the hoary summit rising in silent grandeur above.

This, and not the rounded top of Tabor, was the fit place for the transfiguration. In the beauty of the dawn of the Sunday morning that followed, in the mystery and gentleness of the swiftly formed and quickly dissipated cloud, there was present every natural condition of sublimity and awe that combined into a fitting back-ground for this event. I once saw Pike's Peak in the glory of a summer dawn, while all the valley was dark below, and we, groping in the gloom, lifted our eyes to the sun-lit peak. I saw this, and it thrilled me; but

morning after morning, at Nazareth, at Tiberias, and from the hills of Galilee, I saw Mount Hermon light up before the sun had risen upon us, and I almost beheld the transfiguration repeated on its slope. When, in the Vatican, I saw that greatest of the masterpieces of Raphael, the human Christ



THE TRANSFIGURATION—(RAPHAEL, 1483-1520)

radiant with a divine and resident glory, a glory from within and above, I felt as if I had seen before the incident which the artist with such power had transcribed upon his canvas.

"And when they were fully awake, they beheld his glory." It was no glorious dream. Some suggestions of truth come

to men in dreams and visions of the night. In olden times men thus received spiritual impressions which they counted of great worth. But these became of worth to the world when those who beheld the vision translated it into the terms of life. The good that came to individuals in dreams, came to the world when the dreamers awoke. But the noblest visions are not reserved for the sleeping hours of earth. It is when men are awake that they behold things in their true perspective. It was not the disciples who were asleep in the valley who saw the glorified Christ, but those awake in the clear light of the morning.

It is ever so. There were many wise men in the East; there had been no lack there of sages and of seers, and some had dreamed great hopes for men; but it was those who were awake who followed the star to Bethlehem. There were shepherds not a few about Bethlehem, dreaming of the times when David had lived there, and had kept his sheep and had played his harp, but only those who were awakened heard the music of the angels; they only, and not those who calmly slumbered, found the Christ-child.

The glory which Christ received from the Father while on earth was the glory of attestation. It was the glory of assurance given to men that Jesus was what he declared, and that his work was the real and true work of God. There was need that this attestation should be given. There was a practical necessity that men should know, in certain great crises of his career, that Jesus spoke not merely with the power and wisdom of man, but also with the authority of God. There was need that the disciples should know it now, when they had staked all on their great confession of him, and seemed to have lost it in his declaration that he was soon to die.

The glory of Christ was the glory of the Cross. This was shown in all the references to his approaching glory which form the climax of the Gospel of John. The cross was Christ's way of showing God's glory through self-denial. Men did not know that God could suffer; they had not conceived it as within the power of God to deny himself. They had made

in their imagination a sort of glory which was a celestial shrine of divine selfishness, in whose Holy of holies God lived in serene self-contemplation. Christ showed us in the cross that sacrifice is God's glory. He taught us that by service God manifests his inner life. Christ expelled from the universe the absentee God whose concern for men was his rentals. He taught men that this God, whom some of them had worshiped through fear and some defied through bitterness, and all secretly distrusted and inwardly hated, was the product of imaginations perverted by centuries of idolatry. He lived among men a life of service, and prepared to offer up his life for those who as yet did not love him. But, lest men should think of his life as the perfection of humanity alone, he went up where the sounds and sights of human life were left below, and there his human face grew radiant with the light of heaven, and about that wondrous form of him who was born of Mary there shone the light of God's own effulgence. Then out of the cloud came the voice from God, affirming that the goodness and the love of Christ were not only his as man, but were also his because these attributes and he were of God; and that being God's they were not for heaven alone, but for the earth as well.

Christ was born to a life of obscure and humble duty. Most of his years are unrecorded. They lie in the shadows, the unpainted ravines of his career. They are none the less glorious for that, and they encourage us when we remember that the obscure and unrecognized is of worth, and that God does not fail to notice. We cannot spare the unrecorded years.

But it would shock our sense of the fitness of things to know that Christ's life had been all obscurity, and his death an unrelieved tragedy. We should ask, "Where was God all this time?" We need the transfiguration, the voice, the declaration of God that this was his Son; we need these highlights in the picture, else the life of Christ would have been our assurance that God is unheeding, if not malignant. It would almost make us atheists to know that God exhibited no concern when Jesus told his disciples first that they were right

in believing him Christ, and, secondly, that he was about to be crucified. Perhaps in God's sight the real glory of Christ's life was the healing in the valley; but for us, whose lives are spent in the valley, there is need of the vision of the transfiguration on the mountain.

We have ceased to suppose, if indeed any one ever did really suppose, that men are saved by assenting to a dogmatic proposition. He who trusts to any intellectual conviction to save him trusts in a refuge of lies, even though the conviction itself is true. There is no saving power in mere factuality. Men are saved by committing themselves loyally to the truth that God loves them and that he is able to help them live a life of love. This is what transfigures life, and saves men. It is not mere doing good that saves; it is the spirit that underlies the good done, and proves the motive toward the good. A man can lose his soul in mere slavery of soul-torture for Christ's sake. He may bury the roots of his religion so deep in the mere doing of the law that there is no growth upward, no flower of the beauty of life, no fruit of a large, lovable manhood. This is what spoils some people's religion, and repels their neighbors from the religious life. Christ transfigured the doing of duty with love, and made it glorious with the luster of his own life. Henceforth duty is not drudgery, but the joy of service.

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke and found that life was Duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?

Nay, for the doing of duty in the spirit of Christ transfigures the hard outlines of obligation with the generous and delicate traceries of faith, hope and love; so that the real seer of the vision of beauty is not the dreamer but the worker, the discoverer of the beauty of holiness.

Even in this blessed experience Jesus was not alone. It was not an experience too blessed to share with redeemed souls and with his disciples.

Peter proposed to stay there with Jesus and Moses and Elias, "for he knew not what to say." Perhaps he might better

not have said anything, but what he said is what we all sometimes instinctively feel. Moses was alone in his transfiguration. Moses talked with God alone, but Christ takes us up into the mountain with him. Why not leave the world, and abide with him alone? But we cannot abide in the mount. Our life is in the plain. At times we may ascend to those blessed heights, but they are not for our present habitation. But we still have Jesus, not always transfigured, but the same divine Saviour, going about doing good, casting out demons, and laying down his life for men.

It was Christ's approaching death that occasioned the transfiguration. The mount of transfiguration and the mount of crucifixion; what a contrast they afforded to the disciples! But they were not inconsistent as God saw it. Jesus had told them only a week before about his approaching death, and Peter had rebuked him. Now came this scene which set his approaching death before them in a new light. They did not yet understand it. It was still a dread and terrible mystery to them. But some things began to be plain. The cross was in some way connected with a heavenly glory. It was understood by the souls of the redeemed. It was a part of the glorious work of God. These things Jesus wished to have understood in connection with his death. Something of these truths must have come to the disciples in connection with this event; but however little they understood it at the time, it was an unspeakable comfort afterward.

CHAPTER XXV

THE DIVINE TAX-PAYER

Jesus descended from the Mount of Transfiguration and healed the demoniac boy. Then he returned with his disciples to Galilee, when he again told them that he was to be put to death. They had been gone some time from Capernaum, and had been missed by the tax-collector. The story was as follows:

“And when they were come to Capernaum, they that received the half-shekel came to Peter, and said, Doth not your master pay the half-shekel? He saith, Yea. And when he came into the house, Jesus spake first to him, saying, What thinkest thou, Simon? the kings of the earth, from whom do they receive toll or tribute? from their sons, or from strangers? And when he said, From strangers, Jesus said unto him, Therefore the sons are free. But, lest we cause them to stumble, go thou to the sea, and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a shekel: that take, and give unto them for me and thee” (Matt. 17: 24-27).

The miracle of the stater in the fish's mouth is the most perplexing of all the miracles wrought by Jesus. The narrative is contained in Matthew only, and breaks off so abruptly, without saying definitely that the miracle was wrought, that we can hardly help wondering whether some important feature of the incident has not failed to come down to us. It might be a relief if we were to accept the theory that the finding of the coin in the fish's mouth was a later gloss, and that what the manuscript originally contained was the fact that Peter fished and sold his catch for a sum sufficient to pay the tax for Jesus and himself. As no other gospel contains a parallel

account with which to supplement this, which manifestly closes leaving the story incomplete, we would be justified in a query as to the real meaning of the incident, if, indeed, there existed sources of information available to answer our questions. In the absence of these, we are safest in taking the narrative in its apparent meaning, and treating this as the one miracle which Jesus wrought for himself.

The first difficulty that meets us is the fact that Jesus was at least six months in arrears in his payment. Various explanations of this fact have been attempted. The truth, it seems to me, is not far to seek if we do not try too hard to see it. While every Jew was liable to this tax, and no exceptions appear to have been provided for, it is likely that when Jesus was at the height of his popularity there was no demand for the tax, and Jesus accepted the waiving of the demand as a courtesy. It is not improbable that prophets and rabbis were exempt by unanimous consent. He had undoubtedly paid the temple tax during the ten years he lived in Nazareth between his twentieth and thirtieth years. Then he began to preach and teach and heal, and no demand was made. Through a general recognition of the propriety of an exemption, he accepted the situation. The reason he had not paid it when it was due was that he did not intend to pay it unless, as it came to pass, the grudging, inhospitable spirit of the place compelled it. According to the law he owed it; yet, if according to the higher law of courtesy and affection it was not demanded, he would not pay it. Whatever favors came to him as a rabbi, he accepted with easy grace. He even noticed it and spoke of it when courtesies were given condescendingly and in a stinted manner, as in the case of Simon the Pharisee, and he appreciated what seemed to others excessive display of affection as in the case of the alabaster box of ointment.

It is a sign of his waning popularity that now, returning to Capernaum, no crowds meet him, and instead of the cordial enthusiasm of former returns, he meets a dun for his temple tax. The demand came when he was least able to pay it. He and the disciples had had long journeys into distant parts,

where he had few if any friends to minister to him. They had been away to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and later to Cæsarea Philippi. These journeys had cost money, and had brought in little to the treasury. Now the demand came, and perhaps in the spirit of criticism, to make a test case. There were a few Jews who had refused to pay the tax so long as



THE COIN IN THE FISH'S MOUTH—(SPAGNOLETTA, 1588-1656)

Jerusalem was in the hands of the Romans. Would Jesus claim fellowship with them? Or would one making so great claims as he was understood to make submit to taxation? It was, to cavilers, an interesting question.

Peter had answered at once, perhaps from his knowledge of Jesus' former payments, perhaps on general principles, per-

haps impulsively and without good reason, perhaps from a desire to avoid all possible trouble with the Jews. When he went to Jesus about it, Jesus anticipated him, and asked, "Do the kings of the earth exact tribute of their own children or the children of their subjects?" Peter answered, "Of their



THE TRIBUTE MONEY—(TITIAN, 1477-1576)

subjects." "Then," Jesus might have said, "the princes of the royal household are free. You have acknowledged me as the Son of God. But the Son of God is not tributary to the temple of God. I am greater than the temple." For the tax was for the temple. He might have said, "Shall I, the Redeemer, pay for the redemption of my soul? Shall I, the real Shekinah,

pay for this degenerate temple, now forsaken by the visible presence of God? Shall I, the great Sacrifice, pay to support obsolete rites? The destruction of this temple is at hand; and this treasure will be used by the Romans to erect a temple to Jupiter—can I contribute toward this idolatry? A thousand times, No!"

So we might reason. On such hair-splitting many a theological system is built. But Jesus says, "The Son is free, and he whom the Son makes free is free also; nevertheless, we will not strain at gnats. Lest we should cause any to stumble, pay it."



A MODERN SCRIBE

Free Jesus was as the Son of God, yet subject to the tax as the Son of man, and it was as the Son of man that he chose to live. We are afraid of inconsistency. Jesus did the most inconsistent things, as they might be interpreted, with no fear of inconsistency. Had he said what he did and refused to pay the money, we should have had no trouble in expounding the lessons of the incident; or had he said nothing and paid the tax, we could have interpreted the lesson. Jesus knew the higher consistency. We should say, "Jesus having announced his divinity, could not consistently pay the tax. He must adhere to his announcement." Jesus cared less to save his consistency than to save men.

We are disposed to think about our rights. We have rights, and ought sometimes to maintain them. But Jesus, while he asserted his rights and demanded their recognition, immediately ignored them. He received the descending Spirit and accepted its meaning, and then went to be tempted of the devil. He heard the voice from heaven promising that the Father would glorify his name, and then went to Gethsemane. He announced to Pilate that he could have twelve legions of angels, and was to sit on the clouds as judge of all men, and then took up his cross and carried it until he tottered and fell. He asserted that the tax was not justly due from him, and then he paid it.

How completely Jesus identified himself with humanity! The same coin paid for himself and Peter. He might easily have emphasized the difference between Peter and himself by saying, "You will find a drachma in the fish's mouth; for me you may pay with that; then sell the fish and pay your own, and learn that mine is provided by divine power, while thine must be supplied by human effort." Doubtless he intended thus more fully to identify himself with men. Finally, we must notice that the coin was not the sacred shekel, but the Roman didrachma. The letter of the law commanded payment in the holy coin of Israel: Jesus, even when procuring the coin by such means, was content with the secular equivalent. To provide the sacred coin the money-changers had their booths in the temple; but Jesus, with all power at his command, ignored the letter of the law, and paid the temple tax of the Son of God—and Peter's with it—in the coin of Cæsar.



THE SACRED SHEKEL.—SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL.

CHAPTER XXVI

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN

The Bible exhibits us the childhood of many of its most eminent characters. Joseph and David meet us first in their early boyhood. Moses and Samuel are known to us from their birth. We stand beside the cradle of John the Baptist and ask with others of the company, "What manner of child shall this be?" We meet Timothy in his youth, and are carried back still farther by Paul's reminiscence to his childhood in the home of his mother and grandmother. Jesus came into the world as a little child. His advent has given to childhood a new significance and a new place in literature. The babe in the manger, the child increasing in wisdom and stature, the boy in the temple, are all subjects which enlist our ready interest and enhance our estimate of the beauty and promise of holy childhood.

Three incidents in the life of Jesus afford our chief source of information concerning his estimate of childhood. One of these forms the theme of his discourse in answer to the question of the disciples, "Who is greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" (Matt. 18: 1-14.) Another is his blessing the children brought him by their parents, with the words that have gladdened the hearts of parents then and ever since, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The third is his refusal to silence the children who sang his praises in the temple, and his interpretation of the words of the Psalmist (Matt. 19: 13-15), "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." The last echo of the popular joy that greeted him as Messiah and escorted in triumph to the city and the temple

comes to us from the voices of the children singing, "Hosanna to the Son of David" (Matt. 21: 1-16).

The first incident recorded occurred through a dispute among the disciples concerning the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. They were not interested in the abstract question, as we might infer from Matthew's account taken by itself. Mark tells us (9: 33, 34) that while on their way to Capernaum that day they disputed among themselves which of their number should be greatest. Jesus allowed the discussion to take its own course, and when they arrived at Capernaum the question was as remote as ever from settlement.

Peter might have maintained that he was the greatest, since Jesus had helped pay Peter's tax and left the others to shift for themselves. It is significant that he entered no such claim, or if he did the others did not concede it. Nor did Peter ever claim, or the others concede, pre-eminence because of the words of Jesus, "Upon this rock I will build my church." The question of relative greatness, which recurred to the close of Christ's ministry, shows that the apostles had no such idea of Peter's authority as has sometimes been assumed.

It was an unhappy company that returned, wearied and unwelcomed, to Capernaum. Each was displeased with the others and ashamed of himself; and there was no little justice in both feelings. After they were seated in the house and alone, and very likely after supper, Jesus asked them, "What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?" But they held their peace; and when at last they must say something, instead of giving a direct answer they proposed to Jesus the question of the day. "And he sat down and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all." That was his introduction, and also his application. It did not answer their question, but it gave the truth co-ordinate with the answer. It told them that they were in danger of becoming least in the kingdom, and were indeed lessening their hold upon it in exact ratio to their strife for greatness. It was a restatement of the paradox so often reiterated in the teachings of Jesus,

and never so plainly taught as by his life, that he who would save his life shall lose it, and he who loses it saves it.

At this point Jesus gave the twelve an object lesson. A child or group of children from a neighboring home, with innocent curiosity, stood near the door. Capernaum at this time was Jesus' home, and the child doubtless knew him. It is likely that Jesus' former kindness to the little ones of the village assured the child in advance of a welcome. It is not unlikely that he had been there before and had been caressed by the Saviour. At any rate, when Jesus spoke to him he came readily at his call and took without reluctance the seat offered him. We can picture to ourselves the scene as Jesus sat, his hand gently stroking the child's hair, while his disciples, self-condemned and marveling, and the child, half understanding the words, but yielding unresisting to the caress, listened to the discourse that followed.

"Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." The question of entering precedes that of relative greatness. Their spirit was opposed even to entrance. By the kingdom of heaven is not meant heaven itself. To think of it as existing only in worlds to come is an unauthorized limitation of our thought. The kingdom is already established in heaven; our prayer is that even as it is there, so may it come upon earth, where already it has begun.

By becoming as little children is meant that we shall become childlike, not childish, in our relations to God. We need not sigh for the immaturity of childhood or its irresponsibility. The true child of God will not wish to be one whit less a man, and will by reason of his childlikeness be the more manly.

The margin of the Revised Version makes an interesting correction in verse 4, "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greater in the kingdom of heaven." Greater than whom? Greater than his former self. The word greatest inevitably suggests a comparison with others; the word greater suggests a constant out-growing of self. It is still true that he who most fully does this is greatest;

but this is not the thought. Just so soon as, measuring ourselves against our neighbor, we take note of our growth in childlikeness as more manifest than his, we lose the spirit and our gain in stature. But we become greater by rising "on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things." John the Baptist decreased, that Jesus might increase; and when his



CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

decline was most complete, when he was deserted and in danger and in doubt, just at the time of awful blackness, when he even questioned whether he had not diminished out of God's sight, Jesus said of him that among those born of women no greater had ever lived.

But how shall a man become great by becoming small? Faith balanced upon a paradox seems to have a precarious

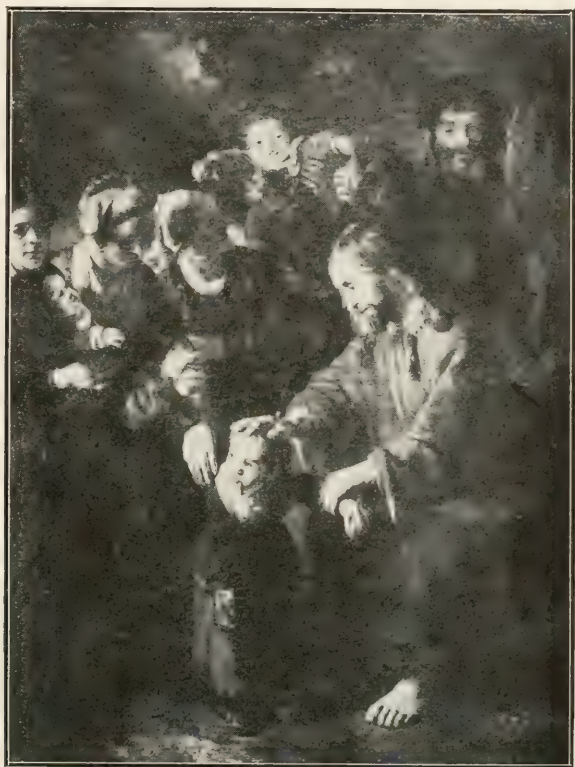
footing. How shall a man maintain it? Will he not stumble and cause others to stumble? Woe to him if he does! What seems an uncertain poise is indeed the one stable equilibrium in the universe. To Jesus the thought of increased greatness by the outgrowth of self was no paradox at all. He beggared himself that of his increased wealth he might enrich us. He humbled himself that by his higher exaltation he might exalt us. He emptied himself that of his increased fulness we might all receive. Only the heedless and the half-hearted will stumble in the path the Saviour trod.

But what about cutting off the hand that offends? for Jesus spoke of this in the same connection. We shall answer more at length in the next chapter. These terrible verses must be interpreted according to the laws of rhetoric. No man has a right to mutilate himself, for no man has a right to decrease his power for good. It would be better for a man to part with a hand or foot than to lose his life, and ten thousand times has the wounded man chosen to do so. But in the moral sphere the amputation is moral also, and not physical. The organ that sins is sinless, for sin is of the soul; to cut off the hand or pluck out the eye would leave the soul still corrupt. Wherefore, spare the hand and eye for the service of God, and amputate sin in the soul itself. He who, for the love of a cherished sin refuses to become a little child, need not think he forfeits some part only of his honor in the kingdom of heaven. He who causes another to stumble need desire no comfort from the old heresy of Cain. Better than that he stumble himself and be consumed in the hell of his own passion would it be to enter into life maimed; better than that he cause a child to stumble that he should be drowned. It is terrible to stumble one's self; it is doubly so to cause another to stumble.

Jesus was childlike but never childish. He held in stable equilibrium the antithetic truth of self-renunciation and self-assertion. To be a child of God and a king among men involved no self-contradiction to him, but each was possible because of the perfection of the other.

Jesus had passed from the theme of mere childhood to the consideration of the broader theme; yet the thought of the

child all the time had been present in his speech, and now he returned again to it, but with the enlarged meaning given by the second part of his discourse. Have these words been terrible? It is only because the soul is of so great value that the most terrible measures are justified in saving it. Every pain caused by the surgeon's knife is a tribute to the value of human



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN—(REMBRANDT, 1607-1669.)

life. But God is more than the good surgeon who will sacrifice his patient's arm in order to save his life; he himself endures sacrifice for the patient's sake.

Here our Saviour's words melt from the sternest to the tenderest. God is not only the surgeon but the shepherd. The Revised Version omits verse 11, which appears to have been

added from Luke 19: 10, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Be it so: the thought is still there. To choose between two losses for another may seem easy, but God chooses rather to sacrifice himself than lose his child. The one sheep gone from a hundred seems to an outsider a small loss—what shepherd would not gladly be assured of a maximum loss of one per cent?—but with care and love out of all proportion to what seems his relative value, God seeks the individual sheep that he may save him. "And if it so be that he find it, he rejoiceth," with a joy incomprehensible except as viewed from God's own desire that not one of these little ones should perish.

All the time the child sits in wonder, as well he may. Dimly he realizes the Saviour's meaning, as do we all, but in its breadth and length and depth and height it passeth knowledge. As we study these verses and ponder the nature of childlikeness, its purity, its trustfulness, its reliance on the love of the Father, and think again of the kingdom of heaven into which childlikeness gives entrance, we may rejoice anew in the words: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called children of God; and such we are. Beloved, now are we children of God."



SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN--(VON UHDE, 1846--)

CHAPTER XXVII

FELLOWSHIP AND FORGIVENESS

In connection with his lesson illustrated with the little child, Jesus for the second, and so far as is recorded the last time, definitely spoke of the Church. The promise of authority made to Peter at Cæsarea Philippi is now repeated to them all, and bestowed likewise on "two or three" who in coming time shall unite together in his name in the organized fellowship of the Church. In case of disagreement, the final appeal is not to Peter, but to the Church.

The question of the Church came up incidentally. The lesson had been on the childlike spirit, and was a gentle rebuke of the strife and self-seeking of the twelve. They were to seek each other's welfare, and forgive each other's faults. If an erring brother can be forgiven and restored, the one injured has not lost his self-respect in the forgiveness, but has gained his brother—and himself. Such a doctrine naturally aroused questions. How many times shall a man forgive? Peter set the limit interrogatively at seven times. But Jesus moved the bounds, and indefinitely—"until seventy times seven."

Forgiveness is the doctrine most preached and least believed. Science knows no forgiveness of sin, and theology has been busy hedging it about with qualifications; but it is common, thank God, in real life among men, and this helps us to understand the gospel. It is an unfortunate rendering which the old version gives us of the noble words of Paul, "Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Eph. 4: 32). God forgives us for our own sakes, and for his own sake. Jesus said, "I say not that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father himself loveth you" (John 16: 26, 27). What Paul says in the badly translated verse is, "Even as God

also in Christ forgave you." It is our duty and privilege to forgive as God forgives—forgive and forget. The forgetting is as important as the forgiveness, and completes it.

We ought to forget our own failures and our own forgiven sins. Much more ought we to forget the faults and forgiven sins of others. There is a possible use to us in remembering our own faults as a matter of discipline and prudence; there is a sense in which we ought not wholly to forget them, but the reasons why we may not quite ignore our own outgrown faults and our own forgiven sins do not apply to our forgetting the frailties of others.

"But," some men say, "that is just what I cannot do. I can forgive, but I cannot forget."

I have not much faith in forgiveness that does not include forgetting. A person who forgives must let the offense drop out of mind, put it away by strength of will in the first instance; and then quietly ignore it till it ceases to be remembered. To cease to think about it is the crowning mental triumph of forgiveness, and it prepares the way for that later spiritual triumph of restored fellowship. Can we forgive, but not forget? Then the forgiveness is incomplete. So long as the offense is cherished, brooded over, it is unforgiven.

God forgets our sins. That is, he ceases to cherish them in his mind, half unforgiven, as we do when we say we forgive but cannot forget. God forgives and forgets. "I will forgive their iniquity, and their sin will I remember no more" (Jer. 31: 34). By giving, when our left hand does not know what our right hand does, and forgiving and forgetting we become like God. When we say, "I will forgive but not forget," we really mean, "I am not ready to forgive." Let no man think that he has forgiven while he says, "I cannot forget." When he has ceased to think of it with bitterness he will have forgiven.

"But," asks someone, "must I forgive before forgiveness is asked? Surely you do not expect this of me?"

It is behind this excuse that many a man harbors an unchristian spirit. He will not forgive until he is asked to forgive.

nor forget till he has forgiven. Let me relate an incident that illustrates what I want to teach upon this point.

John Wesley once had a disagreement with his traveling companion of many years, and he and Joseph Bradford agreed to part. They retired for the night, each firm in his position, and each doubtless deploring in his heart the separation soon to follow between two friends so devoted and mutually helpful. In the morning Wesley asked Bradford if he had considered during the night their agreement to part.

"Yes, sir," said Bradford.

"And must we part?" inquired Wesley.

"Please yourself, sir," said Bradford, grimly.

"But will you ask my pardon?" demanded Wesley.

"No, sir."

"You won't?"

"No, sir."

"In that case," said Wesley, "I must ask yours."

It was not the ending which Bradford anticipated. A moment he hesitated, and then, breaking into tears, he followed Wesley's example, and forgave and was forgiven.

It might almost be laid down as a safe rule where there has been a quarrel, "If the other man will not ask your forgiveness, ask his." It is astonishing often to find that the other man also has a grievance, real or imaginary; and it is beautiful to see how often he will forget it if the first concession is made to him.

We pray, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." God forgives, freely, fully. Many a man remains unforgiven because unforgiving. Life is too short and our friends are too few to justify us in cherishing hatred and needless anger. Even if to us the wrong appears wholly on the other side there is something that can be conceded for love's sake.

Jesus taught that the man who brings his offering to God and remembers that his brother hath aught against him should leave his gift before the altar, and go and be reconciled to his brother, and then offer his gift. The worship of God is so joined to fidelity toward men that the forgiving man is sure

to be the forgiven man. If your enemy will not ask your forgiveness, ask his; and if he will not forgive you, then forgive him, whether or no. And having forgiven, forget.

At this time John told Jesus how they had found one casting out demons in his name, but had forbidden him because he followed not them. Fit type of the sectarian spirit that surely was, and as commendable for its zeal as it was lacking in good sense and charity. But Jesus answered. "Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a mighty work in my name, and be able quickly to speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is for us" (Mark 9: 39, 40).

At this same time Jesus repeated, and with more emphasis, those terrible words about self-mutilation, which have been so variously, and sometimes literally interpreted:

"And if thy hand cause thee to stumble, cut it off: it is good for thee to enter into life maimed, rather than having thy two hands to go into hell, into the unquenchable fire. And if thy foot cause thee to stumble, cut it off: it is good for thee to enter into life halt, rather than having thy two feet to be cast into hell. And if thine eye cause thee to stumble, cast it out: it is good for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, rather than having two eyes, to be cast into hell; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. For every one shall be salted with fire. Salt is good: but if the salt have lost its saltiness, wherewith will ye season it? Have salt in yourselves, and be at peace one with another" (Mark 9: 43-50).

Gehenna was Jerusalem's offal heap, the valley where were burned the carcasses from the city. We are told to cut off the right hand and pluck out the right eye rather than be cast, soul and body, to creation's ash-heap. This is sometimes preached as if it were the whole gospel, and as though God's ideal were a church of maimed men and women, who had made the fearful choice between death and mutilation, and who live, saved by moral surgery. But the surgeon does not count his successes by his amputations, but rather by the limbs which he has been able to save from amputation. The Son of man came not to amputate but to save, not to condemn, but to

restore, not to destroy but to fulfil. Paul tells us that if we judge ourselves, we shall not be judged. The salt is for preserving, not for desolation; the fire is for refining, not for destruction; the surgeon is for restoring, and not until every other resource has failed, for amputation, and even when he amputates it is still to save. The Son of God is sent to save the world and not condemn the world.

The undying worm and unquenchable fire are the symbols, not of torture, but of destruction. The worm is not the



THE VALLEY OF HINNOM

product of the fire, but of the decomposition for which the fire is the remedy. The fire is as fatal to the worm as to the carcass. Yet even the worm and the vulture have their place in removing decay when neither salt preserves nor fire consumes; so the tendency of evil to self-destructiveness is a fact of some moral significance. There still is waste in the moral world, and waste in the life of man. Every city has its gehenna where the fire of the dump is never quenched. But the city, wasteful as it is, has provided some economies in its wastes. The rag-picker and the junk-dealer grow rich out of the cast-off and waste products of civilized life, and the garbage

is fed to swine and the offal fertilizes the field of the husbandman. Dickens' "Golden Dustman" illustrates the wealth that men find in the wastes of life. We are already past the undying worm in the utilization of municipal waste, and we build the unquenched fire where its ashes may fill waste spaces and prepare for future homes. So, we may hope, God's wastes are apparent rather than real.



GEHENNA AND ACELDAMA

We are at liberty to hope that creation will have no final dumping ground, and that nothing shall be thrown to the void when God hath made the pile complete. But we cannot forget that men now live in hell. Unsalted by self-restraint, they have reached the salt plain of desolation which is Sodom. Not purified by the fire of a discerning conscience, they are burned in the fire of passion till their souls are in the consuming flames. Whatever hells there are and are to be, some men are choosing destruction for themselves, now, and so far as they can, forever. The Son of man has come, not to add to their destruction which is suicidal, but to save them from themselves.

CHAPTER XXVIII

JESUS AND THE WORLD AT LARGE

Up to this time we have usually had three parallel accounts of the life of Christ—Matthew, Mark and Luke having so much in common that they are known as the Synoptics, “those who see together.” Where John relates an incident, it is commonly something not found in any of the other gospels, though there are some exceptions, as that of the feeding of the five thousand, which is the only miracle, except the resurrection of Christ, that is recorded in all the gospels. We now approach a new epoch in the life of Christ, a period of four or five months on which Matthew and Mark are silent. Luke alone gives us an account of the Peræan ministry, which began in November and ended in March, and John interjects the account of the Feast of the Dedication in December, and the raising of Lazarus, apparently in January. It is Luke who gives us most of the few glimpses which we get of the broader attitude of Jesus toward the world outside Judaism. The incidents are few, for his personal work was mainly for “the lost sheep of the house of Israel,” but the few that we have are illuminating.

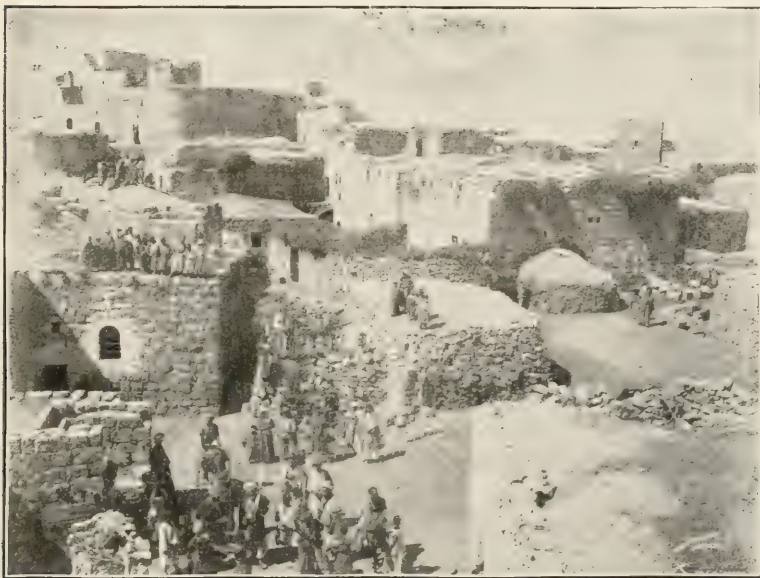
Several incidents near the beginning of the second half of the last year of his life shed light on the larger aspects of the ministry of Jesus. One of these is the mission of the seventy. As the number of the twelve apostles had its symbolic reference to Israel, so the number of the seventy now sent forth had its reference to “the seventy nations” whom the Jews reckoned as constituting the rest of the world. The seventy constituted no permanent body like that of the apostles. It was a large company of evangelists sent for preparatory work into the places where he himself would come. We have no

reason to assume that none of them went farther than Jesus actually journeyed, but only that his intended journey assigned the general limit of their pilgrimages. The restriction given to the twelve is not here repeated, forbidding them to enter the cities of the Samaritans; indeed, Jesus himself soon after this attempted to visit a Samaritan city. That city did not receive him, but he refused to call down fire upon it, as the disciples wished. They knew not what manner of spirit they were of, nor did they know his larger love.

If there were any cities on which at this time Jesus would have called down fire, they were those that he had loved most, and had done most to bless. Jesus was more than the meek and lowly Saviour, bearing uncomplainingly the sufferings inflicted upon him for human salvation. He was more than the self-denying and self-renouncing Lamb of God; he was the stern and uncompromising enemy of wickedness. He was the regal, authoritative representative of divine justice, as well as the hostage of divine grace. He had self-assertion as well as self-abnegation. The voice that uttered the beatitudes hurled words that were like stinging scorpions at the Pharisees. The hand that was laid in healing upon the sick, held the scourge of small cords. As he was leaving Galilee he exhibited both severity and tenderness in the same discourse; we hear at once some of the most terrible warnings and the most gracious invitations that ever fell from his lips, "Woe unto thee Chorazin!" "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Theologians used to discuss the question whether divine grace were irresistible, and whether human accord with the divine will was always in proportion to the divine effort. This passage would seem to afford a clear answer to the latter question. God wasted, so it would seem, on Capernaum and Chorazin, effort which would have resulted in the conversion of Tyre and Sidon. It is a sad fact that much of God's effort seems thus to waste itself. Probably it is not wasted. He who causes it to rain in the wilderness where no man is, has larger thoughts of economy and waste than those to which

we accustom ourselves. It is significant that the warning is against the misuse of exceptional opportunities. Capernaum was not the center of hostility against him. He did not expect to be crucified in Chorazin. The Sanhedrin did not hold in Bethsaida the court that was to condemn him. These cities were not bitterly hostile to Jesus. Probably, in a way, they were proud of the distinction which his residence had conferred on them. Many of his followers came from there. His



A SAMARITAN VILLAGE

best friends were residents of those places. These cities had once sent out eager throngs, running after Christ, around the lake and from shore to shore. Boats were at a premium when he came there, and those who could not obtain boats walked around the little sea. This eagerness had worn off. He was heard now with a languid interest. Truths which once seemed vital had now grown commonplace, and men who had once been eager had grown indifferent. The cities that had received the

most had failed to respond in proportion to their blessings. This was the ground of their condemnation.

But Jesus did not stop with condemnation. He closed his denunciation with a most tender entreaty. Some things in the Bible are true and would be true, no matter who spoke them. The multiplication table is true, though the whole universe



COME UNTO ME—(THORWALDSEN)

should deny it. It is right to love the good and hate the bad, no matter who teaches the one or defends the other. If Pythagoras first declared that the square on the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares upon the other two sides, the fact that Pythagoras said so has historic interest, but adds nothing to the truth of the proposition. The same is true of much that is in the Bible. But there

are some things in the Bible which depend for their supreme authority and power over the human heart upon the personality of him who uttered them. The invitation and promise, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," is one of these utterances. It makes much difference to us who it is that gives this invitation, and couples it with this promise. For here is what no other master has commanded; what no other teacher can impart. Here is a promise which no other friend can fulfill than Jesus. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." It is a command of supreme authority. It is an invitation of unpar-



THE INN OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

alleled tenderness. It is a promise of unapproachable richness, and a million times in the ages since the promise has been fulfilled.

Soon after the beginning of this winter journey, Jesus was challenged by a lawyer who asked him the conditions of eternal life, and being told to love God and his neighbor, asked, "And who is my neighbor?" Jesus answered in the parable of the good Samaritan. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho was famous for brigands in that day, and is not much more respectable now. Upon this road Jesus located the scene of his sermon

story. It was a vivid story, true to life in every detail. A man, presumably a Jew, passing along this road, was robbed, stripped, and wounded. A priest and a Levite saw the man and passed by, but a Samaritan saw and helped him. Which of the men by his conduct had shown a recognition of the principle underlying God's commandment of love to men? But one



THE GOOD SAMARITAN—(FRANK T. MERRILL)

answer was possible. "He that showed mercy," heretic though he was. The application of Jesus was simple and direct: "Go thou and do likewise." So Jesus, who had rebuked his own cities in a contrast with Tyre and Sidon, sent the Jewish lawyer for his lesson of love to the Samaritan whose theology was wrong but whose heart was right.

Not long after this Jesus had opportunity to test the relative gratitude of Jew and Samaritan in the healing of the ten lepers. The ingratitude of the nine did not reinfect them with leprosy or prevent their receiving the certificate of the priest that they were healed. Nor was it wholly strange that they were in haste to receive that certificate. Home, friends, business, all that was good in life was waiting for them, and grew unspeakably dear in their unexpected freedom. With the first leap of pure blood their pulses tingled with hopes that had long been dead within them. They started, they walked, they ran, they raced wildly toward that far distant temple, where the priest, who was also health officer, could restore them to their families. Whoever has had a scarlet fever card on his house for months will know the eagerness of men to be certified as healed and safe members of the community. We need not blame them for being in a hurry; but their haste caused them to forget their gratitude, and they have come down to history as men who forgot to be thankful. All but one, and he the least likely, so it would have seemed, to engage the Master's attention or to appreciate his benefits.

It is significant that our Lord found a Samaritan the one grateful man. Christ's own nation had come to receive blessings as a matter of course, and even to despise them. The gospel was soon to be preached to all the world; and it was well that these beginnings showed the disciples a little of the largeness of that world. In his discourse at Jerusalem on the Good Shepherd, Jesus declared himself to have other sheep not of the Jewish fold. Already he was finding a few of them, and bringing them to the fold and care of the Good Shepherd.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE DEMOCRACY OF CHRIST'S DOCTRINE OF PRAYER

Jesus departed from Galilee for the last time before his crucifixion, in November, A. D. 29 (Matt. 19: 1, 2; Mark 10: 1; Luke 8: 51). He was rejected by the Samaritans (Luke 9: 52-56), to whom he applied for entertainment, and crossing the Jordan below the Sea of Galilee, went into Peræa. He visited Jerusalem at the Feast of the Dedication, December 20 to 27, A. D. 29, and returned to Peræa. He went to Bethany in January A. D. 30, on the occasion of the death of Lazarus (John 11). As this return to publicity raised new plots against his life, he went to "a city called Ephraim," in "the country near the wilderness" (John 11: 54). He returned again to Peræa, and from it took up his last journey to Jerusalem by way of Jericho.

The name Peræa is that given by Josephus to what in the Bible is called "beyond Jordan." Josephus said of it in his day that it was larger than Galilee and less fertile. It is a high table-land, broken by deep and picturesque ravines. The Mishna constantly refers to Peræa as one of the provinces of the land of Israel, the other two being Judæa and Galilee. Samaria, of course, was omitted. Peræa connected the other two. By crossing the Jordan below Gennesaret and recrossing at Jericho, a traveler from Galilee could attend the feasts at Jerusalem without passing through Samaria.

Some time in the autumn of his last year's ministry the Pharisees warned Jesus that Herod would kill him, and advised him to depart from Galilee. But he answered that he had no fear of "that fox" Herod; that there was only one place where a prophet could die, and that was Jerusalem. This was a

strange rejoinder, and must have surprised the Pharisees. But it was no mere taunt, and Jesus followed his prediction with the pathetic lament. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her own brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate; and I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." (Luke 13: 34-35.)



JESUS AMONG PEASANTS--(FRITZ VON UHDE. 1846--)

He departed, however, from the jurisdiction of Herod, but journeyed toward Jerusalem, by way of Peræa.

The ministry of Jesus in Peræa is a sort of brief epitome of his ministry in Galilee, repeated here. There were crowds for a time, and works of healing, notably that of a demoniac; and there was a woman healed on the Sabbath greatly to the scandal of the ruler of the synagogue. One of the chief Pharisees invited him to a feast on the Sabbath, and he attended, rebuk-

ing the self-seeking which he saw there, and speaking the parable of the supper and the guests that would not come. He offended the Pharisees as he had done in Galilee, and warned the people as he had already warned the disciples, against them. He rebuked a man who asked him to settle a dispute between him and his brother about property, and taught a lesson against covetousness in the parable of the rich fool. He prophesied that the kingdom of heaven was surely to grow as the mustard seed and the leaven; but he declared that in it many of the first should be last, and the last first.

But as the teaching of Jesus grew wider in the scope of those included in its benefits, it grew more stern toward those who had had and despised those benefits. When he was asked, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" he did not answer directly, but declared that many who were confident of their salvation were mistaken:

"When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, open to us; and he shall answer and say to you, I know you not whence ye are; then shall ye begin to say, We did eat and drink in thy presence, and thou didst teach in our streets; and he shall say, I tell you, I know not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and yourselves cast forth without. And they shall come from the east and west, and from the north and south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. And behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last" (Luke 13: 25-29).

At this time the news arrived that there had been a slaughter at Jerusalem. Certain Galilæans had been slain by Pilate. We know not what had been their crime, but they died as criminals. Besides these, eighteen men had lost their lives in the fall of a structure at Siloam, a little village noteworthy for its reservoir.

To the Romans the death of the Galilæans was just retribution for their wicked rebellion; to the Jews, the death of the

men engaged in putting up a structure with money which Pilate had taken from the treasury where it had been consecrated to God, would be considered a divine judgment. The contrast is apparently Christ's reason for speaking of both companies at once. The Jews thought one company, and the Romans the other, to have been greater sinners than others. Jesus refutes both errors at once, and calls upon his hearers for immediate repentance lest they, too, fall under divine condemnation. They were all sinners, and all, the Pharisees included, had need of repentance and forgiveness.

We need not wonder that such teaching enraged the Pharisees. From this time Jesus endeavored to do less public work, and to teach his disciples the most important lessons before his crucifixion. Among these lessons was one on prayer.

A helpful little volume is entitled, "With Christ in the School of Prayer." The title is a misnomer. It was John, the forerunner who kept the school of prayer. Long before this the Pharisees had complained that Jesus feasted while John and his disciples fasted and made prayers. The disciples of John had echoed the complaint. Now, near the end of his ministry, the disciples of Jesus came to him, saying, "Lord, teach us to pray; as John also taught his disciples." The disciples felt neglected, in comparison with the disciples of John. But if Jesus taught little about prayer, he certainly prayed, and his own prayer furnished the occasion of the request. Much as he prayed himself, he had taught them but one short prayer, and that more than a year before.

I am not disposed to lay emphasis on verbal differences between the gospels; but I cannot fail to note that Jesus now taught them the same prayer, but in shorter form. The extended form of the prayer as given in the prayer-book from Matthew contains sixty-nine words; in the revised version of Luke there are only thirty-nine. Thirty-nine words in the great universal prayer; and our creeds extend to thirty-nine articles!

In this shorter form Jesus does not say "Our Father," but only "Father;" by this time they ought to have learned the

lesson of brotherhood taught in the pronoun. He does not say "Who art in heaven;" he himself had been revealing God as our Father also on earth, to make our heaven for us. "Thy kingdom come" has not again set over against it the more passive "Thy will be done," and "Bring us not into temptation" has no subjoined petition for deliverance from evil.

As has been said, I do not emphasize these differences. I merely note that, if Jesus taught the Lord's prayer twice, with an interval of more than a year between, the later form was the shorter. Prayer being communion of the soul with its God, cannot wholly be taught. It arises out of kinship of God and his child.

The Mohammedan knows just how often he must pray and what his attitude must be, and which way he should face, and what words he should say, but the Christian has no such precise rules to guide him. The heathen's prayer assumes the indifference or hostility of his god; but the Christian's prayer is based on his sonship.

Jesus here taught the parable of the grudging friend who, because of importunity, would rise at midnight to assist a neighbor. If importunity could thus triumph over unkindness, much more would it avail with a willing Father.

Jesus taught that prayer is not to remove God's unwillingness, because God wills the good of his children.

"And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. And of which of you that is a father shall his son ask a loaf, and he give him a stone? or a fish, and he for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he give him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" (Luke 11: 9-13.)

In the light of this teaching, let us return a moment to the account of the Lord's prayer as given in Matthew, and consider the democracy of Christ's doctrine of prayer. God is

our Father; all men in him may rise to a common level of approach. Therefore, said Jesus, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret" (Matt. 6: 6).

We have done well to adopt the phraseology of Jesus, which he himself adopted from the current language of his time, of a "kingdom of God." It emphasizes the solidarity of interest



THE CHURCH OF THE LORD'S PRAYER ON MOUNT OF OLIVES
WITH TABLETS CONTAINING THE PRAYER IN 32 LANGUAGES

which men have in the government of God, and the sociality of their effort which centralizes all righteous endeavor, and all normal relationship. But we mistake if from our thought of a kingdom we eliminate that democratic element which is so strongly characteristic of the teaching of Jesus concerning the method of God's government. "Thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father." Thou, when thou hast a message for the King, go direct to the King! Our fathers fought for the right

of petition, and gained that right in human government; it was theirs already in the divine government. They were content if they might elect representatives who should speak to the kings of earth on their behalf; but the King of kings receives his humblest subject into his presence. The United States ambassador at the court of Saint James has lying on his desk a thick and much used book on whose cover is inscribed "Presentations at Court." A considerable part of his business is in securing for American citizens the right to appear for a single moment before the king of England; but the King of earth and heaven welcomes every man who will come to the throne of grace.

It is no mere sentimental value which these words of Jesus give to human life. Henceforth priestcraft becomes an open delusion. There is room still for any man according to his ability, learning or piety, to instruct, guide, and help his neighbor; there is room for the special student and the interpreter; there is room for the herald and the evangelist; but there is no room for any man who pretends to a monopoly of divine grace. Through Jesus Christ we come to God direct. He is the Way; he is not in the way. God and the soul stand face to face with no man between. Thou, when thou prayest, enter the church? Yes, and let the worship of others inspire thine own. Thou, when thou prayest, buy a prayer-book? Yes, and let the noble utterances of past ages give form to thine own crude aspirations. Thou, when thou prayest, go listen to a sermon? Yes, so shall the sermon, born of prayer, beget a spirit of prayer in thee. But the right to pray is thine own, and is not conferred by the Church, nor limited by the prayer-book, nor bestowed by the minister or priest. In the kingdom of God each man is peer of the realm, with his own coat of arms, his own name and standing, his own right to be heard in the Spirit of Christ.

This is the charter of our liberties; this is the soul's declaration of independence; this is the inestimable boon conferred by Jesus on all who come to God in a spirit of loving obedience. In so far as liberty exists among men it is the outgrowth of

this principle; for how shall any man call his brother a servant, when they are peers before God? This is fundamental democracy.

Jesus had occasion to speak again of prayer near the end of his ministry in Peræa (Luke 18: 1-14). He spoke two parables illustrating the doctrine of prayer. The first was of the unjust judge, who through very weariness because of her importunity, did justice to a poor widow. The lesson was, that if perseverance would accomplish such things even with an unjust judge, patient and continued prayer would surely avail with God, even though the answer was delayed. The other parable was of the two men who went to the temple together. One addressed God in a speech of self-praise, void of the spirit of prayer. The other, who felt too wicked to look up to heaven, merely said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and went away forgiven.

It is this doctrine of prayer, this doctrine of the essential oneness of our interests with those of God, that enables us to affirm that God's will is the same for all worlds, and to be confident that he who comes into the righteousness of Christ is on a foundation that is sure, and endures to all eternity. The life of prayer is eternal life. He that believeth hath eternal life. His life is one with that life of God whose righteous principles vary not in any age or in any world. There are some things which change often, and change even while we attempt to study and classify them; there are some that change none too rapidly, and some that do not change fast enough. There are some things that might be otherwise than they are, and it would be well; and some that might be otherwise and be no better or worse. But there are some things that must ever abide, unchanged to all eternity, and these are those things that are discovered in a life of prayer.

Men once were in doubt whether to pray to one God or many. This is no longer our perplexity. Modern science has driven us to a more certain and a more uncompromising monotheism. Diminished room is left in the universe for a devil, and none for other gods than One. We cannot say that

the sunshine is from God, and the storm is from the devil, for the sun creates the storm. The only God that now is possible is the God of the pleasant sunshine and of the withering heat; the God of the cooling breeze and of the tornado. Our present problem is the question whether the one God hears prayer. Jesus anticipated the present needs of men. Never in the history of the world was it more important than now that men should know that God may be prayed to as Father, and that he hears and answers prayer.

We think of prayer as a privilege or problem, a desire or a duty, according to our temperament or mood or training. We recognize in our lives a need of prayer, and we come to the act of prayer halting as we query whether natural law leaves room for prayer. But we shall continue to pray. We shall rise above our doubts in response to our soul's needs, and find God in our dangers, our temptations, and our aspirations. The best answer to our doubts about prayer is the fact and the need of prayer.

But the doctrine of prayer as we have it from Christ is more than mere command or permission to pray; it is a philosophy of our relations to God, which relations find expression in a mutual communication. We pray and God encourages our prayer because our souls are akin to his eternal Spirit. There is a possible ground for prayer in the assumed insignificance of the petitioner, who prays only that he may avert divine wrath; but Christ's doctrine of prayer is that our Father knows our needs, and desires that we shall speak to him and hear his answer. It is this doctrine that gives dignity to life, and power to united or individual effort in the spirit of Christ.

CHAPTER XXX

UNTIL HE FIND IT

One day as Jesus was making his journey through Peræa, a man prompted more perhaps by curiosity than earnestness, asked, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" (Luke 13: 23.)

Surely this was a question that deserved an answer. It is one that has arisen in every thoughtful mind. Yet the kind of answer which it deserved depended less on the form of the question than on the point of view of the questioner. It would seem as if this man asked not by reason of concern for himself, nor yet pity for others, but from something hardly more than idle curiosity. There are thousands of people like him. There are men who never had interest enough in astronomy to pay a dollar for a book that would teach them its first principles, but who weary an astronomer whom they chance to meet with senseless questions about communications from Mars and the inhabitants of the sun. There are people who have never given an hour's serious study to any single flower who in the presence of a botanist spring up with interrogation points as a wooded swamp springs thick with Indian pipes, and as these nature's interrogation points are degenerate flowers, so often, heedless questions denote neither depth of moral earth nor fertility of purpose, but rather the morbid impulse of a damp and shallow soul.

Christ gave a serious answer to an idle question. It was a question that conveyed an implied censure of God, for it looked in that day as though few would find the way of life, and it was an easy thing for the thoughtless observer to censure God for that condition of affairs.

Many people have pronounced views on eternal punishment who are making no adequate effort to escape it. They have

some reason to be interested. But it would be more profitable if their interest expressed itself otherwise. A man's fitness for heaven is not to be tested by his opinion of hell, nor is his character dependent on his thought of the precise condition of things in the other world. "Lord are there few that be saved?" is a question that does not of necessity imply an earnest desire for salvation. It is asked curiously ten times where it is asked once in downright earnestness. Around the question have raged unprofitable controversies. In them Jesus refused to bear a share. He told the man to strive earnestly to be among the saved, which was good advice, whether the saved are to be many or few. It may be doubted whether any man is very much in earnest who professes interest in the proportion of the saved and lost, who does not himself seek to be among the former.

Jesus' answer did, however, convey some information on the condition of affairs then. He said that the multitudes were pressing into the broad way, and that few were seeking the narrow way. It need not be inferred that he meant that it always would be so. It is a fair question, to be answered by what men are doing to-day, whether this has continued to be true.

We have been told a hundred times that Jesus answered, "Agonize to enter in at the strait gate." He did not say it. He used the Greek word from which we derive the word agonize, but that Greek word meant strive. It is unfair to take our derived meanings and impute them back to Christ. It is earnestness, not agony, that takes men to heaven. Agony is sin, or comes by reason of it. It sometimes costs agony to get into heaven, but that is not God's preferred way. The way to heaven should be a way of joy, though a way of honest struggle.

There is always a strait gate that leads to success, and few in proportion find it. Not all the men in Chicago who started out to become rich a generation ago own department stores on State street. For every merchant prince within the elevated loop there are a thousand who have small shops on

obscure streets or in country towns. These need not be counted failures, though they are not the kinds of success for which their possessors strove. But the real failures are not lacking.

We are deceived sometimes by our generalities. It is theoretically possible for any American boy to become president; but it is mathematically impossible for every American boy to do so. Not every private can become a general, though any private may, so far as army regulations go. Not every tar in the forecandle becomes an admiral. The way to the highest



FEED MY SHEEP—(RAPHAEL, 1483-1520)

forms of success in every department of life is straight and narrow. It is open to any one, but it is not entered by every one.

This is where men talk nonsense about salvation. Salvation means more or less. We are all saved from something. Happily, there are some forms of degradation which have become impossible to us. Manhood is salvation; civilization is salvation; good society is salvation—from some things. But none of these will assuredly save a soul from being the slave of desire, however that desire be lifted above mere brutality by external conditions that shape the tastes without forming the

character. To be saved as Christ understood it, is to be master over one's own life, through the strength of God. It is thus to be master also over the world. It is not to reverse gravitation, but to control passion within and temptation without.

There are many men favorably disposed to religion, but not so many strongly in earnest about it. There are many men who are glad to have their children in Sunday school, and who count that fact sufficiently virtuous to justify themselves in Sunday golf. The gate still is too strait for some men, not for their ability, but for their earnestness. It is not a question that should first concern a man whether the proportion of the saved is large or small, but whether he himself is willing to enter the gate of earnestness, the gate of sacrifice, the gate of joyous but strenuous endeavor, beyond which lies his own and humanity's highest good.

The harsh words of Jesus concerning the Pharisees, repeated here as in Galilee, left him few friends among them. Jesus denounced them because they were unwilling to accept him, but warned them of the great cost that would be involved. He told them that a king about to make war always counted the army against him and his own as well, but he warned them in the parable of the unjust steward, that what was theirs then would not be theirs forever, and that they would do well to make wise use of their opportunities. With direct aim at those for whom much had been done, and who had been selfish in their blessings, he spoke the parable of Dives and Lazarus.

This was a period of parables with Jesus. "Without a parable spake he not unto them." Among all the parables uttered by Jesus none has touched so many hearts, none has given to the world so clear a view of the Fatherhood of God as that of The Lost Son. It is the center and heart of a cluster of five parables, apparently spoken at or about the same time, and is the climax of that group of three which have always been especially dear to the children of God—The Lost Coin, The Lost Sheep, The Lost Son. As the time of Jesus' crucifixion drew near, and the opposition of the priests and Pharisees was culminating in plots against his life, Jesus began to define

more closely the conditions of entrance into his kingdom, to show how little it depended upon descent from Abraham, upon external conformity to the law, or upon formal orthodoxy. His sympathetic auditors became more exclusively publicans and sinners, with whom, on more than one occasion, he ate, greatly to the scandal of his critics. "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them!" was their horrified exclamation. The reply of Jesus, in substance, is, "If a man has a hundred sheep and lose one, will he receive it if it return?—nay, will he not seek it, even to the extent of seeming to neglect the rest



A PALESTINE SHEPHERD

of his flock? If a woman lose a tenth of her dowry, will she receive it if some one find it and hand it to her?—nay, will she not search for it with all diligence, and celebrate with joy the finding of it? If a man have two sons and lose one, will he receive him when he returns to his father?—nay, will he not watch for him and run to meet him with joy?"

We need not take up in detail the incidents of this most perfect story. It is most comprehensive of all parables. It treats of a soul prior to its alienation from God, of its deflection, its depth of sin, its repentance, its return, and its forgiveness.

There is material here for a treatise on systematic theology. We can only touch on a few of its salient points.

First, let us notice that the sinful son was still a son. The sheep which the shepherd sought was not a goat or a wolf; it was lost, but it still belonged to the shepherd, and he sought it because it was his own. The coin which the woman lost was not at once repudiated as a counterfeit; it was still a coin bearing the image of the king, and, though lost, belonged to the woman who sought it; and she sought it because it was her own. The prodigal was not an alien, born outside the father's house and rescued and adopted; he was a son before he left the father's house, and to the father he still remained "my son." "All souls are mine, saith the Lord." The sinner is God's. He is not his own; he is God's by creation, by redemption, by every possible right. The sinner is not a child of the devil whom God is endeavoring to lure away from his own paternity and give to him a fictitious relation to himself. In the image of God man was created, and whether he lives or dies, lives righteously or sins, his life belongs to God.

Here was the son's initial error. What he had was his own, so he thought. It rightly fell to him. He may have flattered himself on the just division which he demanded, and even have prided himself that in demanding only a third, the portion of a younger son, when by higher right he might have thought himself entitled to a half, he was not only just to the father, but generous toward his brother. The more carefully we analyze the young man's character and study his possible motives, the more clearly we see how it may furnish a parallel for every defense which sin can make for itself. What we call becoming a Christian is not the origin of obligation. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin, no matter what he professes. The demand "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," while apparently a just one, is fundamentally wrong, for the restless son is still a son, and subject to his father.

The story of the young man's downward career is quickly told. We are mercifully spared its details, but the harsh words

of the elder son supplement the narrative from the lips of the Lord. The departure, the far country, the waste, the riotous living—in quick succession these scenes come before us. He was received, no doubt, as a jolly good fellow while his money lasted, but he could have placed all his friends in his pocket-



THE LOST SHEEP—(CARTOON BY FRANK BEARD)

book after it became empty. The friendships formed in iniquity are selfish and unsatisfying. The prodigal was soon in want and alone and in a land far from his home. And then came the famine. It always comes. Man cannot live on bread alone. The soul hungers for the food of the Father's house, and starves without it.

No phrase could to a Jew describe the terrible depth of his fall so fitly as that the citizen to whom he joined himself, sent him, hungry and unpaid, to feed swine. Behold this child of Abraham, at the sty, coveting the contents of the trough! Yet the picture is not overdrawn. Durer, the quaint old German artist, drew the picture of the prodigal among the swine—and the face of the prodigal was the artist's own portrait. It was a confession such as many a man might make if equally honest. How many a young man has been brought to the gutter and to a condition that is positively swinish, beastly, through a course of dissipation short and swift as the prodigal's!

Repentance is not sorrow for sin. Sin and sorrow are very intimately related. To be sorry for sin is often a long way from repentance. "A godly sorrow worketh repentance, but the sorrow of the world worketh death." Sorrow for sin may be of either kind. That a man is sorry for his sin is hopeful, but it is not enough. Wishing one were back in the father's house does not change the trough to a laden table. The son may contrast his condition with that of his father's servants, and yet never again become a son. Repentance embraces three stages—a perception of the guilt of sin, a feeling of remorse, and a turning to God. The test of the first two is the third. Repentance is a turning again to God, and is the only condition on which the sinner can be recognized again as a son.

The prodigal's repentance was genuine, but his theology was defective. He reasoned it all out; how he had forfeited all his rights in the household, how he could never be a son after having repudiated the relation, how even his father could do no more for him in the way of inheritance, but how it might be possible to become a servant. His system of theology was fully as Biblical as some that have been taught in our schools, and, like them, it answered very well while it lasted. Even defective systems have their mission and their day. The son might have had less courage to come back had he anticipated the extent of the father's ability to receive him. The teachings

of other days, in which men came to God with less easy-going assurance that God could easily overlook sin, was not without its advantages. Our view of the case is more nearly correct, no doubt, but one could sometimes wish that men would come to God more as the prodigal came back and less as he came the first time to his father, expecting God's bounty as a right assured.



THE PRODIGAL'S REPENTANCE—(DÜRER, 1504)

So the son trudges back, all the long, weary way, rehearsing as he goes his little speech to be made to his father. He will not go to the front door and ring; he will go, as he remembers that in his youth the tramps came, to the kitchen door. He will not be refused a crust there, he well knows. He will ask to see his father, who will come out to learn what a tramp can want with him. He will anticipate his father's stern rebuke and

forestall his possible rejection. It is not as a son, but as a servant, that he wishes to return. He will hasten to tell his father so.

How different from his anticipation was his reception! With increasing years and growing infirmities, the father daily sits where he can look down the road where years ago, beyond the hill, he lost sight of his wayward boy. The father has never ceased to look for him, though all others speak his name only with reproach. There can have been no mother in that home. All fatherly, all motherly love are in the bosom of our Heavenly Father.

The son draws nearer to his home. He is footsore and weary and ragged and travel-stained. No one, he reflects bitterly, will know him. He passes houses where he once played; he sees old companions in their doors and in their fields; he knows them and shrinks to the other side of the road as he passes, but his precaution is needless—to them he is but a tramp. The home is in sight; his heart almost fails him; he is half tempted now to turn back. What if his father should be unforgiving? What, ah! what if he should be dead—dead, perhaps by reason of a broken heart? He has hardly strength to go farther. He cannot go on, yet he must. Again he calls to his mind the words he means to speak, and plods onward, the words choking him as he speaks them. But who is that that sits in the door? It cannot be, and yet it must be—so much older, so much feebler, yet the same form—it is, it is his father. He is rising from his seat; he leans upon his staff; he is not so erect or strong as he once was. He is looking this way. He shades his eyes and looks again. A moment of hesitation, and the strength of years comes to the father with that glad recognition! The son was expecting to have to introduce himself, "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him," and knew him.

The son's little address was only half delivered. The father had no time to hear it. It was enough that the son had returned. The suffering of years was at an end, and he who came with half-hearted hopes of becoming a servant, found himself through the abounding love of the father, a son again.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we who have been prodigals should be called again the sons of God! Having forsaken God, he has never forsaken us, and through his unbroken paternity we receive the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father, the Spirit bearing



THE GOOD SHEPHERD—(DOBSON)

witness with our spirits that we are the sons of God. Beloved, even now, after our sin, and before our complete sanctification, are we the sons of God. It is no mere hard and fast law, no quid pro quo, no bargain of so much morality for so much salvation, by virtue of which we come back to our Father's

house. We are free from the law. We are not servants but sons. We sometimes wish that the conditions of salvation were more definite, that we might tell men just what good thing they must do to be saved. God has left them as they are with intent. We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the Spirit whereby we cry Father, and God says, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

Here our expositions commonly stop. But it was for the elder son that Jesus spoke the parable. These Pharisees, complacent in their years of legal service and expecting a generous reward from heaven, these were the elder sons, unbrotherly and unfilial! How the parable must have rebuked them! But to the publicans and to poor prodigals since, it has been a never-failing inspiration and blessing.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD OF THE FOUR SEASONS
(FROM THE CATACOMB OF SAINT CALIXTUS)

CHAPTER XXXI

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

The Feast of the Dedication was not a Biblical feast. It was established by Judas Maccabæus in 164 B.C., when Jerusalem was recaptured from Antiochus Epiphanes, and the temple which he had desecrated was purified and rededicated. It was a festival of light, being often called "The feast of lights," and was celebrated with joy. John alone tells us of Jesus' attendance, and that the place of his teaching was Solomon's porch. This porch was the long covered corridor running the length of the temple area on the side overlooking the Kedron valley and the Mount of Olives. There, a little sheltered from the wind, but approachable by a great throng, Jesus met the people, who demanded, "How long dost thou hold us in suspense? If thou art the Christ, tell us plainly." Jesus answered them, "I told you, and ye believe not: the works that I do in my Father's name, these bear witness of me. But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep" (John 10: 24-27).

Again, as at the autumn feast, the Jews took up stones to stone him, but Jesus did not at once seek to escape as before. Instead, he faced them and demanded a reason for their act of violence. He said: "Many good works have I shewed you from the Father; for which of these works do ye stone me?" They answered they were about to stone him for making himself equal with God. Jesus met them with a quotation from one of the Psalms, "I said, ye are gods" (Ps. 82: 6). The Psalmist was talking about men, and not very good men at that; yet he called them gods, because, in their official state they represented a measure of divine authority. Jesus had not said, "I am God." He had claimed less than possibly might have been deduced from the Old Testament quotation as to

these men who were born to die. Therefore, he said, "If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came (and the scripture cannot be broken), say ye of him, whom the Father sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest: because I said, I am the Son of God? If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do them, though ye believe not me, believe the works; that ye may know and understand that the Father is in me, and I in the Father" (John 10: 35-38).

The people were argued down, but unconvinced, and they resorted to stones. A stone is a great convenience when logic fails. So Jesus escaped again as best he could, and returned to Peræa.

While on this winter visit to Jerusalem Jesus appears to have been entertained by Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and this may have been the time that Martha worried over the housework.

We are not sure that we know any other facts relating to this visit of Christ to Jerusalem. One discourse, that on the Good Shepherd and one incident, the healing on the Sabbath day of the man born blind, stand in John's account after the Feast of Tabernacles and before the Feast of the Dedication. They evidently occurred at Jerusalem at one of these two feasts. The discourse on the Good Shepherd appears the natural introduction to the discourse of Jesus delivered in Solomon's porch, and the controversy about the Sabbath seems more naturally to have occurred at the later feast. At all events, we consider them briefly here.

The story of the man born blind is told in John 9: 1-11. "And as he passed by, he saw a man blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Rabbi, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he should be born blind? Jesus answered, Neither did this man sin, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. We must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work. When I am in the world, I am the light of the world. When he had thus spoken, he spat on the

ground, and made clay of the spittle, and anointed his eyes with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam (which is by interpretation, Sent). He went away therefore, and washed, and came seeing. The neighbors therefore, and they which saw him aforetime, that he was a beggar, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Others said, It is he: others said, No, but he is like him. He said, I am he. They

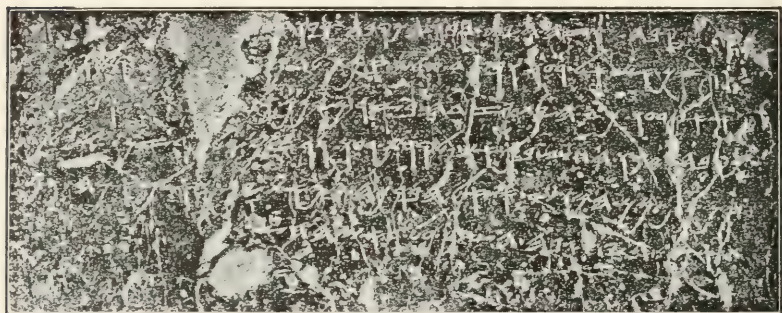


THE POOL OF SILOAM

said therefore unto him, How then were thine eyes opened? He answered, The man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to Siloam, and wash: so I went away and washed, and I received sight."

The pool of Siloam is still in existence. It is fifty-two feet long and eighteen wide. The water in it is dirty now, but it was probably not so in Christ's day. Josephus describes it as

sweet and abundant. The water flows into it from the "Fountain of the Virgin" as it is called, the only spring in Jerusalem, through a canal five hundred and eighty-six yards long. In 1880, a small boy, bathing in the pool, discovered an inscription which proved to be the oldest known specimen of Hebrew, dating from about 700 B. C. It is now in the national museum in Constantinople, where I saw it in 1902. It relates that the channel was begun from both ends, and that the workmen, as they neared each other, heard the sound of each other's tools, and found themselves only half a cubit out of line at the meeting point. The channel has since been examined, and this was found to be true.



THE SILOAM INSCRIPTION

To this pool the man went and washed, and came seeing. A great controversy arose, because the work of healing had been done on the Sabbath.

We are impressed again with the pains which Jesus took to disregard current ideas of the proper method of Sabbath observance. It was not necessary to heal the blind man on that particular day. Jesus would be in Jerusalem the next day and so would the man. The man was not expecting to be healed, and had been so long blind that a day of blindness more or less was inconsiderable to him. Had Jesus counted it worth while to carry Paul's principle of not eating meat because of the weak brother's prejudice to such a length as might easily

be imagined, he would have charged the man to meet him—and the man would have gone far to meet him—on the morrow.

Moreover, Jesus made unusual and unnecessary appearance of labor in this very cure. It was not his custom on week days to make clay and anoint the eyes of blind men, or to send them far to wash. The labor on his own part and on the part of the man was made especially prominent in this Sabbath cure.



LEADING FORTH THE SHEEP

Christ's works of mercy had ever respect to something more than institutional religion. Here was a real ministration to real human need. There were many blind men in Israel, and more in the world, whom he did not meet and did not heal. But Jesus never found in the physical impossibility of ministering to all the needy, an excuse for passing the individual within reach. It was genuine pity, a pity born of divine sorrow and sympathy, a pity resident in a heart that could know by experience the keenness of human sorrow and the intensity of human pain, that manifested itself in Christ's works of healing. He

always healed the man at hand. There were blind men in plenty, and had been for unnumbered generations, who knew not that earth rejoiced at the footstep upon it of one who opened the eyes of men born blind. There are blind men now, living in lands hopelessly beyond the reach of our dispensaries and hospitals, whom modern skill might cure. But the man who has the love of Christ will never fail to do the thing he may do, because he cannot do all. Just here is our temptation. We know so well the world's need. The morning paper lays at our doors the sufferers from a railroad wreck here, a tornado there, a flood yonder, an epidemic somewhere else, a strike in a factory a thousand miles away, a shut-down in a coal mine still farther, and farthest of all, perhaps, a sweat-shop within rifle shot of our own homes. And we cannot help all. We run a gauntlet of appeals for objects which we have not time to investigate. "Give to every one that asketh of thee," said the Lord. "Give to no one," says the official in charge, "send them to the associated charities, and draw your annual check in favor of its treasury." Yes; and yet, let no Christian fail to have some little share in personal relief of suffering. It is better to be imposed upon sometimes than to harden one's heart all the time. It is better that we shall not fail to do the good we may, because we cannot do it all.

Light and darkness, sight and blindness, are used so frequently and so helpfully as analogies of righteousness and sin, that we always think, and rightly, of those other cases of healing which Jesus performed and still performs, in giving sight to those who are blinded by sin. For such analogies we have the best of authority in Christ's own words, "I am the light of the world."

The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,
The light of the world is Jesus;
Like sunshine at noonday his glory shone in,
The light of the world is Jesus.

However limited was, and still must be, the work of healing physical ills, no soul turns to Jesus a spiritual vision clouded by sin, with a prayer for healing and spiritual sight, but

becomes able to testify with this man born blind, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." This is the testimony which is bringing the world to Christ. The healed man may or may not be a logician; he may or may not be able to argue with the priests; but one thing the convert is able to testify, and his testimony, supported by a holy life, the world is ready to believe; and it can never wholly convince



THE SHEPHERD OF JERUSALEM

itself that the Saviour is not from Heaven who brings light to darkened souls.

The man born blind was cast out of the temple for his faith in Jesus, but Jesus escaped the wrath of the priests. To him Jesus declared his divine Sonship, and the man's spiritual eyes were opened to receive him as the Christ.

Jesus appears to have followed the miracle with the discourse on the Good Shepherd. This name, which he gave to himself,

was so beautiful in its symbolism and so in harmony with the words of the prophets and with one of Christ's own most precious parables, that it has become one of the dearest of all the names by which the Saviour is known to the hearts of his followers. In riding through Palestine I repeatedly saw herds whose care of their flocks reminded me of the descriptions. The shepherd goes before his flock and the sheep follow; the shepherd calls the sheep, and they respond to no other voice. All this we saw as we journeyed through Galilee and Samaria and Judæa. Repeatedly I saw shepherds carrying lambs in their arms, and once I saw one carrying two little kids in his bosom. One Sunday we held a memorable service in Jerusalem, on Calvary, and as we finished a shepherd came over the hill, leading his sheep. The sheep were somewhat disconcerted by the tourists, and he had difficulty in keeping them together, but he did it. I caught a very imperfect photograph of him. I could wish the picture itself much better, but imperfect as it is I count it worth reproducing, as the picture of a modern Jerusalem shepherd leading his flock over the place where the Good Shepherd laid down his life for the sheep.

Jesus announced to those bigoted Jews that he had other sheep, not of that fold, and that these were to be brought into the flock of the one Shepherd. It was strange doctrine to them, but is the essence of the gospel to us.

One of the greatest and most characteristic contrasts between Judaism and Christianity, and one of the hardest for the apostles who had been Jews to adjust themselves to, was found in this element of inclusiveness in the new religion. Here was the glory of the apostle Paul, who would not test his apostolic mission nor the rights of his converts by any of the conventions of Judaism. Himself a Jew, he was willing to become as without the law, that he might save them without law. It was precisely over this point that the life and death struggle occurred between Jewish and Gentile Christianity.

As God had other sheep than the Jews, so he now has other sheep than those who profess to be his. Some of them are

not known as his by any save the Shepherd himself. It is hard to tell by what mark they could be known as his. For what is so unclean as a soiled sheep? And what so helpless as a lost sheep? We need not forget that the sinner is still a child of God, but what is so unfilial as a disobedient child? Sin is hideous, deliberate, loathsome. It is not simply brutal; it is often worse, because intelligence which should have prevented it, adds to it a refinement of shamefulness which mocks the word brutality. But even the sheep that is most drabbled and fouled by sin, God is seeking, that there may be one flock and one Shepherd.

There is no principle of unity that can unite, save that which holds men to a common center. The planets are not all alike. They have different orbits, different lengths of year, different lengths of day and kinds of day, and varieties of atmosphere and of season and of life. But they form together a harmonious unit because they are held to a common sun. So the way in which we are to have one flock, is in the possession of one Shepherd.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD—(MOLITOR)

CHAPTER XXXII

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

Sacred are the memories that cluster around the little town of Bethany. He who stands on the Mount of Olives and looks about him locates the village at once, situated on its shoulder, and around the summit from Jerusalem. Here, he who had not where to lay his head, had always a warm welcome in the home of his friends.

The first recorded visit of Jesus to Bethany appears to have been at the time of Jesus' winter visit to Jerusalem at the Feast of the Dedication, December 20-27, A. D. 29 (Luke 10: 38-42), but the narrative seems to imply a longer and more intimate acquaintance. Jesus returned a month later at the call, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick," and brought joy to the household that loved him (John 11: 1-46). Two months later, arriving in Bethany on the day before the Sabbath, he was anointed by Mary (John 12: 2-11). From Bethany he entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and returned at night to the home of his friends. Monday and Tuesday he did the same. Wednesday he spent in retirement, apparently in Bethany. Thursday he left the village that was dear to him to celebrate the passover in the city with his disciples. He did not return until after his resurrection, when, "He led them out as far as Bethany; and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven" (Luke 24: 50, 51).

All these memories endear Bethany to the pilgrim of to-day.

Twice I visited Bethany. It is full of a crowd of insistent beggars, and is far more picturesque when seen from without. But there is a wonderful fascination about the place, notwith-

standing. Life there is as primitive as in the time of Jesus. I found a woman spinning with a distaff as simple as Mary or Martha ever used. I give her picture as she sat by the wall, twirling her stick with a round small balance wheel at the top, and winding her coarse yarn on the spindle below. I bought the simple contrivance, and see it before me as I write, and it brings back the life of that home that Jesus enjoyed so well.

The Bethany home was not a home of poverty. The family could entertain, could give a feast, owned a garden, and had three hundred days' wages ready to invest in a rich gift to



MODERN BETHANY

Jesus. Neither was it a home of ostentatious wealth. It was a home cared for by the sisters themselves, but one where hospitality was no burden, and love made large things possible.

To this home Jesus was recalled from Peræa by the message that Lazarus was sick. The family knew where to find him; they were among his confidants. Strangely, Jesus did not go at once, but announced that the sickness was not unto death. But Lazarus died, and had been buried four days when Jesus arrived.

It was Martha who met him on the road, outside the village. "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," said she. This was the first word of Mary, too. The sisters had said it over and over to each other these last four days. But Martha added that she knew that even now whatever he asked of God, God would do. She was not expecting Lazarus to rise; she only knew that in some way the coming



A MODERN MARTHA OF BETHANY SPINNING

of Jesus was to be a source of comfort. Jesus said: "Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die (John 11: 23-26).

Martha did not know what to answer. She did not fully understand him; neither do we. She thought Mary might know what to say. She did not wait for Jesus to ask for Mary but hastened to call her, saying, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." But before she went she put herself on rec-



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS
(SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO, 1485-1547)

ord as to faith in Christ. "She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I have believed that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, even he that cometh into the world" (John 11: 27).

She did not directly answer Christ's question as to the resurrection, but expressed her faith in him. It was not faith in

a fact, but faith in Jesus himself. It was quite as good faith as inspired Peter's great confession, and it forever redeems domestic Martha from the charge of being unspiritual.

They show a tomb in Bethany which they call the tomb of Lazarus. It may or may not be authentic. One climbs down



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS—(RUBENS, 1577-1640)

dark stairs by candle-light and stands in the vault below with a sense of awe and wonder. In some such tomb Lazarus lay, perhaps in this very one. Here Death heard and obeyed the voice of Jesus, and gave back its prey. One climbs back to the light with a wholly different sensation than that with which he descended into the cave. The light of day is in his

face, and the words of Jesus are in his ears, "I am the resurrection and the life."

The resurrection of Lazarus became a new incentive to hostility on the part of the Jews. They determined to put both Jesus and Lazarus to death. But the miracle furnished a new witness for Jesus. When the feast was served in the home of Martha and Mary, the Jews came not only to see Jesus, but



THE TOMB OF LAZARUS

Lazarus. The living Lazarus seated by the side of Jesus became a mighty witness of his power. From the beginning to the end of the gospel narrative, the words which we so gladly would hear from the lips of one with his experience remain unspoken, nor is there any specific act of Lazarus which we can count as a direct testimony for Jesus. It is the silent witness of his presence, the presence of one who has

been raised from the dead at the voice of Jesus. It was this that brought the Jews to see him; it was he who made the power of Christ incontestable. On that occasion when the Jews were stopping at nothing which might promote their ends, it was not the divine power of Christ directly exerted for his own salvation, that prevented their success. It was rather the testimony of two men, one dead and the other living; the one was John the Baptist, whose name Christ invoked in such a way that the Jewish leaders never rallied from the dilemma in which he placed them, and the other was Lazarus. He was one of the living evidences of Christianity; he was an indisputable proof of the power of Christ; he was an incontestable argument in favor of the divinity of Jesus.

There are some kinds of Christian testimony which depend on ability, scholarship and external opportunity. There is one which is relatively independent of these things; so far as we know Lazarus spoke no word which confuted the adversaries of Christ. He did not become a logician; we have no dogmatic treatise of his upon Christian evidences or systematic theology. That which proved his potent witness was the simple truth that Jesus had raised him from the dead. The incontestable evidence that a man is walking with Christ in newness of life, makes him a witness of the same sort to prove and illustrate and amplify the gospel.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

After the raising of Lazarus, Jesus retired to a village called Ephraim, "in the country near the wilderness" (John 11: 54). This town is not mentioned in Scripture, but is believed by Robinson and others to be identical with the Ophrah of I. Sam. 13: 17 and Josh. 18: 23, and with the modern et-Taiybeh (Robinson 1: 447).

The route of the last journey to Jerusalem led him from Ephraim through the borders of Samaria and Galilee and again through Peræa. Journeying onward he was asked by the Pharisees when the kingdom of God was to come. It was a question that seemed timely. Jesus had been preaching about the kingdom of heaven for a long time. When was it to come? Jesus answered, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, there! for lo, the kingdom of God is within you" (Luke 17: 20-21).

It was a definite reply to the carnal hopes of the Jews. The kingdom was not of this world. Its glories were spiritual, and through spiritual ends it was to transform the world. The very face of nature has been changed by man. Its fertile fields, its noble landscapes, its cultivated plants and grains and trees, have been wrought of God through man. God's kingdom is over all this, and all is included in the redemption of Christ. There is a cosmic redemption. There is a political redemption. But it is first of all a redemption personal and social, widening its sphere in concentric circles like the ripples that increase from the dropping of a stone till they reach the shores of the lake on every side. Jesus was doing his best to let men understand, what still many fail to realize, that the kingdom is a kingdom of the soul. Its endeavor is to crown Christ king

in society and literature, in art and business and politics, and in the relations of the nations.

Jesus was asked all kinds of questions—and among the rest, one as to the right of a man to divorce his wife. Jesus did not undertake to settle, as has often been assumed, the whole problem of divorce. But he answered the inquiry concerning that single phase of the question, the right of a man to put away his wife for a minor cause. He declared that he who does so is an adulterer. Thus plainly Jesus established purity of life and the stability of the home as essential qualities of the kingdom of God.

Then ensued one of the tenderest and most beautiful scenes in the Gospels, to which reference has been made in the chapter on Jesus and the children—that of the blessing of the children. The disciples forbade the fond mothers, but Jesus encouraged them to come to him. He did more than bless the children; he declared the childlike spirit to be the fundamental condition of entrance to the kingdom (Luke 18: 16, 17).

Just after this incident a rich young ruler, moral, upright, earnest, came seeking what he had not yet found in his spiritual life. Jesus loved him, for he had kept the moral law from his youth, and now stood before him, clean, ardent, sincere. But he was purse-proud and selfish, nevertheless; and Jesus said to him, "One thing thou lackest: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me. But his countenance fell at the saying, and he went away sorrowful: for he was one that had great possessions" (Mark 10: 21, 22).

Jesus sadly saw him go away, and turning to his disciples said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

They were surprised; for many of the seemingly and some of the truly good men were rich. "Who can be saved?" asked the apostles, for those who were not rich were trying hard to be so. Jesus answered that God could make this hard thing possible; that a man living in the world where money is needed and the struggle for it is full of temptations, might still so

conquer covetousness as to inherit the kingdom of God. This young man was good, in a way. The mere law of prohibition had done much for him. His profession, "All these have I kept," was not necessarily a boast; it may have been true, but he lacked love and sacrifice. A man may do all and have not love and profit nothing. Not that this man had absolutely no love—he had not enough or of the right kind. To be poor for Christ's sake and to give till the giving hurt, this was what he could not do. The man who will attain eternal life must be he who will for that willingly give all else. The man whose treasure was his ruin was one whom Jesus loved.

Giving to the poor is still a test of discipleship, yet I am confident that Christ does not want every man to sell all and give to the poor. Giving to the poor to-day is often to make poverty self-perpetuating. Shall every prosperous man retire from business and give away his capital? Shall the capital of the world, the industry, the ability to establish and endow industrial and philanthropic enterprises pass wholly into the hands of the godless? Christ did not mean this. Rather he would have us give the poor a chance to be a man; give where it will lift the poor above poverty.

It was this incident that gave rise to the institution of monasticism; at least, this was the lesson that determined St. Anthony, the father of asceticism in the Church, to his course. It seems to us plain enough that this was not Christ's meaning. Asceticism has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. By its fruits we know it. God is rich and wishes us to be so. It would not be to the credit of Christianity that its followers live in poorer homes, have less to wear and eat than votaries of other religions. We believe in Christianity because its followers are better provided for than those of other faiths. By its fruits we know it. It has a cash value. But this is not its chief value. That giving is the best which most truly helps men onward in manhood; such giving blesses not only him who receives, but doubly so him who gives.

This young man believed eternal life worth getting, and worth all it cost, yet deliberately gave it up, and so the Master's love for a young man of promise ended in sorrow for his

incapacity for self-sacrifice. Dante, in his vision of the future, saw this young man who made "the great refusal" vainly searching eternity for his lost opportunity.

Then Peter said something that had been on his mind for a long time. "Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee." A question was implied, "What is to be our recompense?" It was a fair question, and one long delayed. The fidelity of the disciples deserved a reward, and they needed just now its incentive. Jesus answered, "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or mother, or father, or children, or lands, for my sake, and for the gospel's sake, but he shall receive a hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

But Jesus desired to prevent any mistakes growing out of his promise that the disciples were to receive "manifold more." He proceeded at once to tell them where they were going and what it involved. "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests and scribes; and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him unto the Gentiles to mock, and to scourge, and to crucify: and the third day he shall be raised up."

The warning about his crucifixion did not prevent the disciples from cherishing renewed ambitions. "The mother of Zebedee's children," came to Jesus with her two sons James and John, asking that they might have places on his right hand and on his left in his kingdom. The name of Zebedee's wife was Salome. Many scholars believe her to have been a sister of Mary, the mother of Jesus (Matt. 27: 56; Mark 15: 40).

We wonder where Zebedee was all this time. He had been present when his sons left their nets to follow Jesus. Was he too old or too busy to be a follower of Jesus? He was a prominent man in the fishing business, and had partners and servants—was probably the head of the syndicate; perhaps he was too busy to give personal attention to religion, but was glad to have his wife follow Jesus, and willing that his sons

should be disciples. He might have done far worse. But alas for Zebedee if he supposes that the mother of his children is the only one responsible for their finding places in the kingdom!

We are more than ready to forgive this request of an ambitious mother for her sons. It was an ambition for others, and for those others who represented to a Hebrew mother the acme of hope. It was the outgrowth of faith in Christ, a crude, materialistic faith, but one that carried with it her heart's devotion, so that she was among the last at his cross and most constant in ministration in life and death. She had earned some rights, and she did not seek them for herself.

Yet it was an ambition which needed a chastening, and was soon to receive it. Jesus had told his disciples plainly that he was the Christ. That they understood, or thought they did. He had told them twice, and now told them a third time and more plainly, that he was to go to Jerusalem and suffer. That they did not understand, and could not in the light of the other revelation. For the Messiah to go to his own was not to be crucified, that they thought plain, but to enter his kingdom. And they longed to be counted great in that kingdom. There is a glory, at least Christ does not deny that there is, and he seems to encourage the hope that there is, consisting in especial nearness to him in his kingdom, and he says that these positions are not in his gift. They are for those for whom they are prepared. Who are these?

The positions at his right and his left hand a few days later, were occupied by two malefactors, the one penitent, the other impious. And that was when the Son of man was coming into his kingdom! "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" In that hour of awful agony, there was a man who could count even the pain of crucifixion worth while if it brought him to the right hand of Christ. Which of the disciples could have believed it? In the hour of the consummation of the Lord's work—the hour which, spite its eternal horror, was the hour of his coronation—those on his right hand and his left were neither James nor John nor Peter nor

Thomas, but two criminals, suffering like himself, for alleged revolt against the government of Rome.

The disciples were indignant at James and John. But Jesus speaks kindly to them all of the spirit of his kingdom. Not the glory of ambition, but the glory of sacrifice, is that for which he is preparing himself and them.

Two great truths concerning his ministry Jesus reserved till its very close before revealing their full import to his disciples. The first was that he was to be offered a sacrifice for sins. He had vaguely hinted it before, but now he told it fully. The second was that they were to share that sacrifice. Twice he conjoined these two great truths; once when Peter rebuked him for his own impending doom as he had foretold it, and here again when the disciples are wondering who shall be greatest in his kingdom; and two of them through their mother are asking for the chief place. Jesus teaches them the lesson of service. Whoever will be great, shall minister; he who will be greatest, shall serve. The words might bear even a stronger translation, as "Whoever will be great let him serve, and whoever will be greatest let him become a slave."

All this was very startling to the disciples, but it was less so than what followed, "Even as the Son of man came," and they were beginning to know why he had come. As he came to serve they were to serve. As he was to give his life for a ransom, they were to give their lives to the same end. The emphatic words are "even as." Christ's own service is the only measure of ours.

There were four progressive lessons on the cross which the Lord gave his disciples. The first was at Cæsarea Philippi (Matt. 16: 13 et seq.) where Peter confessed him. "From that time began Jesus to show his disciples how he must go to Jerusalem, and suffer." This is definitely recorded as the beginning of Christ's teaching on this subject, and the time appears to have been less than six months before his crucifixion. The second was this incident when Salome came and asked for her sons an advantage over the other disciples. Christ used the indignation of the disciples resulting from this incident for the

second lesson on the cross. The third lesson was the anointing at Bethany, where it was declared that Mary had come to do this against his burial. The fourth was the Lord's Supper.

In three of these, certainly, the two lessons are joined. When the Lord tells Peter that he is to be crucified, he adds, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." When he tells them that his life is to be given as a ransom, he tells them that their lives are to be "even as" his. When Mary anoints his feet, he tells them that this outpouring of human love shall be told of "as memorial of her" wherever the Gospel of his cross is preached. And in the last supper he lays upon his disciples the obligation of an ordinance wherein they shall perpetually remind themselves of their fellowship with one another in the bond of their communion in his death. So the doctrine of the cross includes the sacrifice and glory of the disciples with their Lord.

Paul understood the spirit of these teachings. He was crucified with Christ; he lived, yet not he but Christ. He was a partaker in Christ's sufferings, and expected to be a partaker in his glory. Likewise the other apostles understood, in part, at least, the meaning of these words of Jesus. These teachings set forth the essential truth that Christ's work and ours are not to be divorced. Nor is his death to be rudely severed from his life. His death fitly culminated his life of ministry. The two belong together.

The doctrine of the kingdom as Jesus preached it in his last journey to Jerusalem, was the glory and the fellowship of sacrifice "even as" the Son of man, who came not to be ministered to but to minister, and to give his life, while living and while dying, as he still is giving it, in the fullness of his redemptive work, for the redemption of many.

CHAPTER XXXIV

BARTIMÆUS AND ZACCHÆUS

Modern Jericho is a squalid town. The men have a bad reputation as robbers; the virtue of the women is more than questioned, and the children are as vicious a set of little beggars as one may find between Jordan and the Mediterranean. It is situated in a region of great fertility, which presents a most pleasing contrast to the bleak and desolate wilderness of Judæa. Situated far below the level of the sea, in a region of infrequent rains, it is hot and dusty; but its springs are a source of life and verdure, and the swift-flowing Jordan is fringed with a tangle of trees, in whose solitudes the hyenas and jackals hide and howl. In the time of Christ, Jericho was a populous city. Herod had a palace there, and it was a place of political importance. At the time of the visit of Jesus it was doubtless thronged with pilgrims on the way to Jerusalem. This was in the last days of March, A. D. 30. He healed blind Bartimæus (Matt. 20: 29-34), visited Zacchæus (Luke 19: 9-10), and delivered the parable of the pounds (Luke 19: 11-28). He went on to Jerusalem, leaving Jericho apparently on Friday, March 31, and arriving at Bethany that night. The incidents which claim our attention are those relating to the blind men and the publican.

As Jesus entered Jericho two blind men sat begging. Palestine is full of people who are blind or nearly so. The visitor is distressed by the number of people with diseases of the eyes. Commentators, noticing that Matthew speaks of two men and Mark and Luke of only one, and that Mark and Luke speak of the healing as occurring when Jesus entered Jericho, and Matthew as he was leaving, are at pains to decide whether there were two or only one. For my own part, I have no

doubt there were at least two; and if he healed Bartimæus on entering, and did not find some others waiting for him as he left, things have greatly changed in Palestine. The maimed and halt and blind are all there now, and it fills one's heart with pity.

It was a great opportunity for Bartimæus. None such had ever come to him. It was his only opportunity, though he did not know it. With all his power he shouted, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" The crowd ordered him to be



MODERN JERICHŌ

silent, but he shouted the more, till Jesus heard and healed him.

As Jesus entered Jericho he discovered another man who needed him—a publican named Zacchæus. Everybody in Jericho knew Zacchæus, and could have described him with striking unanimity. He was little, he was rich, he was a publican. That was the whole story so far as Jericho knew. Jesus alone knew that Zacchæus had a capacity for justice and generosity and spirituality.

Zacchæus came to look on. That was his only interest in the matter. It was the only interest any one wanted him to

assume. The public street was his, and no one could forbid the man a right to climb who was first at a tree in the highway. It is better for a man to be curious than indifferent. There is a blessing to the inquiring mind. A part of the mission of Jesus was to provoke curiosity. God is to be found by those who seek him. Great truths are not discovered loose on the surface of things; they are found, like gold, by industrious digging.



A JERICHO FAMILY

But mere curiosity will never take a man to heaven. A man may long wonder what Jesus is like, and never see him; or even go forth with the thoughtless throng, and be lost in the crowd. The vision of Jesus is worth the effort to climb.

Men are not wholly what other men suppose them. Some of his own contemporaries knew Lincoln the joker; the world now knows Lincoln the sad-hearted, brooding, compassionate soul. His own law partner says he was cold, that principles meant much to him and men little; the world knows that principles meant so much to him because he so deeply sympathized

with men. I sometimes think that no man is understood very well by any other man. And—I may sometimes change this optimistic delusion if so it is—I like to believe that most men are somewhat better than they are commonly thought to be. That is not wholly the popular impression. It is the office of much recent literature to show the hypocrite and scoundrel that exist in many apparently good men. Now and then shocking revelations of private life disclose what makes our hearts ache for men who appear good but are not so. Whether it be that another good man has gone wrong or that another



SITE OF ANCIENT JERICHO

bad man has been found out, the discovery is painful. But, all this to the contrary notwithstanding, I like to believe that the average man shows to the world a side which, while not his worst, is commonly not quite his best. He may be showing the side that he wants to show. He may derive satisfaction from the world's wrong estimate. But he does not always estimate himself aright, and the world seldom knows him as he is in his heart, and as God knows him. Jesus knew men as they were; and thank God, he knew them as they might become.

The visit of Jesus to Jericho reminds us that blessings come not only to the man who sits waiting, but to him who acts when the time comes; not only to the man who climbs a tree to see Jesus, but to him who makes haste to come down and receive him.

There is such a thing as looking on in the religious life that has in it a peril and the need of a warning. Curiosity soon spends itself, and indifference follows. Meantime Jesus has passed on, the crowd has disappeared, and there is nothing but to climb down and go home and await the next sensation. Zacchæus came down when Jesus requested, and gladly received his Lord. It had been worth the Master's while to come by way of Jericho, for he had given to Bartimæus the ability to discover the beauty of the world; and he gave to the world the ability to discover the good in such men as Zacchæus.



A MAN OF DISTINCTION IN JERICO

CHAPTER XXXV

THE ALABASTER BOX

Jesus probably spent Thursday night in the home of Zacchæus, healing blind Bartimæus either as he entered or left the city, and on Friday continued his journey, a six hours' up-hill walk to Jerusalem. There are few more pathetic pictures in the gospel history than this of Jesus going before his disciples toward Jerusalem. On his way from Jericho he repeated the parable of the pounds, and "went on before, going up to Jerusalem." The way was full of pilgrims from Peræa and the region about Jordan going up to the feast of the pass-over. The procession grew larger and longer, and ever at its head we see that sad, courageous figure, with weary but firm step ascending the ragged road toward Jerusalem to meet his crucifixion.

For two months Jesus had hidden from the spite of the hierarchy in the little town of Ephraim. Again he approaches Bethany, where a few weeks before he raised Lazarus from the dead. Then it was nearing the end of January or the first of February, and winter reigned. Now as he approached Olivet from the Jordan valley, it was clothed in the verdure of spring. The groves about Bethany were all green, and the world never looked brighter to him than on that evening when the sun was setting on Jerusalem, and the sunset of his life was drawing near.

There was a feast at Bethany that evening—such a feast as Jesus rarely attended. No cynical Pharisee prepared it, but love and gratitude made it rich and sweet. Martha served; Lazarus sat beside Jesus; and Mary came and broke her alabaster box of ointment on Jesus' head.

The American Revision changes "pence" to "shillings," explaining in the margin that the coin was worth about seven-

teen cents. I would have preferred that they should have changed it to "dollars," for the coin had a purchasing power in labor more than equal to that of a dollar now. The value of the alabaster box was that of a year's wages for a working man. It would be fair to reckon it as the equivalent of three hundred dollars, or perhaps five hundred dollars. Surely it was a large sum to expend on a momentary gratification. Why should Jesus permit the expenditure of so much money upon himself? He was a poor man like the rest of them. He was as unused to luxury as the others of the company. Judas was not the only one that complained. I wonder if there were any that did not! Three hundred dollars' worth of ointment gone in five minutes, and who was the better for it? You could have bought Peter's boat and all his fishing apparatus for three hundred dollars. They needed money now; their friends were few and their future was dark. The city which they were to enter on the morrow would have beggars at every corner, and, oh, such beggars, and so many of them! Why was the money wasted in ointment?

But the poor have not suffered because of Mary's box of ointment. The gift she made then to the Master has overflowed in fragrant blessings upon God's poor, and thousands of generous givers have heard the Master's word, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, . . . ye did it unto me."

She did what she could, and it was much. We can do no more than we are accustomed to think. It is love that makes us capable of the impossible. Mere conventional gratitude would have been content with conventional thanks. Love is original and inventive. Mere friendship, as the term is commonly used, is always asking, "What can I give?" for its imagination is hampered by conventional ideals. This is why Christmas gifts are so great a burden, not by reason of their cost, but because of their strain on the imagination. This is why wedding gifts abound in duplicates. Love can do unique things. It can fashion gifts that are original. Mary had this affection for Jesus, that was fruitful in invention and gifted

with prophetic instinct. She did it for his burial, not knowing that he was about to die, but as divining by love's intuition that the gift would better be made now, while there was opportunity, and while the friends were gathered who knew the reason for her gratitude. Some who saw this act thought it bold, and others thought it extravagant. Jesus appreciated it, for he knew better than any one else out of what pure devotion it sprang. His words were an illustration of that quality of appreciativeness which ever characterized his work.



THE APOSTLES' FOUNTAIN—ON JERICHO ROAD

The world yearns for sympathy and appreciation. The artist gains courage to toil on in the attic in the hope that sometime the world will discover and applaud his genius. The man who struggles against odds for success, wants it not only for himself, but to vindicate himself before the world. The world rushes to see the picture after some one with insight has discovered it. It hastens to give receptions and dinners to the man whose success some one else has disclosed. The world itself is not very discerning, and its geniuses commonly

become hungry before they are found. Now and then is given to some rare man the gift of discernment, and we applaud him as the discoverer of genius.

Jesus said of Mary, "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which this woman hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of



MARY WITH THE ALABASTER BOX
(CARLO DOLCI, 1616-1686)

her" (Matt. 26: 13). Why should Mary's story be told with the story of the gospel? Because it was a love which like Christ's did not measure the means which it employed to express itself. Over against the utilitarian fidelity of those who complained of the waste, we place her unstinted devotion. Jesus commended the latter. God is lavish of his affection.

Pollen pours itself in showers over the meagerly receptive pistil. God's gifts are ever larger than we appropriate.

The story deserves immortality because the good deed which would not have been too good after his death, Mary bestowed with prophetic faith on the living Saviour. Blessed is the instinct which leads us to say and do good things of the dead.



"THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU"

Sad it is that we so often postpone them until death. Mary gave to Jesus the best she had. God gives to us his best. Mary and Martha had received too good a blessing to manifest their thankfulness in the gift of a copper coin. Jesus appreciates the love that appreciates the love of God, and returns it in kind. The rich gift, the gift that represents a life's devotion—this God gives, and this we may give.

CHAPTER XXXVI

AMID PALM BRANCHES

Five centuries before the birth of Jesus a young prophet whose fervent exhortations and rapt visions had helped to bring about the rebuilding of the temple, looked forward to the coming of a king to that same temple, and cried, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy king cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, even upon a colt the foal of an ass" (Zech. 9: 9).

I do not know what thoughts of glory were in the mind of the prophet, nor when he expected the king who was to gladden Jerusalem. I only know that nothing occurred in the history of the nation that could be counted a fulfilment of that inspired hope for five weary centuries. Cyrus had been God's messiah for the restoration of Israel to its own land, but now that Israel had returned and had a house for God's worship, it needed Israel's own king.

It is a significant fact that these prophecies of Zechariah, alone of post-exilic prophecies, treat of the triumph of the king that was expected. The suffering servant of God, who redeems by sacrifice, had taken the place in prophecy of the exalted Messianic ideal of the age of Hezekiah. Here appears the vision of a king who is a conqueror, and here it is a peaceful conquest. Christ appeared in Jerusalem in early spring five centuries later, meek, yet a conqueror; exulting, yet with tears on his face.

We are interested in the simple preparations for the entry into the city. Only in their spiritual significance can they seem otherwise than meager and poor. In the old days of Davidic simplicity, the king and his sons rode upon asses or

mules, but since the time of Solomon the horse had been the fitting beast for royalty. But Jesus definitely chose the humbler, but in Judæa the more useful, animal. To the disciples every detail in the preparation was most eagerly obeyed.



THE ROAD FROM JERICO TO JERUSALEM

They understood that now Jesus was about to declare himself the Christ to the people as he had to themselves, and to accept the allegiance which all along the multitude had gladly offered him if he would come as King.

We cannot help sharing in the joy of the disciples as they completed the simple preparations commanded by Jesus for his entry into Jerusalem. Now, we say to ourselves, is coming his real glory. We cannot understand why he has so persistently hidden himself when he was famous, and appeared when he was in danger. Now preparations begin which we can understand. Walking is for peasants or for teachers in humble life; to ride is regal. He who came before us going up to Jerusalem and pressing forward eagerly until his arrival, while we followed slowly with heavy hearts, ready indeed, to die with him, yet sorely disappointed and perplexed, begin now to understand it. The Lord did not come to die, after all. He has resources which hitherto he has not exhibited. We have seen nothing like his present demeanor. For him to ride is a new thing, and it means a new attitude toward the question of his Messianic mission. We are partly right. Jesus is taking a new step. He who has refused to tell men who he was, and charged his disciples to tell no man, is proclaiming on the housetops what hitherto he has told in the ear. His triumphal entry is a proclamation of his sovereignty.

The disciples read the change of purpose in his confident, authoritative tones. Even as they go for the ass, which he does not ask for, but impresses as a general might do, they recall the words of the prophet that so the King shall come, riding upon the colt of an ass. And now they have the beast, and now the Lord is mounted upon him. The disciples gather about him as he mounts. They watch him as he begins the ascent. How regal he looks! There is something imperial in his bearing, as he rides in conscious state. And now, as the crest of Olivet is almost reached, over the top swarm the crowds from the city, coming out to meet him, and the two processions meet. It is a moment of thrilling joy. Each company is surprised by the presence of the other crowd, and the enthusiasm of each mounts higher as it catches new flame from the spirit of the other. The Master does not restrain them. He seems to yield himself to their joy, which now is past all bounds. They tear banners from the fresh-leaved

trees. They rend off the palms along the way. They carpet the rough road with their garments, and cry, "Blessed is the king of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

A few steps farther, and the caravan rounded the crest of the hill, and there the procession halted. The road below was still thronged with singing pilgrims from the city. The whole hillside seemed alive with them. The scene was one to kindle the enthusiasm and to fire the imagination. Below lay the city like a dream of heaven. Nearest to the Mount of Olives stood



JESUS LAMENTING OVER JERUSALEM—(EASTLAKE)

the temple, radiant in its gold and marble. The whole landscape was beautiful in the sunlight of that Syrian April. It was an early spring, with the fig-trees already in leaves and fruit. The drought had not yet come to dry up the water-courses, and Kedron lay below fertile and cool. The light fell rich on palm and olive and new-born grass, in their various tints of green. In the midst of a setting of emerald hills lay Jerusalem, like a glistening, iridescent gem.

Then the joy departed from the face of Jesus, and he wept. All the evangelists tell of the triumphal entry, but only one

tells of this strange incident which accompanied it. To all of them it must have been incomprehensible. They had seen Christ weep before, at the grave of Lazarus. They had heard his sigh of sorrow for the sufferers whom he healed. It had always seemed strange that Christ wept when about to dry the tears on the faces of others. But it was passing strange that he should weep now. For this was the hour of his triumph.

But what a triumph it was! Humble was the beast on which Jesus rode, and it was not his own. The banners waved in his honor were neither of silk nor cloth of gold, but only extemporized flags torn from the trees. No carpet was spread for him, save the garments of his followers, courteous in their rude kindness as England's most flattering courtier to Queen Elizabeth; it was their best. But what a contrast was this procession and one that would leave Jerusalem before the week was over!

The triumphal entry was a forcing of the issue between Christ and the hierarchy. It was not a declaration of hostilities, but it was a diplomatic ultimatum. By it Christ meant to force the hand of his opponents. It was his public proclamation of royalty. It was meant to compel his opponents either to acknowledge him or to put him to death. While Christ did not employ, and did not threaten to employ, force, still the terror of a popular uprising was the real force that was to bring about his end. This event forever placed Christ's attitude above that of supine non-resistance. It was a war measure, and was so understood. He distinctly informed his disciples that the time had come for them to buy swords, and to take prudent means for their own defense. He distinctly set his former course over against his present policy, calling that to their minds, together with the fact that it had succeeded; yet, even as he acknowledged, the success of his former pacific attitude toward his enemies now called for a change that made his work aggressive. For the time it seemed as though the new plan had succeeded.

Both the disciples and the enemies of Jesus overestimated the immediate importance of this extraordinary event. The

disciples felt that now the world was about to follow Jesus, and the priests declared that they had staked all and lost. They had prevailed nothing; the world had gone after him. But the movement was certain to bring a reaction unless Jesus followed his advantage, and that day he simply looked about the temple and returned to Bethany. So closed the first day of this eventful week.



THE GOLDEN GATE OF JERUSALEM
NOW WALLED UP

The Golden Gate of Jerusalem is the traditional gate of the triumphal entry. It has long been walled up, and it is popularly said that it will not be reopened till Christ comes again to enter it. The walls of Jerusalem, and with them the gates, are all modern; and the Golden Gate was not there when Jesus entered, though it may occupy nearly the original site. Not

through that gate, but through the door of the hearts of men he waits to enter in more enduring triumph.

But the triumphal procession did not end at the Golden Gate of the Holy City. Looking backward across the centuries we see it wending its way from the gates of Jerusalem down to the present time. We see it forming before the gates of Rome as it formed before the gates of Jerusalem. Nero is upon his bloody throne, and those who come to announce the coming of the King are scornfully put to death, but they keep coming. Peter is crucified, Paul is beheaded, but the faith lives. The procession lengthens. The palm-bearing throng multiplies. They are thrust into the arena and the beasts turned loose among them, but they come. Heralds in such numbers no king ever had before or since. They throng Rome. They are in Nero's palace. By the lurid glow of the city in flames they stand confessed by thousands. They multiply in the dread light of the conflagration and of the more bitter persecution which follows. Above the throne of Nero rises more and more clearly into vision the throne of God and Christ, and in less than three centuries the religion of Jesus is the official religion of the Roman empire.

The procession turns northward, and knocks at the gates of ice and snow where dwell the rugged barbarians that have already in their callous grip the scepter of the Roman state. Out in the forests of Germany it finds them, and far north in the snows of Scandinavia, rugged and fierce, but with brain and brawn for the making of nations of giants. The forests divide and leave a way for the procession to enter. The ice gates melt at the King's approach. Old heathen customs are reclaimed, and endowed with Christian significance. The winter solstice becomes the anniversary of the birth of Christ, and the vernal equinox the anniversary of his resurrection. The death of winter and the new life of spring which for ages has been a central feature of their religious joy, become transfigured with the thought of the new life which the Christ brings to all the world, and of the death of the last enemy, which is death. Heathenism stands before the procession like

a blank wall, but as Christ approaches the gates are opened. The Saviour enters, and the hammer of Thor goes down before the cross of Christ.

We look across the channel to the isles of the North Sea, waiting to see if the procession can cross. One day Pope Hildebrand, a mighty reformer and missionary superintendent, sees some fair-skinned and blue-eyed slaves for sale in the markets of Rome. "Who are you?" he asks. "We are Angles," they say. "Angles?" said the pope; "you shall be



THE GOLDEN GATE—INTERIOR

angels," and forthwith the missionaries are sent to tell the Angles and Saxons that a new King is at the door. The old king Ethelbert likes it little that a new king should ask for entrance, but asks his wife Bertha. It is a woman's hand that opens the gates of Great Britain to the preaching of the gospel. About thirteen centuries ago, in 597, the old king hears the gospel and believes. Pentecost is a drop in the bucket to this. Ten thousand in a single day are baptized in the name of the Christ, and Great Britain with all the future

glory of Anglo-Saxon civilization acknowledges as King him who rode humbly into Jerusalem.

We strain our eyes and dimly discern to the westward a new and nameless continent, but the ocean is wide and deep, and the humble beast that was ridden by the Christ may not cross thither. For ages it lies waste. But look yonder at those white-winged ships that are flying low across the waters. Whose are these, and who is it stands at the helm? Columbus? Yes; but Who with him is eagerly crossing to this land of promise? For see, the vessels have come to anchor, and now a procession forms and marches up the shore, and who is in the van? What is it before which those Spanish sailors kneel and kiss the dust of the new land? Columbus? Nay, it is the cross! And the new world has flung open wide her gates that the King of glory may come in.

When William Penn comes into Pennsylvania to teach his message of peace to warlike savages, the Christ is there before him. When the Mayflower drops anchor in Plymouth harbor, and the little procession forms to march up the bleak hill to the cannon-crested meeting-house on its top, it is neither Elder Brewster nor Governor Bradford, nor yet Miles Standish we see at its head. The Christ that rode in triumph into Jerusalem is leading them now up the hill that is to be consecrated by their prayers and enriched by their sacred dust.

The centuries go by, and in the clouds and thunder of battle we see him again coming in peace to a new-born nation, in which all men are born free and equal. Yet not all, for again he cometh in storm-clouds of war, and the gates of the slave market go down before him and crumble into dust. In the tumult of the nations with the clashing of steel on steel, with the pounding of iron balls on the sides of iron vessels, there is heard again the Voice that spoke in the storm on Galilee, and there is seen the form of Him who rode in triumph into Jerusalem.

Still Jesus rides on in power. Mighty nations open their gates at his approach. Jungles and forests make a highway for his coming. Valleys are exalted, mountains and hills are laid low. The crooked is made straight and the rough places

plain, and the glory of the Lord is revealed, and all flesh sees it together, for it is the mouth of the Lord that speaks when the voice of the herald cries in the wilderness.

Yet doth he weep as he looks down upon the cities that receive him, for not yet is his will done on earth as it is done in heaven. Every triumph thus far is mingled with sadness, for men's hearts are hard, and their eyes are holden. Men there still are who crucify him in their hearts, and reject the Lord that comes to save them.

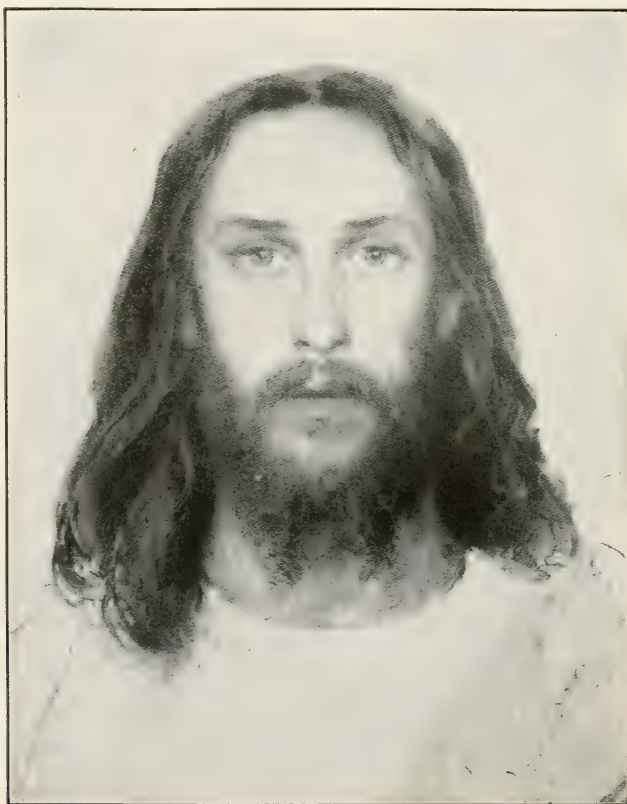


THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

Yet in majesty he rides onward through the centuries. Our learning is his. Our literature is his. Our highest art is his. Our noblest music is his. Our loftiest spires lift up his cross to heaven. Our sweetest humanities are his. His are our charities, our infirmaries, our reformatories, our hospitals, our libraries, our colleges. Japan opens its doors to the new Occidental learning, and receives with it the Christ. China welcomes the medical missionary, and with him the Great Physician steps in. African solitudes are penetrated by the

feet of the explorer, and in every track of his is set the foot that was pierced with the nail.

So the triumphal procession wends its way down the long vista and is lost to our sight in the glory of the future. It doth not yet appear what shall be its culmination, save this, that his will shall be done on earth as in heaven; that he that was once with us is now in us; that he will be with us always; that the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; and that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.



THE HEAD OF CHRIST—(MAKOUSKY)

CHAPTER XXXVII

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

We are able to follow with practical certainty the program of Jesus in the last week of his earthly life. On Sunday, Mark tells us, "He entered into Jerusalem, into the temple; and when he had looked round about upon all things, it being now eventide, he went out unto Bethany with the twelve" (Mark 11: 11). On Monday morning, as recorded by Mark, "they were come out from Bethany," and came "to Jerusalem," "and every evening he went forth out of the city." Luke tells us that, "Every day he was teaching in the temple; and every night he went out, and lodged in the mount that is called the mount of Olives" (Luke 21: 37).

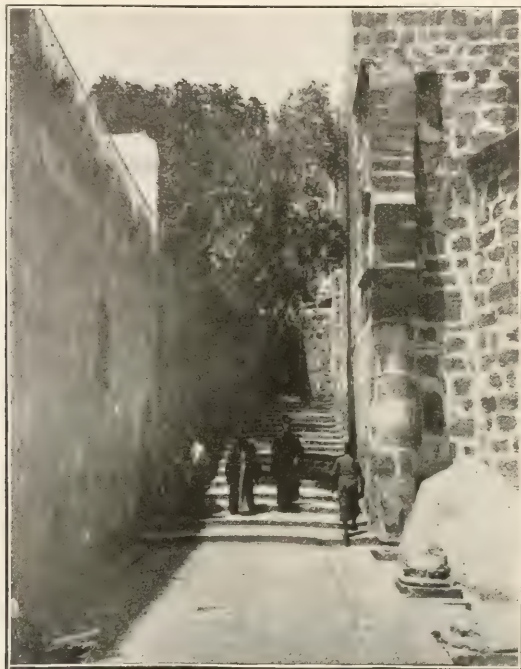
By piecing together the accounts of the evangelists we know very nearly what happened on each day of the week.

On Monday Jesus rose early, the glow of the previous day's enthusiasm still upon him, and hastened to the city before breakfast. We may be sure it was his own determination to go early, and no failure in Martha's hospitality that sent him to the city before breakfast. He saw a fig-tree on the way, whose rich display of leaves promised green fruit. On March 9, 1902, I ate a green fig in Palestine, grown as large as a small plum, while yet the leaves were forming. The fig was not good, but fit to stay one's hunger in an emergency, and so used by the natives. It was not unreasonable to expect that a tree with such a rich profusion of leaves would have fruit.

The cursed fig-tree was, of course, his own nation. It had been professing much and producing little fruit. To it he had come in the full time, and found it zealous for form, but indifferent to fruitage, and its doom was near. Jesus had little pleasure in cursing anything, even a barren tree; and in the

parable he represents himself as the gardener pleading for another opportunity to bring such a tree to fruitfulness (Luke 13: 7-9). Such an opportunity he was this day to give to Jerusalem. The curse is less notable than the extension of opportunity. Fruitless Jerusalem has one more chance.

The disciples were more impressed by the miracle of the withering of the fig-tree than by the lesson from it. Christ



STREET LEADING TO THE CHURCH
OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

did not recur to the real lesson of the cursing of the tree—the penalty of fruitlessness. There were many uncompleted lessons whose meanings came later to them. It was quite unnecessary to tell the disciples more plainly that his mission to his own nation was to fail of bringing them to fruitage. Instead, he gave them the lesson of faith in prayer. I think we are quite justified in saying it was wholly incidental to the one he really

meant to teach. And, lest the fig-tree might suggest the use of malevolence in prayer, he taught them that prayer and kindness go hand in hand, and that he who prays must forgive. Thus the final effect of the lesson of the withered tree is not that of retribution: it is that of kindness and forgiveness.

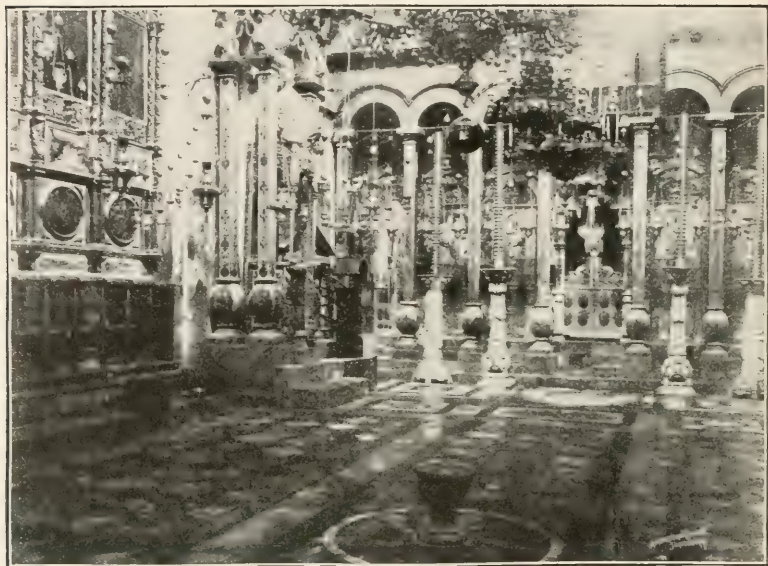


THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Jesus had cleansed the temple at the beginning of his ministry, but the old abuses had returned. Now at the close he repeated the driving out of the merchants. Monday was the day of Christ's authority. The spell of his influence over the multitude still held; and the Pharisees and priests kept their distance. It was an indignant hand that held the scourge

and used it well. There was behind it muscle that was capable of earning a day's wages at manual labor. Jesus was a non-conformist. He had no love for the merely formal in worship. He could easily bring himself to prophesy the overthrow of the temple, and to proclaim himself greater than the temple. Yet the temple was God's house to him.

Out went the money-changers, and in came another throng, not more desirable in appearance—the lame, the blind and



THE SO-CALLED CENTER OF THE WORLD—GREEK CATHEDRAL
IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

the sick. These, the needy, were with him after the others withdrew with their wealth. Need brings many a man to Jesus, while he who has enough without, goes away with that for which he has bartered his life.

But the needy, whose coming is often open to a possible suspicion, were not the only ones. The children continued the praises of yesterday. First of those who caught up the glad shout that greeted him, they were the last to desist. There is

less patience in the Orient than here with insubordination of children, and the effort to stop the disturbance was resolute but ineffective. At last it was necessary to appeal to Jesus to forbid the children to disturb the sanctuary with their shouts, but Jesus refused. Quoting a verse from the Psalms, he reminded them that God receives perfect praises from the lips of children. It was a glad sound to him who had ever been a lover of children, and it formed a fitting close for the Monday of passion week. It is good for us to remember it, and to close our thought of this triumphant day with the memory of the songs of these happy little ones singing praises to Jesus.



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

CHAPTER XXXVIII

JESUS IN CONTROVERSY

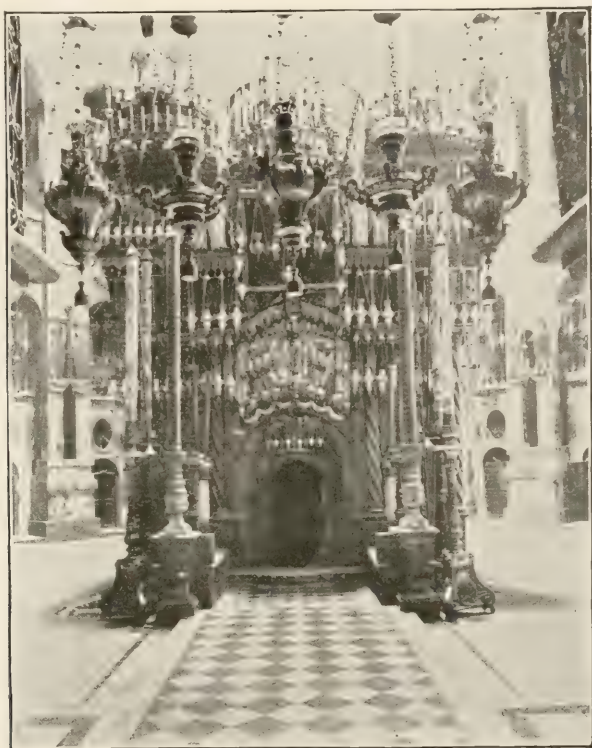
When Jesus returned to the temple on Tuesday morning he found his opponents ready for him. They had been put to rout by the triumphal entry on Sunday, and were appalled by the courage and vigor of his onset on Monday when he cleansed the temple. But forty-eight hours had gone by, and the opponents of Jesus saw the reaction setting in. Jesus had had his own way quite long enough. The populace does not enjoy seeing things go the same way too long at a time. The time had come when popular interest would at least sustain a challenge, and back of the challenge there was organized opposition such as never before had met Christ. Politics makes strange bedfellows. On this day Sadducees and Pharisees forgot their mutual hatreds, and combined forces against him. So they met him on his arrival on the temple area with the demand, "By what authority doest thou these things?"

But the first challenge failed at once. Jesus met their question with another, a shrewd question, one that put them immediately in a dilemma. Was the teaching of John from heaven, or of men? The lawyers dared not answer. There still was reason to fear the people, who, now that John was dead, more than ever believed him a prophet. It is interesting to find that to this last week of his life Jesus found a measure of protection, as at the outset he found his opening for his ministry, in the name and fame of John.

Jesus followed the challenge of his authority with three parables of warning. The first was that of the two sons whom the father commanded to work in his vineyard, one said, "I go, sir," but went not; the other said, "I will not," but afterward went. It was a direct charge that the religious leaders

of the Jewish people had failed to fulfil their promise, and that "the publicans and the harlots" would go before them into the kingdom of God.

The second parable was that of the wicked husbandman. The owner of the vineyard sent repeatedly for his rental, but they beat and even killed the messengers. Finally he sent his



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

son. But they killed the son in their hatred and greed. Jesus asked his hearers, "When therefore the lord of the vineyard shall come, what will he do unto those husbandmen?"

Some were candid enough to answer, "He will miserably destroy those miserable men, and will let out the vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their seasons."

Then Jesus told them that the kingdom of God was forfeited by them, and would be given to others.

The third parable was that of the marriage of the king's son. Invitations do not commonly go begging at such times, but Jesus supposed such a case; those invited not only refused the great honor, but maltreated the king's ambassadors. But the marriage did not wait, and the guests were found. The unwillingness of those first invited brought sorrow upon themselves, but did not frustrate the design of the king. The lessons of these three parables did not fail to be perceived by those to whom they were addressed. The Jews had neglected God's invitation, scorned his ambassadors, and were cherishing murderous hatred against his son. They would be rejected, and the privileges of the gospel bestowed on others.

But the Pharisees had a trap for Jesus. They came to him with honeyed words of praise, and followed them with a question, certain, as they thought, to entrap him: "Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, and carest not for any one: for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not?" It was a shrewd question. If he advised the payment he could not claim to be king; if he forbade it, he made himself a rebel against Rome. But Jesus said, "Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money." And they brought him a denarius. Jesus asked them, "Whose is this image and superscription?" They answered "Cæsar's." Then said he to them, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

Then came the Sadducees and proposed a hypothetical case, that of a woman who had been seven times married; whose wife should she be in the resurrection? Jesus answered that in heaven the physical relationships of earthly marriage have no reason to exist, and that its people are as the angels of God. I do not understand him to have said that in heaven no account is taken of married life on earth, or that relationship of years established here are there to count for nothing; but

rather that the inherent spirituality of heaven makes marriage, as it has need to be on earth, impossible by reason of its spiritual companionship.

Then the Pharisees, hearing that he had silenced the Sadducees, rallied their forces and came with another question, "Which is the greatest commandment of the law?" The rabbins taught that there were two hundred and forty-eight affirmative precepts, as many as the members of the human body, and three hundred and sixty-five negative commands,



TRIBUTE TO CAESAR—(BIDA. 1813-1895)

as many as the arteries and veins. The total, six hundred and thirteen, was the number of letters in the decalogue. Which of these six hundred and thirteen commands was the greatest? Jesus replied that God's commands are a unit—love, which applied alike to God and man, and embraced the whole law. The questioner could not fail to see the wisdom of the answer. His approval of the answer of Christ was immediate and hearty. Jesus said to him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Let us hope that he did not fail to enter it.

These three questions, one political, one theological, one legal, had exhausted the opponents of Christ. Every time the question turned upon him who asked it. Jesus had met his challengers with great skill and wisdom and courtesy, and they had retreated baffled. Then Jesus asked a question, "What think ye of the Christ? whose son is he?" They answered him, "The son of David." He then asked them, "How then doth David in the Spirit call him Lord, saying,

The Lord said unto my Lord,

Sit thou on my right hand,

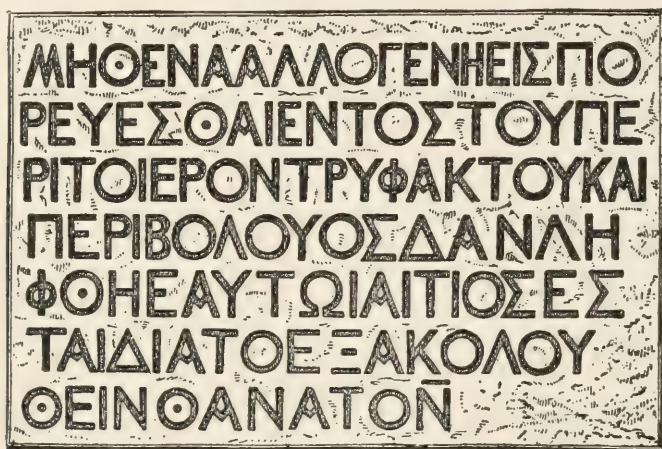
Till I put thine enemies underneath thy feet?

If David then calleth him Lord, how is he his son?" (Matt. 22: 42-45.) In that day men were not accustomed to call their sons Lord. How was the Messiah to be both David's son and his Lord? God was sending a greater Christ than the people were expecting to receive. No one could answer the question, and it ended the attempt to compel Jesus to commit himself on matters that would afford ground for his condemnation. But as he confuted the Pharisees, the common people heard him gladly.

Then Jesus delivered his long and bitter invective against the religious rulers of the Jews (Matt. 23: 2, 3). From warning his disciples against them, he turned and addressed the scribes and Pharisees, charging them with hypocrisy, with excess of ceremonial and neglect of moral life, and with washing the outside of the dish, and leaving it unclean within. These were stern words, and the Pharisees must have writhed under them. But the discourse ended with a tearful invitation and lament that showed the tender-breaking heart of the Master.

Jesus, wearied, now sat down for a brief time in the court of the women, opposite the treasury. There were thirteen trumpet-shaped openings into which people were casting their gifts. Many people who had come far to the feast brought considerable sums. But there was one poor widow who dropped in two of the smallest and least valuable coins. It was not lawful for any person, no matter how poor, to offer only one of these

petty coins; hers was the minimum gift. But Jesus saw it and commended it as the largest of all the contributions. It was so. The aggregate of gifts inspired by that contribution makes its total the greatest of all donations of money since the world began; but Jesus measured the gift by the sacrifice which it represented. The cash value of the first gift was one ninety-sixth of a denarius—a little less than two mills—but it has inspired gifts which have aggregated millions, and has taught the world the spirit of Christ in giving.



INSCRIPTION ON THE STONE FROM THE TEMPLE

Jesus now rose and passed down the fourteen steps below the Beautiful Gate, into the court of the Gentiles. This was a great paved inclosure, seven hundred and fifty feet square, open to men and women, Jews and Gentiles, so long as they observed due decorum. Here, also, until the preceding day, had been the cattle and dove dealers and money-changers. Near the entrance was a marble screen four and a half feet high, having an inscription in Greek, warning Gentiles to go no farther on pain of death. Singularly, of all the stones of the temple, this one, still bearing its battered inscription, is the only one known to be preserved. As I traced its letters in the government museum at Constantinople, I reflected that

while not a stone had been left upon another, this had served to remind us that God had broken down "the middle wall of partition" erected by the exclusiveness of men, that so all men may enter the most holy place.

Outside this stone a little group of Gentiles waited. They were probably proselytes of the Jewish religion and had come to the temple to worship. "We would see Jesus," they said to Philip. Philip hesitated; Jesus was wearied with the controversy; he had come to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; would he see these men? Philip asked Andrew, and the two met Jesus as he was about to depart from the treasury, and presented the request. Jesus heard it and rejoiced.

It was like a new beam from the star of Bethlehem, guiding men from afar to the Christ. Then wise men from the East came to his cradle; now humble souls from the West came near to his cross; both were representatives of the great unconverted world without, turning from its vain quest of the good in other religions, and finding at last, Jesus. Beautiful was this light from heaven, shining into the hearts of these two companies of men, and lighting with reflected glory the dawn and the twilight of the earthly life of Jesus.

An ancient and unfounded tradition asserts that these Greeks were ambassadors from Abgarus, king of Edessa, who, hearing that Jesus was in danger, sent an invitation to him to come to his kingdom for safety. Abgarus was healed by a disciple, probably Luke, whom Jesus sent to him; and further legend asserts that Luke painted for Abgarus a portrait of Jesus. These are interesting myths. All that we know is, that as Jesus was rejected by his own nation a little group of representatives of the great Gentile world waited for him, and that Jesus rejoiced in spirit, saying, "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto myself."

As Jesus was departing from the temple, his disciples called his attention to the immense size of the stones and the magnificence of the building, and Jesus said what too soon came true, "See ye not all these things? verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down" (Matt. 24: 2).

They went out from the temple to the Mount of Olives, where they sat and looked back at Jerusalem, beautiful in the setting sun. There the disciples asked him, "Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the consummation of the age?"

The three things, the destruction of Jerusalem, the sign of his presence, and the end of that age were grouped together in their thoughts, and Jesus answered that the then present generation should not pass till all these things were fulfilled. It was the promise made (Matt. 16: 28) before that some standing there should not see death till they saw the coming of the kingdom. These declarations he later seemed to make more specific in the implied promise that while Peter was to glorify God by his death, John was to "tarry till I come." The destruction of the temple, which made the Christian religion universal, and the gift of the Spirit at Pentecost, were the signs of the promised presence of Christ, a presence, as Jesus told his disciples, manifest to them but not to the world. Jesus declared that he who was then with them, should be in them. Whatever special revelations of that presence God has yet to reveal, this spiritual residence in and among men is the real coming of Christ.

The lessons on Olivet ended with the parable of the Ten Virgins, which was given to teach watchfulness; the parable of the talents, whose lesson was fidelity, and the judgment scene. The tests at the judgment scene are all practical. Those who render service to his brethren, render it to Christ, and find Christ in their fellow men, and heaven in his service.

Heaven is reached by the road of self-forgetfulness. Those who strive to be good in order that they may go to heaven may not wholly fail to get there, but they will come far behind those who simply seek to do good, and in so doing become good. Even the Son of God turned his back on heaven for our sakes; wherefore God highly exalted him and gave him the name that is above every name, both in earth and heaven. Those who strive for heaven often fall short, by reason of the selfishness of their effort; but a multitude of those on the right

hand of the king are there by reason of the good deeds done and forgotten. "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee?" they ask. They enter with glad wonder and surprise; for they have been so busy giving cups of cold water in the spirit of Christ, that they almost forgot to seek heaven for themselves. Nevertheless the Lord knoweth them that are his. Wherefore take courage; forget thyself; help thy brother in the name and spirit of the Christ; and lo, heaven for thee is hardly out of sight.



Courtesy of the Open Court.

THE MAN OF SORROWS—(EDUARD BIEDERMANN).

CHAPTER XXXIX

JESUS AMONG HIS FRIENDS

We have no record of Wednesday, and we need none. Jesus was in retirement in Bethany, and the priests were plotting in Jerusalem. Alone of Jesus' disciples, Judas went to the city, and agreed upon a plot whereby Jesus might be betrayed without the making of a tumult. Alas for Judas, who, disappointed in the delay of the coming of the kingdom, gave covetousness free rein, and became the most hated of all traitors since the world began!

We can easily imagine that Wednesday in the home at Bethany. Part of the day Jesus doubtless spent in rest after the busy and exciting scenes of the previous days; part of it he must have spent in prayer, and we can gather the burden of the prayer from that which he offered for his disciples the next night in Gethsemane (John 17); and part of it he doubtless spent in instructing his disciples. The beautiful lesson of the vine and the branches might well have been spoken at the paschal supper, but it fits somewhat loosely into its setting, and it has been thought possible by some scholars that Jesus spoke it, or portions of it, in the vineyards of beautiful, shady Bethany on this unrecorded Wednesday. The spirit of it certainly was the spirit of that day.

Thursday was the day for the preparation of the passover supper, and Jesus withdrew from the home of Martha and Mary and Lazarus to a house in the city where he was well known and had a friend. There was a large upper room vacant there, where he and his disciples could celebrate together the anniversary of the exodus according to the time-honored custom of the nation. A room in Jerusalem is still shown as that in which Christ ate the supper with his disciples. If we could

be at all sure of its genuineness it would be the most sacred room in the world, not only because of that night, but also because of the days following the resurrection and ascension, until at Pentecost the Church was born. There is no probability that the room is authentic. I attended a service in Jerusalem, an evening communion service in an upper room, filled with tourists from all over America, with reverent worshippers of Jerusalem and missionaries from other parts of Syria.



CHRIST WASHING PETER'S FEET
(FORD MADDOX BROWN, 1821-1893)

It was a service whose memories can never be lost while life lasts. But the essential spirit of such a service is not limited to Jerusalem; it belongs to all those everywhere who meet in the fellowship of Christ's spirit.

After the passover and before the Lord's Supper, Judas went out. The disciples did not realize that he had gone otherwise than on an errand, but Judas knew that he was expelled from that company. His plot had reached its

culmination, and the Lord was ready. When he had gone out, Jesus spoke freely to his disciples, and broke bread with them in a new sacrament.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."



JESUS WASHING PETER'S FEET
(BOCCACCINO, 1515-1546)

So said our Lord at the table. There was nothing new in the commandment which Christ gave to his disciples, save the measure of the duty enjoined. There were ten ancient and honored commandments, and this did not add an eleventh. It comprehended and enveloped the ten. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and he that loveth is born of God. Whatever there was new about it was first in the comprehensiveness of the

statement, and secondly in the measure given by which love is to be gauged.

That it is our duty to love one another is a commonplace. If we have not learned it long ago, we shall not learn it now. Nor could those twelve short-sighted men in their unseemly strife for the best seats at the table learn in a single lesson what they had not learned in years of tuition under the divine Teacher. But there is a standard given us which we may impress a little more clearly upon our minds, however we fall below it in actual attainment.

"Even as I have loved you." There is the emphasis. A measure of love is relatively easy, the love that goes out toward the agreeable, the pleasant, the harmonious. Christ loved the unlovely and unlovable, and made them loving. The very disciple that leaned upon his breast was a raw, quarrelsome, rude young son of thunder, ready to assert his claim to the place of honor, ready to call down fire and brimstone on the Lord's enemies or his own, ready to empty the vials of apocalyptic wrath where indeed they deserved to be emptied, upon the wicked and the enemies of the truth. The love of Christ remade him, and he became the apostle of love. Even as they sat together at the table some of the love that beat in the heart of Christ gave rhythm to the pulse-beat of John, and as he remembered afterward the events of that night, he alone of the evangelists recalled and recorded the words, "Abide in me; be one as I and my Father are one."

A part of the mission of the Lord's Supper was to emphasize the common source of spiritual life. Eating of one loaf, drinking from one common cup, the physical life of all present was received from one common source of energy. Seated around one common board, shut in from the world by a common experience and privilege, they shared together the dangers, labors, perils and joys of their relation to Jesus. United to him in a common bond of love to God and man, they had fellowship in their highest spiritual experiences one with another. It is almost bewildering the way in which John mixes our relation to Christ as a basis of fellowship, and our fellowship as a basis for our

relations with Christ. Hear him: "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship"—with him, we might expect John to say, but not yet—"we have fellowship one with another;" and note the outcome of this friendship: "and the blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

No man has ever affected the race powerfully till he has come to feel the truth that his life belongs to the race. No man is truly a Christian who has not come to feel something of the passion for men which animated Christ. An unsocial gospel is a contradiction in terms. Christian fellowship is essential to Christianity itself. It ever drapes itself in new garments. It ever expresses itself in new and lovely forms of service. Now it breaks the alabaster box in an ingenuity which shows how inventive is affection, and how unstinted it may become; now it washes the feet of Christ or one of the least of his little ones, with tears which show more of love than the Pharisee's expensive but heartless hospitality. Now it waves the palm branch before his oncoming kingdom, preparing the way of the Lord, and now it tenderly and sorrowfully anoints the dead hope which it lays away that a better one may rise; but ever and always is love beautiful and holy, unselfish and inventive; ever and always it is born of God. The love that makes a man at one with his neighbor is one with the love which makes him at one with God.

"A new commandment I give unto you." Yet it is the very same of which John said, "No new commandment write I unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning." Love is ever new. It has to be new. It will no more keep than manna. Daily it must be gathered, and daily it falls anew from heaven. There is ever a supply. Prophecies, tongues, knowledge fail; but love, the reservoir of love from which we may draw, never faileth.

It may have been to Jesus an inspiring thought that the simple meal which he shared with his disciples on that night would be imitated in symbol by millions for unnumbered generations, in obedience to his simple word, "This do in remembrance of me." But of this we may believe that he

would think less than of the other fact that, inspired by that symbol, and the common source of life and love which it depicts, men would love one another in the spirit of the Christ ideal. His spirit has given the name to the highest and noblest type of love:

Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love.

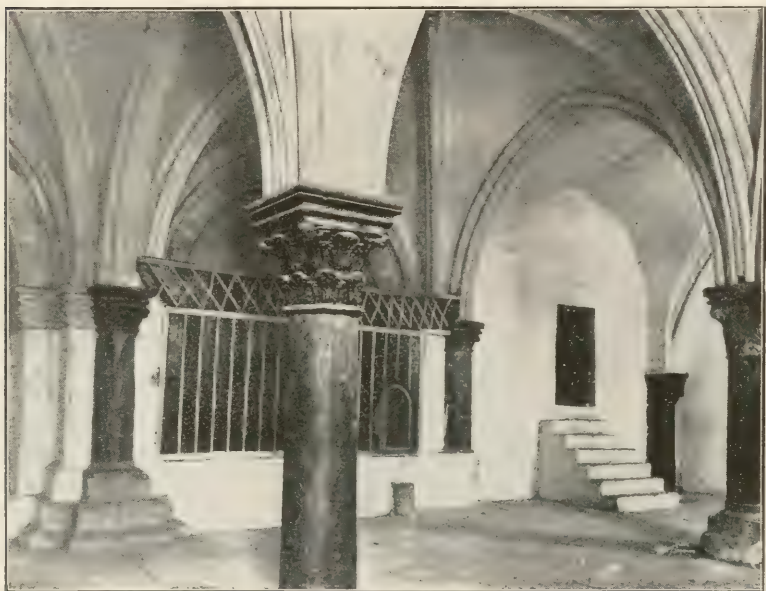
The love that is patient, that can be brave, that redeems by the giving of itself, the love that was in Christ for his disciples, and in them for him, and in them for each other, is the love that the Lord's Supper sets forth. It sets the world of the faithful about one common board. It brings the noble spirits of all ages to one common feast. It sends out its swift heralds to proclaim to the world, "The feast is ready; come." It takes hold on the life which is in the vine of Christ's love, and is rooted deep in the ineffable nature of God. Its tendrils hold fast to his eternal promises, by which it bears its fruit higher and higher in each successive season; and its topmost cluster of love that once was of earth, and is now just beyond our reach, furnishes the new wine of that purer affection which he drinks with his disciples in the kingdom of his Father.

The Lord's Supper in its origin is closely associated with the observance of the Jewish passover, but it is in no proper sense a perpetuation of that celebration. It was a new thing which Jesus instituted among his disciples on the night in which he was betrayed, and from that day to this without interruption it has been observed by them.

"This do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me." It is entirely possible that our Lord meant more by this than a reference to the supper itself. He may have meant that all food is to be thus eaten, with thanksgiving and memory of him who is the Bread of life. His was the custom of giving thanks to God for his food, and as he taught his disciples to pray for daily bread, so also he taught them the lesson of thankfulness, and would associate all God's gifts with the thought of his supreme Gift. His disciples recognized him at Emmaus as with simple dignity he, the guest, took the place

of the host at the table and gave thanks, and was made known in the breaking of bread. But if every household meal in a Christian home is fitted to be a memorial of Christ, much more so may be that breaking of bread in his own household of faith, where his followers have assembled in his name for his worship and work.

The Lord's Supper, both as instituted and as now observed, is a rich illustration of the subordination of the spirit to the



THE UPPER ROOM--JERUSALEM

letter. Jesus observed the passover on that night, not with girt sandals, nor standing, nor with a staff in hand, nor in haste, nor with any apparent concern for a strict conformity to the letter of the command. In like manner the Lord's Supper as now observed departs widely in its form from the supper which he instituted, and the form varies widely in different branches of the Church. Yet the spirit is better observed because of these changes in the letter. To Christ, form had value only so far as it preserved the spirit of a rite.

The Lord's Supper should not be a mournful service. Solemn it is, but for the Christian not sad. It was not the meat of the paschal lamb that was taken, but the bloodless bread of the table, the common staff of life. It is a feast and not a funeral to which Christians gather. The passover was a festival of solemnity but a festival still and a festival of rejoicing. Christ our passover is sacrificed for us, and our grief for the slain Lamb does not prevent rejoicing that our God has passed over his people, and led them forth into a large place.

We still cannot forget the guilt of sin. I doubt if we shall wholly cease to regret it, even in heaven. But already we can sing with joy the worthiness of the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches and wisdom and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

Finally, the Lord's Supper gives us objective reality. For this we often seek almost disheartened. We know our own hearts too well to hinge our hope of salvation wholly upon our own good purposes, and God seems far off. If we had something objective and tangible to which to moor our faith, it would often be a help. Protestantism must not err in being wholly subjective. For God has given to his Church authority to bind and loose. There are times when souls in need can be satisfied with no message that does not voice conscious authority. In the Lord's Supper God speaks, saying through his Church, "Just so surely as you receive this bread, so surely you, being penitent, are forgiven. Just so surely as this bread becomes a part of your physical life, and related to your effort and labor and thought, just so surely, you being receptive of the Spirit of Christ, does his life now enter into yours." Here is the divine communication of the life of God. And here is the hope of his coming, for his kingdom is within us. Eating this bread and drinking this cup we do show forth his death until his perfect coming, when, seeing him and being like him, all life shall be communion with him, and we shall drink with him of the new wine in the kingdom of God.

It was a sad night for the disciples. The Twelve had come up to Jerusalem with Jesus that they might die with him, thus

at the grave of their hope in him as the promised Messiah, maintaining the vigor of their faith in him as their Master and Teacher and Friend. It was not idle talk with Thomas when he said (John 11: 16), "Let us also go, that we may die with him." He meant every word of it, and showed it as did the other disciples by going with him. It was not an idle boast with Peter when he said to Christ, "I will follow thee to prison and to death." He stood as long as he was allowed to fight, and sincerely meant to stand till he died. The apostles were as



JUDAS RECEIVING THE MONEY—(H. PRELL)

true and reliable as men who trust in themselves ever are. Let us not underestimate their devotion or their courage.

Little wonder that during the last week their faith began to waver. Plots were deepening about their Lord, plots which he himself had told them were ultimately to succeed. They had seen his power and trusted in him. They had heard his voice, and leaving all had followed him. When he told them of his coming death, they could not believe; not because they were disposed to doubt him, but because they so implicitly

trusted him. When Peter rebuked him, and said, "Be it far free thee, Lord: this shall never be unto thee" (Matt. 16: 22), it was because he believed so profoundly in the mission of his Lord that he could not doubt it; and his smiting off of Malchus' ear was his impetuous and unwise way of showing the same confidence in Christ which had caused him to leave his boat and follow, through good and evil report, him who had not where to lay his head.

All their devotion to Christ was built upon their confidence in his Messianic mission and its success; and all this was swept away, not by their own disposition to doubt, not by the slander of enemies but by the words of Christ himself. How touching is the picture of their devotion; following him no longer for the hope of a share in his glory, but from sheer momentum of their past hope, and from simple trust in their Lord, no longer the coming Messiah, but only their loved, honored Master, now stripped of all that had given him power over them, but still loved, honored and followed! They had followed him in hope; now they followed in despair. They could not leave him. "Lord, to whom shall we go?" (John 6: 68.)

But even now their old hope asserted itself, and they began to question who should be the greatest in his kingdom, when Jesus swept away this last segment of a hope with words which they could not fail to understand. So prostrated by grief that they could not keep awake when asked by Jesus to watch with him, so utterly cast down from the lofty pinnacle of their hopes, is it any wonder that they doubted? Despair and hope are equally good incentives to nerve men to fight; but hope alternating with despair is debilitating and unsettling in its tendencies. Their doubt was not willingly forged. It was trodden out of the wine-press of their affliction. It was the doubt of an anchor torn from its hold, and grappling for another place to catch its fluke.

"Let not your heart be troubled," Jesus had said. How could the disciples help being troubled? They listened to his words of comfort. He was pointing them to the Father. Philip caught at the sound; "Lord, show us the Father." Jesus

had marveled at their unbelief, and rebuked them for it. He rebuked Philip now, but it was a kind rebuke, and a very sad one. "Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Christ's whole life had been an answer to Philip's prayer. Yet amid the answer Philip was still praying. The mission of Christ upon earth had been to show men the Father, and who had believed his report? Men had in all ages been



THE ALLEGED TOMES OF ABSALOM, ZECHARIAH AND JAMES,
WITH GREEK GETHSEMANE IN THE DISTANCE

feeling after God, if haply they might feel after him and find him; Christ came to show that he was not far from every one of them. No man had seen God at any time, but the only begotten Son who was in the bosom of the Father, came to declare him, and show the Father to the children.

It is a simple theology which cleaves the universe into two equal kingdoms of good and evil, and says of each good thing, "It is from God," and of each bad one, "It is of the devil." It is much the same when for the devil we substitute inexorable law. The progress of our thought leaves diminished space in

the world for dualism. Only one God is possible to modern thought. There is one God. But who, and what, is the God of modern thought?

Science gives us a more absolute monotheism; it makes the worship of many gods impossible, but it raises anew the question of the character of the one God. We cannot pray to a God of mixed motives or vacillating purposes or variable whims. We cannot hold spiritual communion with inexorable fate. The revelation of Jesus was never so indispensable as just now. "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

"It sufficeth us." Yes, and no. It might not suffice us to know God as Father; it does suffice as Christ has shown him. The Athenian notion of God's fatherhood did not suffice. "We are also his offspring" is a noble but incomplete sentiment. We must know such fatherhood as Jesus revealed, and such fellowship as he established, and such assurance as he made real, and this sufficeth us.

Then Jesus told them more of his impending departure. He was, indeed, to go from them, but was still to be with them, and they were to have him ever present, in the continued guidance of the Spirit, perpetuating and widening his own presence. Of the Spirit he promised, "He shall declare unto you the things that are to come."

The promise that the Spirit shall show us things to come is not a promise of ability to foretell the future. Rather it means, "He shall interpret to you things as they come." If our Lord's promise were simply that things were to be revealed in advance, it is easy to imagine that he himself might have told them in advance instead of reserving them, as he expressly did, saying, "I have many things to say unto you." If foretelling were the Spirit's one office, then the many things which Jesus had to say he might conceivably have said, even though the disciples doubtless were not able to bear them, waiting till such time as they were ready, and establishing meantime a new proof of the fulfilment of prophecy. Manifestly, the progress of events and the leadings of the Spirit were to be interpretative, and this was the special office of the Spirit.

The need of prescience, in the technical sense of the term, is limited and occasional. The need of insight which is truly prophetic is constant and universal. Once in a long time God may tell a man and commission him to tell his fellow men of the coming destruction of a city. In this way God told Abraham of the coming doom of Sodom, Isaiah of the destruction of Tyre, and Jeremiah of the impending desolation of Jerusalem. But there is daily need that cities shall be preserved from



GETHSEMANE AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

the doom of anarchy, bad government, worldliness and shame, through the ability of living men to interpret the message of the Spirit of God to the world and Church of to-day. Again there rings forth the sevenfold cry of the Apocalypse, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

If inspired men of old could have foreseen, their foresight would often have prevented the realization of their predictions.

The hazard, the uncertainty, has at every step been an important element in determining the event. Among all our blessings, one of the greatest is that we do not know what is to come, and another is that the Spirit interprets the true significance of "things as they come."

We are too readily content with the discovery of an origin. There where our inquiry too commonly ends, it should begin.



OLD OLIVE TREE IN GETHSEMANE

We seem to say that if we may but prove that God in the beginning made the world, we may acquit him of responsibility for it thereafter. But in truth, if the world has no present need of God, the history of its past need is not of any very vital importance. If the original inspiration of the Scriptures made subsequent inspiration superfluous, and they may be utilized without present aid of the Spirit, then it were a fair question

whether such inspiration were not, in the long run, a detriment. But the Bible plainly sets forth that creation is continuous, that inspiration is continuous. If we deny these truths in order that we may exalt a past inspiration or glory in a completed creation, we add nothing to God's glory, but rather deny him the glory of a creative work even now but begun, and a revelation by his Spirit which can never be complete till the last redeemed soul has learned its final lesson in



ON THE WAY TO GETHSEMANE—(C. SCHONHERR)

a world beyond. We still are guided by the Spirit interpreting to us things as they come.

Jesus talked long with the disciples in the upper room. He prayed with them, too, and earnestly. And then, when the night was at the midnight hour, and the full paschal moon shone down from the meridian, he and the disciples passed out into the silent streets, and into the garden, hitherto the scene of his rest and prayer, and now to be the scene of his agony and betrayal.

CHAPTER XL

JESUS AMONG HIS ENEMIES

The Greeks and Latins point to different gardens as that of Gethsemane, but the original garden must have been larger than either, and may have included both. The Latin Gethsemane is that most commonly visited by American tourists. It is more of a garden and would be a sadly inspiring place but for the tawdry shrines, the manifest imposition, and the coarse attempt to localize each incident of the agony. There are eight old olive trees whose antiquity needs no certificate, but which cannot be nineteen hundred years old, though they are possibly half that age. Here, or in some garden close at hand, near the road to Bethany over the Mount of Olives, Jesus suffered and was betrayed.

Wearied and overborne with sorrow, the disciples slept, but Jesus struggled with the question whether it might be possible for God in some other way to accomplish the world's salvation. Through the night came the soldiers, their torches flashing amid the trees. They went not far into the garden; he who was in hiding there came forth to meet them. Then Peter struck his blow, and, bewildered at Christ's rebuke, ran with the rest; and Judas, having done his devilish work, slunk off in the night, leaving Jesus alone among his enemies.

Jesus endured a sevenfold trial. First, he was taken to Annas, father-in-law of the high-priest, and owner of the dove hatcheries whose sales to the temple Jesus had twice obstructed. He had been leader in this dastardly scheme, and to his house, by preconcerted arrangement, the officers took Jesus. Peter followed, and so did John; and as John had acquaintances in the family, he obtained admission, and later, seeing Peter at the door, went out and brought him in. Jesus

had his informal examination before Annas, and then they led him across the court to Caiaphas, the high-priest, and passing Peter on the way, just as Peter—alas, poor Peter!—was denying him. What a look of sorrow was that which Jesus gave him, as, bound and insulted, he was led by, and Peter, the brave, the resolute, the boastful, lifted up his voice only to



JESUS IN GETHSEMANE—(LISKA)

deny him! Is it any wonder that Peter went out and wept bitterly? The arraignment was soon over, and Jesus was held to appear before the Sanhedrin, which was hastily convened in illegal session before daylight. Meantime his enemies hurriedly gathered evidence against him. They nearly failed of this; they had conducted their plan of capture with so much

of secrecy that they had not fortified themselves with evidence for the trial, and their witnesses did not agree. But by diligent effort they were able to procure witnesses who testified that Jesus had threatened to destroy the temple and rebuild it in three days. Even this was less than they wished, and the high-priest demanded of Jesus, "Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee? But he held his peace, and answered nothing. Again the high priest



THE DENIAL OF PETER—(HARRACH)

asked him, and saith unto him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven. And the high priest rent his clothes, and saith, What further need have we of witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy: what think ye? And they all condemned him to be worthy of death" (Mark 14: 60-64). When daylight came they convened in formal session and ratified the action already determined.

But the Jews could not execute a death sentence, so they sent Jesus to Pilate. The charge of blasphemy, on which they had condemned him, was not one to which Pilate would give attention, so they at first demanded that their verdict should be approved without a review of the evidence. When Pilate



CHRIST BEFORE PILATE—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

insisted on the accusation, they charged him with stirring up an insurrection. Pilate was not convinced, and finding that Jesus was from Galilee, he endeavored to evade responsibility and at the same time to show courtesy to Herod, with whom he had been on bad terms, by giving Jesus a change of venue; so he waived jurisdiction and sent him to Herod.

Herod was pleased to see Jesus, and at once invited him to perform a miracle for his amusement. In this he was disappointed, for Jesus stood silent before him, and Herod remanded him to Pilate for formal trial.

Pilate was at his wits' end. He did not want to crucify Jesus; he did not believe him guilty. He attempted to discharge him by resort to an old custom by which a single criminal was set at liberty at the time of the passover. But the



CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM—(DORE, 1833-1883)

people, urged by the priests, demanded the release of Barabbas, a well known insurrectionist, instead. Pilate was tempted to defy the priests and people and set Jesus at liberty, but the priests threatened to do, what later they did, report him to Rome and secure his removal; and they had a plausible charge, "If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend: every one that maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar" (John 19: 12). This was the threat that Pilate could not bear. He declared that the responsibility was theirs, not his, and he sentenced Jesus to be crucified.

After the trial and condemnation, according to the custom of the time, they laid the cross on Jesus to bear it to the place of execution. Upon the back where the cruel scourge had done its wicked work, was laid the rough and heavy beam. Jesus had passed a sleepless night, without food, amid scenes and experiences most harrowing to the feelings, and following, as it did, a week of the most intense excitement and



THE SORROWFUL WAY

fatigue. He now came to the dread hour with strength exhausted, though with faith triumphant. See him as he goes forth from Pilate's judgment hall bearing the cruel cross. Heavy is the load, yet he bears it uncomplainingly. But he bears it with failing human strength. No smallest particle of his divine power avails to lighten in the remotest degree that crushing load. That power, so ready to relieve the suffering

or even to add to the pleasure of others, is impotent in his own behalf. He saved others; himself he cannot save. Alone he treads the wine-press; alone he bears on his heart the sorrows and sins of the world.

As the sad procession slowly wends its way out of the city, and ere it yet has passed the gates, the step grows more feeble, the form bends lower, the strength ebbs away. He falls behind the malefactors as they are hurried along. The crowd hoots in derision; the soldiers command him to move on and keep up with the others. He makes the effort; he staggers ahead; he reels; he falls in the street, and still relentlessly there lies on his prostrate form the weight of that accursed burden. Will not God lift it? Has divine pity no compassion now? Will no one remove it? Are human and divine sympathies alike dead? The women of Jerusalem have for years provided by subscription for the purchase of wine and myrrh for all who are crucified, that by partial stupefaction they may be relieved of some part of the anguish of the crucifixion. Some of these now drop tears of sympathy as they see him sink beneath the cross. But has the heart of man no sympathy, that there is none with strong arms as well as tender heart to lift the cross and bear it for him to Calvary?

Yet, if pity did not lighten Jesus' burden, impatience at the delay did. The soldiers were in a hurry. The Jews were anxious to get back to the feast. Clearly the strength of Jesus was unequal to the load; some one must be found to bear his burden. Here came a foreigner. Neither by the Jews nor Romans were the foreigners held in high esteem. Let him bear it. And bear it he did.

In what spirit did Simon bear the cross? He was indignant, no doubt, at the disgrace. He had a right to be. He smarted under a sense of injustice. What had he done, a peaceable visitor to Jerusalem, that he should be treated as the companion of a criminal? The reproaches of the Lord came on him with the burden, and now and again he was struck by the flying missiles that passed over the bent form of Christ. Ah, Simon, didst thou but know it, the highest archangel in

heaven would count it eternal honor to descend to earth and take thy burden on his back! Yet it is reserved for thee to be remembered forever as the man who in the hour of his dire extremity lightened the Saviour's load! No apostle, no future leader of the Church has thy privilege to-day. Not



CRUCIFIXION—(BOUGUEREAU, 1825—)

Simon Peter but the Cyrenian, a foreigner and a heathen, is honored with that sad but glorious privilege. O Simon, do not underestimate the honor of this hour! It is thine to minister to One who needs, oh, how sadly, human companionship! He longed for it last night when he found his disciples sleeping. He longed for it as amid the indignities of the trial and the guard-

room, looking from face to face to find one that showed sympathy. He looks to heaven for it, and the crowd cries, "Let be; let us see whether Elijah will come unto him." God will not send Elijah, though Elijah would gladly come, but he has sent Simon. Be careful, Simon, lest thou esteem as a disgrace the crowning honor of thy life! That which at this moment is thy shame shall be thy name's patent to immortality!

There is some reason to think that Simon was impressed with the sense of his real service. Whether by the mien of the Man of sorrows, his heart was touched like that of the penitent seditious on the cross, or whether he later learned for whom he had borne the cross, there is a distinct tradition by no means improbable, that Simon became an early convert to Christianity. The fact that the evangelists knew him, and not only him but his sons, and assumed that their readers, or some of them, would know his sons and be interested in the fact that it was the father of Rufus and Alexander who bore the cross, lends no little support to this tradition. Let us gladly believe, and we may believe, that Simon did not despise his privilege, but counted it an honor that he had borne the cross for Jesus.

Seven times during the six hours of crucifixion, Jesus spoke.

The first word was at nine o'clock when he prayed for the soldiers who nailed him to the tree, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" (Luke 23: 34).

The second word from the cross was the answer to the penitent robber, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise" (Luke 23: 43).

The third word, as darkness settled over the city, was that of tender care for his mother, "When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold, thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold, thy mother!" (John 19: 26, 27.)

The fourth utterance of Jesus was the cry of agony and human suffering, the cry, possibly, of temporary uncertainty and doubt, yet of heroic faith in God. "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama

sabachthani? that is, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. 27: 46.)

The fifth word from the cross was caused by the fever and loss of blood. "I thirst" (John 19: 28).

The sixth word of Jesus just before he died, was, "It is finished" (John 19: 30).

The seventh and last word of the Saviour on the cross was, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke 23: 46).

So dragged the leaden hours from nine till three, and Jesus



THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS—JERUSALEM

was dead. The priests had their way; the mob triumphed; Jesus died upon the cross. But from that day the cross became the scepter in the hand of God for the ruling of the world by love—the love of God in Christ.

Jesus had not lacked a voice raised in his behalf. Nicodemus had protested—had done his utmost to prevent the murderous deed. Now Nicodemus came with Joseph of Arimathæa, and the precious body of the Son of God, wrapped in clean linen, and embalmed in a hundred weight of spices, is laid in a new tomb in the garden.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has long been supposed to cover the spot of the crucifixion and the tomb of Christ. The surroundings are most unsuitable, and the evidence is thoroughly unsatisfactory. There is the best of reason to believe, and modern discoveries have made it all but certain, that the site of the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre at the time of the crucifixion was within the walls of Jerusalem.

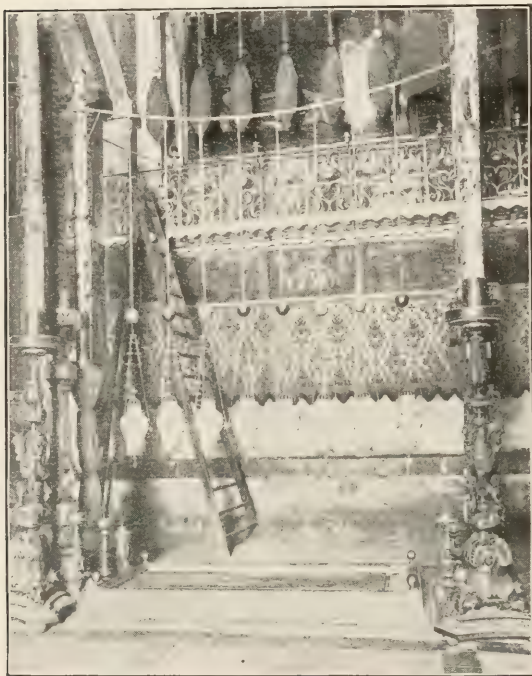


THE ENTOMBMENT—(PERUGINO, 1446-1524)

The evidence is far more favorable to the "New Calvary," sometimes, and, most unhappily, known as "Gordon's Calvary," just north of the Damascus gate. Here at the time of my own visit, we held a service one Sunday morning in spring, when nature had reproduced the external conditions of the time of the crucifixion. It is of this spot, and not that covered by the church within the walls, and more deeply cov-

ered under superstitions, strifes and unhallowed memories—that we shall think as we sing,

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall;
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

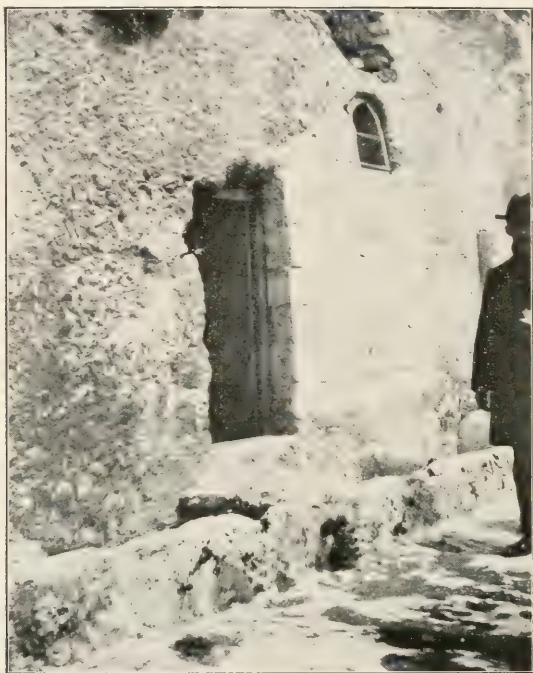


THE STONE OF ANOINTMENT
IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Jesus was dead. The long ripening hostility of the Jews had had its triumph in his complete destruction. His followers were reduced in number from the noisy, ignorant band who cheered his entry into the city, to a handful of Galilæan fishermen, and these had fled dismayed to some corner of Jerusalem where they hid in terror, and sat in stupid inability to realize what had befallen their hopes. With a joy that was too guilty

to remain satisfied, and that contained within it the undefined feeling that in some way their triumph might not last. the Jews made fast the door of the sepulchre. "Make it as sure as ye can," said Pilate, and they made it fast. The seal of Pilate made it secure, and a specially delegated band of soldiery watched through the Sabbath and the night following.

Well might it be asked, Who shall roll away the stone?

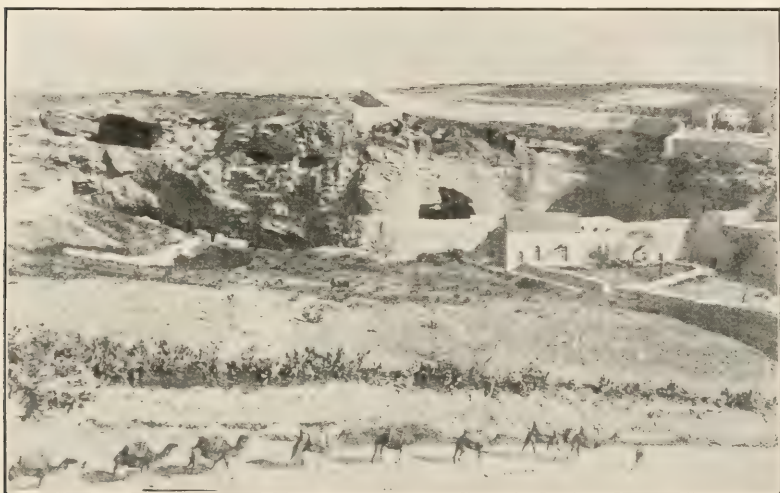


THE TOMB IN THE GARDEN AT CALVARY

Who could do it? Who dared do it? The dangerous man who for three years had disturbed the peace of Jerusalem was behind that stone, dead, and his cause was dead with him.

It is written in the second Psalm that after wicked men have done their worst against God, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." God held in derision all these precautions. There is no tomb that can imprison the life of God.

Under the brow of the New Calvary toward Jerusalem is a garden, and in the garden a tomb. I visited it early on a Sunday morning in springtime. Yonder lay the city, its high wall standing cold and gray and casting its shadow toward us; above rose the green and solemn summit of Calvary; and around us the flowers were blooming in beauty. Sudden and irresistible was the question that presented itself to our minds, Is this the very tomb of Jesus? We do not know the answer; it is better that we do not. But the contrast is marked



"THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY"

between this and the tomb within the city. There is no superstition here, no unseemly strife, no invention of priests. It is a tomb, cold and dark and solemn, and with no tradition to give it spurious sanctity. With reverent feet we walked away, leaving the hush of the Sunday calm unbroken. But the garden and its tomb and the flowers and the sun all combined to interpret anew the story of the entombment in the garden. It is better that no tradition marks the spot, and no shrine rises above it: the worshiper may look within the tomb and say, "He is not here, but is risen as he saith."

CHAPTER XLI

EASTER

If the gospel story had ended with the crucifixion, the Bible would have been the saddest of books. We could not say even then that Christ's life had been a failure; no good life wholly fails. But we should be left to feel the awful fact that men had killed the best friend of humanity, and no act of God restrained them or undid their work. The constructive plan of the centuries would have met destruction in a day. The fearful crime of a mob in one brief hour would have stood as the deliberate choice of humanity for all the ages, crucifying its King. But God knew that that mad act did not represent the world's final verdict. Jesus, risen from the dead and manifest to the world, shall yet be hailed as King of kings, and Lord of lords.

The sun emerged that Sunday morning in April from the blackest cloud that ever hid the face of heaven. The earth had risen from the death of winter, and, clad in its resurrection robe of green, greeted the resurrection morning. New life, new hope, throbbed in earth and sky, thrilling every bud and blade and blossom with the tidings of the resurrection, giving tune to the song of every bird as it caroled of God's new life for men. Through all this chorus of beauty, this vision of heaven on earth, the women walked sadly to the tomb, wondering who would roll away the stone. They were seeking the body of the dead Christ. But, O Mary of Magdala, groping thy way to the sepulchre in the shadows of a strange city, bearing spices to anoint the Lord's body, the other Mary who anointed him while living, has done thy work for thee; and God will anoint him this morning with the oil of coronation, declaring him to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection of the dead! O ye devoted women, the

last to leave his pierced body, and the first to seek it, take back your spices and balm; for God has this day a balm for heavy hearts in all ages to come. Nor ask wonderingly who shall roll away the stone, nor regret too late that ye did not waken Peter from his heavy slumber; a message more glad



EASTER MORNING—(BOUGUEREAU, 1825—)

shall waken him and the world, and a heavy stone shall be rolled this day from the tomb of sorrow and despair! Hasten, O ye faithful women, for the sun is about to rise! Be there ere the day break and the shadows flee away; yet before you arrive at the tomb, the Sun of righteousness will have risen on the hearts of men with healing in his wings. Here is the garden,

and yonder is the tomb; but the stone is rolled away, and light breaks from the dark recesses of the cave. Hasten, and tell his disciples and the world! Run, for never messengers bore to men such tidings! Wake and hear it, ye sorrowing disciples; wake and answer it with your flowers and songs, O earth of the Easter sunrise! He is risen! He is risen!

The resurrection story was no forethought of the disciples. They were not anticipating it. It was no clever ruse on their part, nor was it a delusion born of their hope. They had no hope to give birth to such a dream; no courage to proclaim



MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE—(E. BURNE-JONES)

it; no motive to originate a fraud for the sake of dying for it.

Nor was the resurrection story an afterthought of the disciples. The story did not originate years afterward in another place. It sprang into being at the mouth of that empty sepulchre whose door stood removed, allowing all in search of evidence to peer into the dark void beyond. The resurrection story is no myth. The stone was rolled away—the women did not move it. If they could have moved the stone they could not have moved the world as the risen Christ has done.

There are times when love is a safer guide than cold intellect. There are things that are better understood by the heart of

affection than the brain of reason. True, every proposition of revelation must be tested by reason. Reach out thy finger, Reason, and put it into the nail prints in the hand of historic Truth. Stretch forth thy hand, Reason, and place it in the side of revealed Verity. But there are chasms which Reason cannot leap, on the other side of which Faith stands with sure footing. For He who made our hearts with these hopes, has appointed also our destiny, whatever it may be, and if he be



HE IS RISEN!—(TOJETTI, 1849—)

good, he has not made our hopes to mock us. Human faith in immortality is too serious a matter for even God to trifle with. The human soul has rights not of its own choosing, but rights that belong to its very being. Reverently let us say that the soul has rights which even its Creator is bound by the laws of his own being, by his obligation to his own virtue, to respect. Reason tells us this. But reason has for its data facts other than those which inhere in reason. It has our

hopes, our affections. Peter and James and John reason the matter out, and so far as they are able to reach a conclusion, see no ground for hope. Neither does Mary see ground for hope, but the love that brings her to the tomb to weep and to anoint her Lord's body, proves a safer guide than the mere reason that sits in the shadow of its sorrow and waits in stupid silence. Reason thinks of the mob, the whip, the cross, and sees the stone at the door. Faith sees behind the stone an opportunity for love still further to manifest itself, and going to the tomb it meets the Lord in the garden. The man who



PETER AND JOHN RUNNING TO THE SEPULCHRE—(EUGENE BURNAUD)

smiles complacently at the faith of his wife, the affection which seems so inferior to his clear syllogisms, may not himself have so safe a guide.

I do not decry reason. God's appeal is to the reason of men. If ancient history has any fact better proved by testimony than the resurrection of Christ, let Reason speak. Here Faith challenges Reason to do its best or worst. We can afford to feel her cold finger probing the tender flesh where the nails made their awful rent, but we cannot afford to be deceived about it. But we need more than reason. Even rea-

son has its limitations. Reason cannot prove as a universal truth that a straight line is the shortest possible distance between two points. No process of reasoning will prove that forever and ever two and two must be four. The things that we most certainly know are the things that we cannot prove. We cannot prove our own existence. We cannot prove that the world was created before yesterday. We cannot prove that



THE WALK TO EMMAUS—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

the whole is greater than any of its parts. But these things, which reason cannot prove, reason accepts as fundamental truths. In all reasoning concerning God and our relations to him, the affections and hopes of men are material for sound logic. Reason must not exclude such evidence. Why did God give us these hopes, he being good, if not to ratify them? why this affection which death does not end, if death must at last end all?

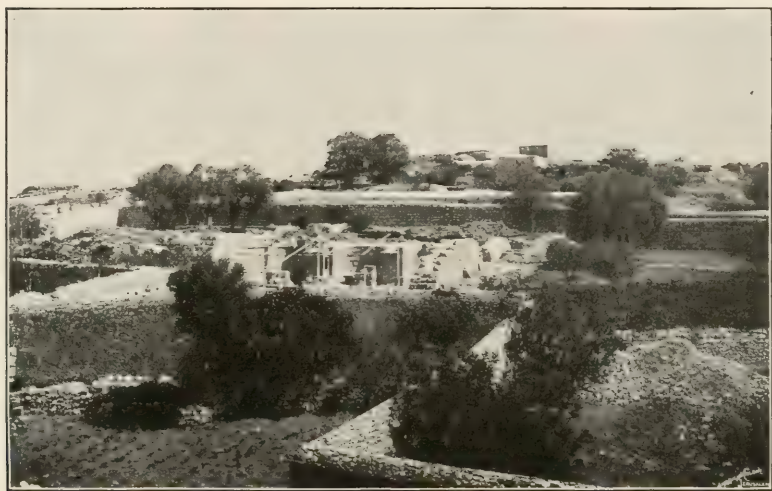
He who trusts in God and believes in the gospel of the risen Christ, has a firm footing for his faith. He stands on historic truth. He stands on the supreme manifestation of the power of God exhibited for human redemption. He stands secure on the rock of firm reason. He stands on the hopes that are God-given and universal. He who suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, rose from the dead the third day and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty. Faith can have no surer footing than this central, sublime truth.

The news of the resurrection spread, but found the disciples everywhere incredulous. Peter and John ran quickly to the sepulchre, and found it empty.

That afternoon two of the disciples were walking to Emmaus when Jesus appeared, and walked with them. What would we not give for a full record of that conversation that caused their hearts to burn within them! They came to their stopping-place and invited him in. They sat at meat and the guest became host, and as he lifted his eyes to heaven to bless the humble meal, they knew their Lord.

We are not certain of the site of Emmaus. The name is preserved in Amwas, a village twenty miles from Jerusalem toward Jaffa. The village of Kulonia, which is commonly shown as Emmaus, is as much too near as Amwas is too far removed. The village of Kubebeh is about the right distance, which Luke gives as three-score furlongs, or seven and a half miles, but the tradition in its favor goes back only to the fifteenth century. All these are west or northwest of Jerusalem, in which direction Emmaus has been assumed to lie. Luke says nothing about the direction; and unless we accept the reading in the Sinaitic manuscript, of 160 stadia instead of 60, in which case Amwas would be the place, we must abandon all of these. Twenty miles would have been a long walk to begin in the afternoon, and the two disciples, starting back at sunset, would hardly have expected to find the disciples in Jerusalem assembled on their return. The explorations of Colonel Conder resulted in the discovery of a more probable

site, southwest, and in the general region of Bethlehem. The modern name is Khamasa, which is a possible corruption of Emmaus. It would be interesting to know that Jesus on this day of his resurrection walked, with feet wounded, but no longer weary, over the same road along which Mary carried him in her arms as a little child. Risen from the dead, he left the bloody city behind him, and walked in the afternoon of that spring Sunday toward the place of his birth. So far as we know, Jesus had never trodden the road in all the more than thirty years since then. Somewhere on the way back the



KUBEBEH, THE EMMAUS OF THE CRUSADERS

disciples passed Jesus, for he left Emmaus before them, and arrived in Jerusalem after them. It is no wonder that they did not see him, for they were in haste, and it was getting dark, and Jesus wished to be hidden from them. Somewhere on the way he paused and let them go by. I wonder if he withdrew a little from the road at its fork near Rachel's tomb, and while they hurried by, intent on telling what they had just seen and heard, he rested and meditated by the way. The lights were appearing in Bethlehem, in plain sight yonder on the hill; and the lights were appearing in heaven above it.

I wonder if he did not sit for a half hour and think of the time when the bright star stood at rest above his cradle there, and of the many wonderful things that had happened in the more than thirty intervening years. Then he had come, a helpless infant, through the gates of birth, into the humble life of a peasant home; now he had emerged in glory through the broken gates of death, and walked among men in deathless power. With the two disciples he walked this road to where it forked and led to the right at Rachel's tomb, but the conversation on the way was with the disciples, whose hearts were burning within them, and he was absorbed in their eager quest of truth as he gave it to them. But when he returned to Jerusalem, alone, and in the later hours of the same night, did he not pause in sight of Bethlehem, all silent under the heavens, and think of the night when the star of Bethlehem rained down its light upon the manger where he was born? The years had not been many, but within that third of a century a work had been accomplished which all the centuries to come can only make the more wonderful and full of glory.

The two disciples did not stop to look at Bethlehem, or at anything else. They rose up "that same hour" and returned to Jerusalem. Evidently they had left the city quite early in the afternoon, before the news of the resurrection had been supplemented by the personal testimony of those who had seen Jesus. All that they had heard was that the women had seen a vision of angels saying that Jesus was alive, and that the men who had visited the tomb had found it empty, "but him they saw not." So far as they knew, they themselves were the only ones who had really seen Jesus; and their visit with him confirmed the reports of the morning, which had rather bewildered than comforted them. They forgot the fatigue of their outward walk and the lateness of the hour, though still it was only "toward evening, and the day far spent." The joy of the message they were bearing gave swiftness to their feet. In breathless haste and with bounding hearts they made their way to the city, where they found the disciples assembled. But their message was met with one no less eagerly

told, and no less glad; the Lord had risen, indeed, and had appeared to Simon. So they gladdened each others' hearts with the double assurance that the Lord had really been seen alive, and when their gladness seemed almost complete, yet shrouded in wonder and chastened by the memory of their great sorrow, Jesus himself came among them, and spoke his word of peace.

A week later he came again, and Thomas, who had been absent the first time, was there. I have always been glad



CHRIST AT EMMAUS—(PAUL VERONESE, 1528-1588)

that Thomas doubted; it saves the necessity of our doubting. Thomas was there as the representative of modern critical thought; he would be no party to the publication of a story that might be unfounded; he would know the veritable truth. He carried his doubt too far for his own good, but not too far for ours. And when he knew the truth, he believed and was steadfast.

One mighty and all-inclusive truth inspired the early Church with unflagging courage and unwavering faith in its apparently hopeless task of conquering the world. Upon it hung

the apostles' hope of success in this life and of reward in the life to come. Upon it hung their faith in the divinity of Christ. They believed in the miraculous birth of Christ, but they hung no argument upon it, and we never find Jesus referring to it. When he was asked to give a sign of his divinity, he gave the restoration of the temple of his body after a three days' destruction. The apostles, likewise, when giving their view of the divinity of Christ, tell us that he was declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead. It was Christ risen that raised from the dead the hope of the disciples. It was Christ risen that convinced Thomas. It was Christ risen that conquered Paul, and transformed the malignant persecutor into the serene martyr. It was Christ risen that dismayed the watch at the sepulchre. It was Christ risen that smote the conscience of Jerusalem and brought about the revival at Pentecost. It was the risen Christ that was preached by the early missionaries. It was the vision of the risen Christ at the right hand of God that cheered the dying Stephen. It is the presence of the risen Christ that makes intelligible what else would be the mystery of the conduct of the unlearned and none too courageous disciples when their behavior following the resurrection is contrasted with that which preceded that event. They had seen their Lord alive, and knew of his resurrection, and this gave new significance to all his previous life. We, like them, rest our faith upon the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, and the work of his Spirit since manifest in the world.

The resurrection of Christ is a great historic fact; and it is not an isolated fact. From it as from a fountain have sprung streams of influence which did not break from the earth uncaused. When, a few days after the Jews had put Jesus to death, his disciples appeared, not in Galilee to start a rumor among the ignorant fisherfolk about the Sea of Tiberias, but in Jerusalem, and confronting the very men who had slain Jesus, accused them of crucifying the Son of God, and at the same time affirmed that Jesus had risen from the dead, there was a very simple way of answering them, if Jesus was still

in the grave; it was simply to open the sepulchre in the sight of all Jerusalem and the disciples, and exhibit the decaying body that had been laid there a few days before. There would have been no difficulty about identifying it and the exhibition would have been conclusive evidence that he had been unable to fulfil his prophecy of rising from the dead, and that the disciples



"LORD, I BELIEVE: HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF!"
(C. SCHONHERR)

were imposing upon the people a falsehood when they asserted that he was alive. When Peter arose and quoted the words of the Psalm, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption," he asked, "Was this spoken of David?" and answered, "Surely not, for

David's sepulchre is with us to this day." Why did they not say, "So is the sepulchre of Jesus?" Why did they tremble when Peter talked of that empty tomb? Why did they, among them large numbers of priests and prominent men of Jerusalem, unite with the Church by thousands? If the grave was



JESUS AT EMMAUS—(REMBRANDT, 1607-1669)

not really empty, then the conduct of those men, Jews as well as Christians, conforms to no such laws governing human conduct as those with which we are familiar. If we are able to explain human conduct, we make the history of those days, and of all days since, an enigma, except as we understand the

meaning of that empty tomb. We may accept, if we are willing to rest upon a superficial explanation, the suggestion of Renan that Mary Magdalene's half-crazed brain evoked the vision of the risen Christ. But what about Peter? And what about Thomas? And what about Paul? And what about the five hundred others? And what about Jerusalem, which when



"PEACE BE UNTO YOU"—(KUSTHARDT)

confronted by the empty tomb held its peace for want of explanation?

The supreme proof of the resurrection of Jesus is the resurrection of Christianity. The hope of the world lay dead in that tomb. It came to new life in him, and lives immortal in the life of the world and the hope of heaven.

CHAPTER XLII

THE FORTY DAYS AND THE FUTURE

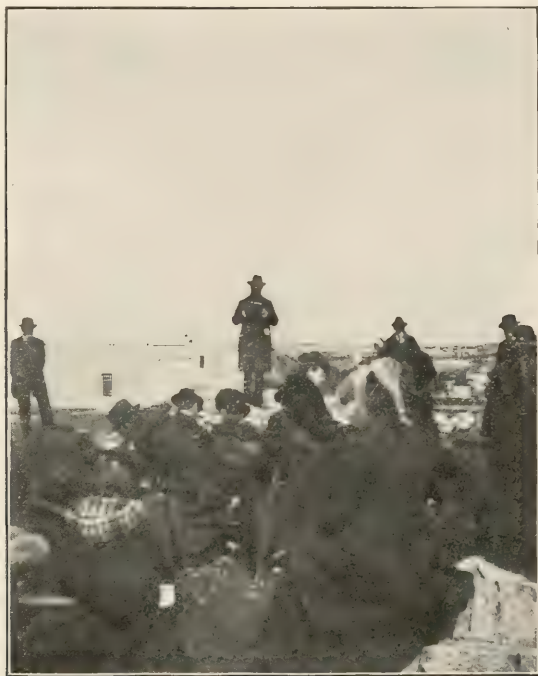
The Lord had risen, and the disciples had seen him, some of them in the garden in the morning, two of them as they walked to Emmaus in the twilight, and ten of them as they sat in the upper room. The next Sunday evening he appeared to them again, and Thomas was with them then, and thank God, thenceforth. Then certain days went by, either there or in Galilee, and the Lord came not. How long they waited we do not know, but it was probably near the end of the forty days when he appeared to them beside the Sea of Galilee. There is an interval of some three weeks, apparently, between the Jerusalem appearances and the two in Galilee. What were the disciples doing and thinking? At some time in the interval they left Jerusalem. The city became intolerable. They were strangers there, countrymen, oppressed by the crowds, as the lonely man in a crowd.

Jerusalem! The city where the Lord was crucified! The city of an apostate religion, of a corrupt hierarchy, of a suborned high court, of a justice maladministered—the very name grew to be hateful to them. John got to calling it “Sodom,” and sometimes modified it to “Egypt.” What Peter called it, we are not told, unless indeed his much disputed “Babylon” may have been an allusion to it. Jerusalem! The city where they stared you out of countenance, and listened to your speech to hear if you were from Galilee, and counted themselves the chosen of the Lord because of the temple whose courts they desecrated with their hypocrisy—let

*This chapter contains matter abridged from my little book “I Go A-Fishing.”

us away from it, to where we can breathe! So they may have said, or felt.

And so they went back to Galilee. Our Lord had told them to go, and that he would meet them there. Did they go because of his command, and were they expecting to meet him? Perhaps so, but three weeks seems long to wait, and when they met the Lord at length, they were not looking for



SERVICE OF AMERICAN PILGRIMS
ON MOUNT CALVARY

him. But Capernaum cannot have been a comfortable place for the disciples. Everybody knew everybody's business there and felt free to ask questions. In Jerusalem they had at least the grace of minding their own business; but in Capernaum every one was full of curious inquiries. What had become of Jesus? What did they think of him now? Did they really credit those silly stories about his resurrection? If he

had risen, where was he? What did they intend to do now? Such questions must have met them on every hand in the little fishing town. Bethsaida was no better, as John and James soon learned; Nathanaël found his own Cana intolerable; and so they got together, seven of them—and Thomas was among them!—resolved to remain together.

The weary days dragged by. There was nothing stirring save the sailing of the little fleet each day, and its looked-for return at night or morning afterward, and the gossip about the size of this or that man's catch and the conjectures about the weather, and the everlasting meddlesome village chit-chat that spared no man's character and stopped at no woman's threshold.

The return of the disciples was a nine days' wonder, no doubt, but even that subject wore out after a while, and the seven lonely, inactive men were left to themselves. There came a time when even an impertinent question would have been a relief, and even a curious stare would have been better than indifference. And all within three weeks!

The place was all so strange to the disciples, yet so familiar, too. Astonishingly familiar, and so little changed! They had lived so much in the last two years, a century could hardly have measured the distance they had gone from their old lives, and yet it was not so far!

They wondered that their old friends had not grown older—they did not seem changed. No one had changed but themselves. Why, a month ago it had seemed impossible for the sun to rise again after the awful cloud hid it on Calvary; but it had risen, and life had gone on, and even that midday darkness was half forgotten already. These events that had burned their image into their own souls—what had these been to other men? Aye, were they not growing a little dim in their own souls? Could they have been mistaken about it? What if the Lord should not come again? What if they had come on a fool's errand, and were waiting for something that was not to come? What if—did they sometimes ask it?—what if they had been mistaken in thinking that it was the Lord they saw?

And here they were back in Capernaum, and the three weeks seemed to draw a veil over it all. It seemed so remote—and fishing grew more real.

I wonder how it came about—how they had been spending the intervening Sabbaths and Sundays. The Sabbaths, no



JOHN AND THE MOTHER OF JESUS—(DOBSON)

doubt, they had spent in the little synagogue with the village worshipers, but no one else felt what they felt of yearning and soul hunger in that place where the Lord had spoken and wrought his blessed works. Still, they had something in common there with the life of other Jews, and the Sabbaths were

not the hardest days. The hardest days may have been the Sundays. For each Sabbath they were saying, "To-morrow our Lord may come to us again," and they shut themselves up in Peter's house where the Lord had been with them so often, and waited and prayed. The day drew to a close—he did not come. "But," they said, "it was evening when he came before," so they waited far into the night till they grew weary with watching and the lamp burned low, and one by one they went to sleep.

Thus passed one Sunday, and the next, and still another. Three Sabbaths of quickened anticipation, three Sundays of watching and prayer, three nights of weary waiting, three weeks of disappointment. Perhaps it came about just after one of those Sundays. The rest of the village had worked, of course, that day, having rested on the Sabbath, like honest Jews. They had washed their nets on Sunday morning, and put off that evening just as the sun went down, and now were coming in, perhaps, with boat-loads of fish, as the disciples, red-eyed and haggard, came forth from their vigil and bathed their weary faces in the cool waters of the lake. In came Peter's boat with the rest and the man to whom Peter had loaned it brought it in shore and gathered his catch and carried it to market. Peter felt his soul rising within him, and he walked quickly up to his old friend and said, "I'll use that boat myself to-night, if you please," and the man gave it up with reluctance and surprise; he had come to think he owned it. Then Peter walked home with a brisk step and reported. "I go a-fishing!" he exclaimed, and with eager voice they cried, "We also go with thee."

They needed the change, poor fellows, and they needed the exercise. Such souls were not made for inactivity. Moreover, they needed the money. Judas had kept the bag and its contents, and they had been living in the city, and Capernaum was not minded to board seven strong fellows for nothing. Yes, it was time for them to do something. It was well for them to go a-fishing. That day new impulse came into their lives, a healthy, normal reaction from enforced idleness. But reactions have their perils.

Oh, the joy of that voyage, with sails all set, and every reef shaken out! How Peter's eye brightened as he headed a point nearer the wind, and found that his strong right hand on the tiller had not lost its cunning! How they almost shouted for joy as the white spray flew over the bow and smote them with saucy hilarity in the face! Oh, the blue of the sky above, and



THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION

the blue of the wave beneath! and the glory of the sunset, and the solemn quiet of the twilight, when heaven draws nearer the hearts of men than during the busy day!

And Peter rejoiced. Out from the din and strife of the city, out from the gossip and impertinence of the village, out under the dome of the blue sky, and on the exultant breast of the blue lake. O Peter, I rejoice with you, and tremble for you!

There was much to remind Peter of other experiences in that vessel. In the bow of that same boat the Lord had sat and preached to the multitude on the shore. Here in the stern he had lain asleep in the storm, and there on the narrow deck he had stood and rebuked the wind. What manner of man was this, that even the wind and the sea obeyed him? Men differed in their opinions; Peter had spoken his own fearlessly, heartily, but this was oh, so long ago, and so much had happened since then!

Then they set to work at the fishing, and at first they worked so eagerly, so nervously, they had no luck. It would go better soon, perhaps, they said, and what were Peter's visions of a great catch, a re-established business, an announcement through such trade channels as Capernaum boasted, that he was to be found at the old stand, and six hale, able fellows with him in the syndicate!

Peter was his own master to-day. It was such a change from yesterday and last year! Oh, the joy of freedom! Oh, the pleasure of getting away from men! After all, why had they ever deluded themselves? What was all this thought of a kingdom in which they should hold high place? The kingdom had not come; it was not coming. Down deep in his soul did Peter half say this? I sometimes fear that if Peter and his friends had met success when they first began to fish that night, had sailed home in the early dusk, had marketed their wares, had made their eager plans for the next night, and gone to sleep, had slept as men sleep who have fished and caught and hope to fish again, they might not have seen the Lord.

Along the shore in the early morning wandered a solitary figure. Slowly he walked and with something of sadness, yet there was in the virile step something of the stride of the conqueror. Now he looked out over the black waters where no other eye could discern an object, and seemed to rest his gaze on something far out on the wave. Then he turned to the shore and looked from one to another of the few little fishing cabins in sight, till he found one that had a light. It still lacked something of early dawn, but a fisher's wife had risen,

and was preparing her husband's breakfast against his setting out for early fishing, or his return from a night's labor. Thither, perhaps, the wanderer bent his steps, and stood at the door and knocked. An early knock with a request for fire was nothing unusual, and this was what he asked—a brand, and it was given, no doubt willingly. We need not force into the narrative any greater miracle than that of the world-wide humanity, from which springs a readiness to bestow, whenever asked, the common needs that cost least and count for most.



THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM BETHPHAGE

A loaf and a fish were not great things to ask or receive, and these he either obtained for the asking or had brought with him from some other home. Perhaps some fisher and his wife that morning ate their own morsel with greater content because they had shared it with a stranger; perhaps the fire on their own hearth gleamed the brighter because they had given him a coal.

Down by the shore the Master stood, and swung his brand till the end grew red. Then he gathered driftwood from the

shore and laid across, the slivers first and then the sticks, and blew the coal into flame. With the same breath he had fanned into feeble flame the faith of the disciples in the upper room, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." In all the record of the gospels there is no more beautiful, touching, impressive picture than that of the risen Lord sheltering that flame with the hands that had been nailed to the cross. In the glory of the complete sacrifice he who had tasted death for every man, still ministering and not ministered unto, counted it not beneath him to stoop above the fire and cook his disciples' breakfast.

"The disciples knew not that it was Jesus," but they saw the light, and made slowly for it. Even so, I sometimes dare to hope, steer many men to-day, toward a light they cannot choose but see, on a shore toward which they would but sail, but alas, they are so busy with their fishing! O fishers of fish, of dry goods, of merchandise, of stocks and bonds, watch the shore as well as the sea! Yonder stands the Master! O ye fishers of fish, of bank accounts and worldly honor, ye men of business and of care, pass not too heedlessly the light and the voice on the shore! It is your risen Lord who calls to you!

There is no fact harder to understand as we read the stories of the resurrection than the repeated instances in which the disciples failed to recognize the Lord. We might think that the failure to identify him resulted from some change in himself; but we are quite familiar with analogous experiences. Certainly, for that night, they had forgotten to look for him. Was it because hitherto he had come to them on Sunday? Did they think it out of character for him to come to them while fishing? If so their error has its modern representatives. There are quite too many people who look for the Lord on Sunday only, and in worship to the exclusion of work. In one of the newly discovered "Sayings of our Lord," is one at least whose genuineness I should like to see established, "Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me: cleave the wood, and there am

I." "Where two or three are met together" in worship or in work in his Spirit, there is he.

If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.

The disciples who had waited in vain all the long Sabbath for him discovered him while fishing.



THE ASCENSION—(BIERMANN)

When Peter knew the Lord, he leaped in and swam ashore, and the rest followed more slowly. Then Peter turned back and pulled the net ashore, and began to count the fish. There was a little delay, for, while the Lord had breakfast ready, there was not enough for eight, and they had to prepare some of the newly caught fish. Then they had breakfast; but Peter, who had been so eager to get ashore, was constrained and ill at ease

with the rest, and sat in his wet clothes counting the fish. John kept tally on the count. There were a hundred and fifty-three. It was a famous catch. But Jesus interrupted Peter's count by asking, "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?" There are learned discussions about the two words used for love, and others about the comparison "more than these." More than what?

I think—and a few people agree with this interpretation—that what our Lord meant was, "Lovest thou me more than thou lovest these fish?"

The ready objection to this view is, that it cheapens the whole conversation to compare the love of Peter for Christ to his love for a boat-load of fish. Fish seem very paltry to us after several centuries. It is easy for us to set a low valuation upon Peter's fish.

But those fish were Peter's stock in trade. They represented his cash investment in his new enterprise, his hopes of a livelihood, his love of freedom—all these. If he remained a fisherman he might gird himself and go where he liked; if he loved Christ "more than these," another would gird him and lead him whither he would not.

Once Peter could have answered the question instantly and without reservation, but he knew better now what "more than these" meant. He had learned the lesson of the cross. To leave all and follow Christ meant no kingdom, no seat at the right hand of an earthly prince—all the visions had faded which possessed his mind when he first left all to follow Christ. Back of the question waited an ominous hint that by his death he was to glorify God. This was very different from Peter's thought when he first became a follower of the Master, and he thought of the fish again and yet again before his answer implied all that Jesus meant in the question.

Ah, those fish—a hundred and fifty-three fine speckled beauties! Peter had already roughly calculated their value in Capernaum. He could hardly keep his eyes off them while the Lord was talking.

Peter loved Jesus, and said so, but he did not say, "more than these." The second time Jesus dropped the comparison, and the third time he used Peter's word for love. The two found common ground at length in Peter's understanding that truly to love Christ at all, and love him as Christ, he must love him more than all else. Peter was grieved because the Lord asked him three times; the Lord was grieved, perhaps, because it was necessary to ask him so often.

It is not necessary to prove that the fish were stale. It is not necessary to prove all things evil per se which we must give up for Christ's sake. The fish were doubtless very good fish, but they were only fish, and our fish are small and poor in comparison of what should be our love for him. Lovest thou thy Lord more than these?

Peter realized at last that to love Jesus more than he loved his business and his plans in life precluded his ever being a fisherman again. Not even to be a fisher of men was he now called, but to shepherd the Lord's lambs and tend his sheep.

Again Jesus turned to Peter and said, "Follow me." He had said it before, but it meant far more now. Peter was not happy in his distinction. To follow Christ meant the cross, perhaps, a cross certainly. Was he the only one to bear a cross? He turned to John and asked, "What shall this man do?" and Jesus seemed to all who heard to say that John, unlike Peter, was to "tarry till I come." Not to live forever, as John explains, but to "tarry till I come." This is not the place to discuss the question whether John lived to see any "coming of the Lord" which Peter's earlier death prevented. Certainly it must have meant something by a distinction which must inevitably be misunderstood unless by it he intended a promise. It is next to impossible that he chose a method so cumbrous and so liable, so certain, to be misunderstood, if all he meant was that Peter was to attend to his own business. The disciples understod it as a promise to John, and a warning to Peter, and Peter lived in anticipation of glorifying God by his death. There in the sunrise of that May morning by the lake, Peter discovered in the face of the risen Christ the

true glory of a life of service. John lived to serve him long after Peter was dead; but Peter followed Christ, as of old he had promised, "to prison and to death."

A few days later our Lord met his disciples in Jerusalem. What he said is not recorded; but his message can hardly have been other than the last words given them in Galilee, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28: 19, 20). That promise he has fulfilled in his abiding presence in the life of men—and he abides the greatest living power for good in human life.

Having given his last message to his disciples, our Lord led them out again away from Jerusalem, past Calvary, past Gethsemane, and up on the top of the Mount of Olives until Bethany lay below them and Jerusalem was in the distance. Then he lifted his hands and blessed them, and while he blessed them, he was carried into heaven.

I saw a beautiful sight one day as I journeyed from Jerusalem to the Jordan. It was raining in Jerusalem and westward over the sea, but the sun was shining in the wilderness and far beyond Jordan. As we passed Bethany the rain grew lighter, and after a mile or two we traveled over dry roads, the sun shining clear before us, while the dense clouds blackened the west.

Soon the rainbow became visible—there is always a rainbow at the edge of the storm—and grew brighter as we came more into the sunshine. Our road wound down the mountain, making curve below curve, each time taking us into the shadow, each time bringing us into brighter sunshine, and the bow above brightened and doubled and trebled. There it was, a clear, triple rainbow, and it hung above the Mount of Olives, encircling the spot where Jesus last stood before he ascended to the Father, the more really to be with us always. A score of others saw it, my companions in the journey, and to each one it was the symbol of glorious hope.

Not Olivet only, where last his feet pressed the soil of earth, but the whole world is under that triple arch of faith, hope and love. Above the world, forever glorified by the human footsteps of Jesus of Nazareth, rises in triple splendor that arch whose keystone is in heaven, and whose pillars are the sure promises of God.



HE IS RISEN!—(ENDER, 1793-1854)



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JESUS OF NAZARETH

PART II

THE CHRIST OF ART

JESUS OF NAZARETH AS ART REVEALS HIM

I—ART AND LITERATURE

In some of their aspects the treatment of religious themes in art and in literature is fairly parallel; and so far forth the paintings of any period in church history have their best interpretation in the literature of the time. But there have been ages in which the brush was active and the pen was idle, save as it made a few copies of old parchments; the houses of the people were bare of books, but the walls of the churches were hung high with paintings, and decorated with religious frescoes. On the other hand, the Puritan movement affords an illustration of an epoch rich in literature, but until the present almost barren of art.

Literature is more diversified than painting. It embraces philosophy and poetry, science and speculation, archæology and metaphysics. Whatever of conviction or emotion, of logical certainty or of vague wonder, can be expressed in words can also be reduced to writing, and thus become literature. Art, however, is compassed about by limitations. It can express only so much as it can embody in some rigid form, paint on a flat surface, or carve out of stone. It has neither speech nor motion. As compared with literature it is in fetters. As between art and literature, literature is incomparably the greater. The Bible is literature, and, excepting the poetry of the Psalms and the prophets, is literature whose charm and convincing power are chiefly in the artlessness and simplicity of the narrative. There were ages in which the Bible of the people was largely the pictures on the walls of the churches:

and those ages illustrate the sad limitations of art. The record of the life on earth of the Son of God is preserved for us in a book, and a book without contemporary illustrations.

Art has some advantages over literature, as well as limitations. Some of the limitations are themselves advantages. Art may be reverently wise above what is written. It repro-



THE ANNUNCIATION—(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

duces the carpenter shop of Joseph, and creates a form which takes its place in the imagination of the Church as his; it enters the chamber of the Virgin, and stands alone with her and the angel at the annunciation; it halts not because the creeds of the Church have no consistent doctrine of angels, but paints a sky full of them, singing above the manger of Bethlehem; it gathers out of oblivion the unrecorded details of the flight

into Egypt; it fasts with Christ in the wilderness; it watches with him in the garden while the disciples sleep; it enters the tomb with him; it is with him in the resurrection; it parts the very clouds for him to ascend into heaven.

All this art does reverently, beautifully, helpfully; much of this literature can do clumsily, if at all. Literature ever insists



MADONNA AND CHILD—(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

on thrusting its pen, if not its finger, into the historic nail prints; but Art says, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," and we forget to begin our awe-struck and reverent inspection with a "Credo." Therein is art the freer, and so far forth the truer, interpreter of popular thought.

Art has another advantage, and this in its limitation. It can never make its hero an abstraction. Literature is able to

dwell upon a given attribute till its character ceases to be a living man, and becomes a quality. But art cannot do so, and if it could it dare not. If it paints Christ at all, it must make him more than an elusive dogma. It must put him into the picture, bodily and visibly; it cannot conceal him, but must



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT
(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

reveal him, face and figure. It dare not put him into the background, nor hide him in the shadows of theological speculation. It may not be able to tell the whole story about him, but it must try; it can never paint a radiant glow between the overshadowing cherubim, and say, "This is the Christ." The Christ of art is the Word made flesh; and the flesh must be

real and human, whatever the mystery of the soul within. If art uses symbols, it must be as symbols, and not as syllogisms.

The influence of Christ upon art has been profound. It has touched all the arts, and given new life to some of them. Architecture, perfected in the heathen temples of antiquity, but decadent in the nations of Mediæval Europe, revived and found fresh life in the cathedrals and churches of Christendom. The almost simultaneous appearance of the Gothic in all the



RESTING ON THE WAY TO EGYPT
(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

Christianized nations of Europe gave to architecture a new birth, and dedicated the art which had ever been a religious one, to the service of the Church. Sculpture, too, has received its impulse from Christianity. If Protestantism feels the influence of sculpture but little in the religious life of the people, it is still a power in the Roman Catholic world, where shrines abound along the wayside and statues inhabit the recesses of cathedrals. Music and poetry belong pre-eminently to the Church. Hers are the psalm and the hymn, the anthem and

the oratorio; hers are the organ and the choir and the swelling volume of praise from the great congregation. All these arts, architecture, sculpture, music, and poetry, have received strong impulse from the Church.

In painting, however, we find pre-eminently the material for a revelation of popular thought of the person of Christ.



THE HOLY FAMILY
(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

Here are form and color, repose and action, historical or geographical background, and surroundings of contemporary life.

Painting has been profoundly influenced by Christianity; and, as in all the arts, the influence has been mutual, for art has effected a reciprocal influence upon popular Christianity.

Painting gives us a revelation of the popular thought of the Christ; it also gives to popular thought a formative tendency, and shapes the current feeling which the painter, usually sensitive to the influences of his environment, and often prophetic, reduces to canvas in a glorified form. He does more than add to the face or figure of the Master a background of contem-



JOSEPH AND THE INFANT JESUS
(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

porary or ancient life; he interprets more or less accurately the Christ who lives in the imagination and the spiritual consciousness of his contemporaries. A popular painting is therefore both an interpretation and a record.

The present generation has witnessed, to a surprising degree, the popularization of art. Art, which was once for the few, has become the possession of the many. The average

home of to-day has not merely more pictures than the home of forty years ago, but pictures of vastly better quality.

The new movement began with the now despised chromo. Paintings that appealed to popular fancy were reproduced by lithography, and sold from door to door, or given as premiums



JOSEPH AND THE CHILD JESUS
(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

for subscriptions to newspapers. We can hardly be grateful enough to those periodicals which employed this method of increasing their circulation and of brightening the homes of their constituency. But a greater thing than the chromo was to come, in the invention of the half-tone cut. By it any

painting, photographed through a screen upon a sensitized copper plate, can be reproduced in black and white and in any desired size, by the printing-press.

And now comes three-color printing; by means of which a painting may be thrice photographed through screens that in succession permit the passage only of red, yellow, and blue rays, and then reproduced by the printing-press on paper printed successively from plates made by these exposures in



THE DIVINE SHEPHERD
(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

the original three colors in all their combinations. We are yet to see wonderful results from this discovery. But for our present purpose we stop with the half-tone cut.

This new art has done more to popularize art than any discovery since the invention of printing. Famous pictures reproduced in excellent style, are sold for a cent, and are by no means to be despised. They are giving our children an education in art which their parents never could have obtained.

They are filling the humblest homes with pictures, often given away in Sunday-school, which would have made the old masters exclaim with delight.

This popularization of art has made the face of Jesus, in all ages from infancy to the ascension, so familiar to the whole world, that it may be counted a new revelation of the Christ.



THE HOLY CHILD
(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

The artists have been toiling through the centuries, laboring each for the few who could come and look upon the single picture; now in a single day the picture appears upon the walls of a million homes, and the old master and the painter of the day hang their faces of the Christ side by side in homes all over the world.

What kind of Christ do the artists reveal? Is there any authorized conception of Christ upon which they base their work? Is there any generally accepted ideal to which these pictures appeal? What is the Christ who has emerged from the studio, and now appears anew among men?

The conception of Jesus which is current in any given age may be judged, not simply by its own new productions, but



THE CHRIST OF MURILLO (1617-1682)

also by those which it has inherited from the past and which it still loves. The Christ of popular thought is a composite photograph of all these. If we know what pictures of Jesus are truly loved, we shall know how people think of Jesus. The question is not mainly that of the artist's personal theology or ideal, but of the sentiment to which his picture appeals.

We have, besides modern works of art, the inherited and successive attempts of Christian artists, each of which has value as a theological interpretation of its own time, and somewhat also of value as indicating the taste and ideals of subsequent ages that have preserved and admired them. It is not the purpose of this essay to inquire what various views of the nature and character of Jesus are suggested by the paintings of different ages. Our concern is with the net result. What of the paintings that survive, and that are loved, not as works of art alone, but as faithful records of what people believe and feel about Jesus? What kind of being is it whom the people of to-day believe in, as judged by the paintings that we love? Several different answers might be given, not only as judged by different sorts of popularity, but also as judged by the groups of paintings of the childhood, the youth, and the manhood of Jesus. Our field of inquiry is not so much among those paintings that are counted technically great, as among those that are truly, and in the best sense, popular. Painting, then, affords us our field for inquiry as to the face and figure that has emerged from the thought of the artists, and taken its place, not merely on canvas, but in popular thought, as the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

II—EARLY CHRISTIAN ART .

The question of the personal appearance of Jesus was discussed at times in the early church, but not with an attempt accurately to describe his looks or bearing. The question rather was whether his general appearance was prepossessing or the reverse. The arguments did not pretend to be based upon personal sight or knowledge, but rather on the interpretation of prophetic passages, as that which speaks of one who is "chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

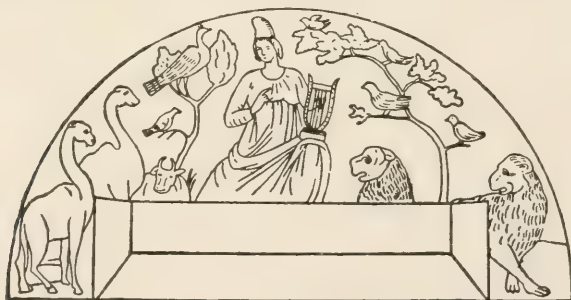
It is notable that the view founded on this and like passages differs diametrically from what is said to have been at one time the dominant conception of the Christ. Not only did the heathen Celsus argue a probable deformity as a reason for the Jews' rejection of Christ as their Messiah, but many of

the Fathers, assuming that the prophet's words referred to Christ's personal appearance, "He hath no form nor come-



CHRIST BRINGING THE FRUIT OF THE TREE OF LIFE
Glass ornament suspended from the neck of a Christian woman, aged 22, and called by her husband in a catacomb inscription, "Sweetest of Wives"—Very early

liness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him," describe his appearance as base. Clement of Alexandria, Justin Martyr, Origen, and Tertullian all agree



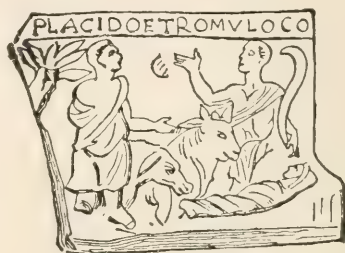
CHRIST AS ORPHEUS
(FROM THE CATACOMBS)

in this, and there was a tradition based on the Vulgate of Isaiah 53: 4, that he was a leper.

It is worth while to notice, and gratefully, that no one of the Fathers who held this unhappy view of the person of Christ seems to have committed that conception to canvas. Indeed, there was a strong prejudice against any attempt to



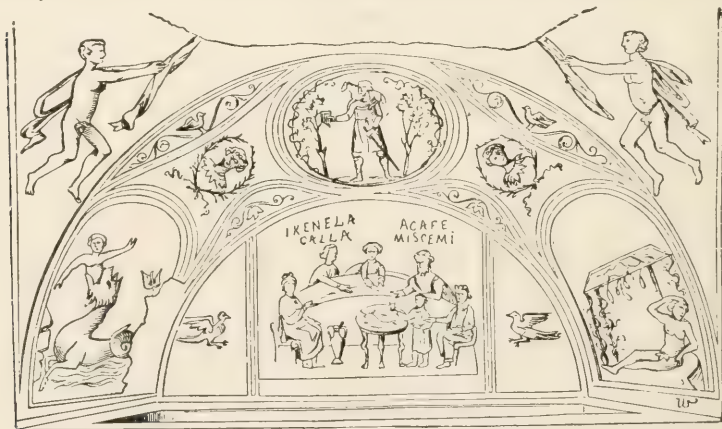
THE GOOD SHEPHERD
SURROUNDED BY CHRISTIAN EMBLEMS
(FROM THE CATACOMBS)



THE NATIVITY
FROM A SARCOPHAGUS. 343 A. D.

depict his person. In what was probably the earliest art his personality is suggested in symbol, analogy, or type.

The first representatives of Christ were not designed to gratify the love of art, but were attempts at religious instruc-



THE GOOD SHEPHERD, WITH JONAH AS A PROTOTYPE, AND ACAFE BELOW

tion and consolation. They were in large measure crude, mortuary emblems, buried with the dead or rudely inscribed above them. First there were symbols of the resurrection, or of faith in Christ. Sometimes the emblems had a mystic significance,

as the sign of the fish, of which much has been conjectured, and which was an early symbol of Christian faith. It is said, though perhaps not on good authority, that a political party



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS
Wrought in gold figures on the bottom of
a glass cup in the Catacombs—Very early

in America created its name from the initials of a motto—"We Hope In God"—WHIG. The ancients were far more attentive than we to acrostics; and it is said that the sign of the fish



THE CHRISMA
MONOGRAM



THE LABARIUM
OF CONSTANTINE



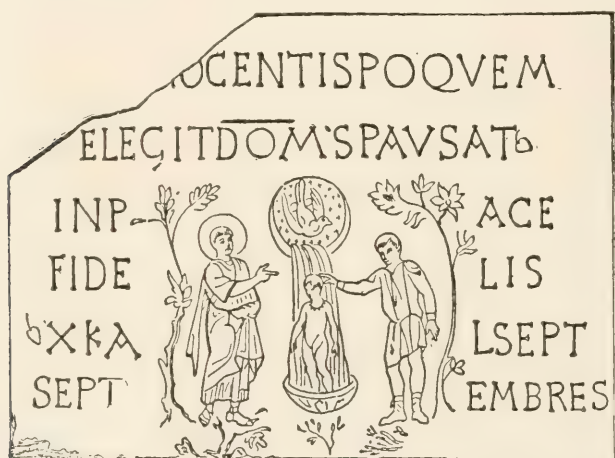
THE EGYPTIAN
CRUX ANSATA

PRIMITIVE FORMS OF THE CROSS.

was derived from the Greek word for fish, Ichthus, whose five letters in the Greek form the initials of the words "Jesus Christ, God's Son, Saviour." At all events, the fish was widely used in the early Church.

The emblematic representations of Christ were not the only ones, however. He was often represented in type, as by the prophet Jonah; and, when the sacrifice of Christ grew in emphasis, he was represented under the type of the offering of Isaac by his father Abraham.

From these Old Testament representations it was an easy step to the New, where the miracles furnished a fruitful field for the crude art of the early church. But even in the illustrations of Christ's miracles the person of Jesus is drawn without much individuality. It is simply a conventional figure, who



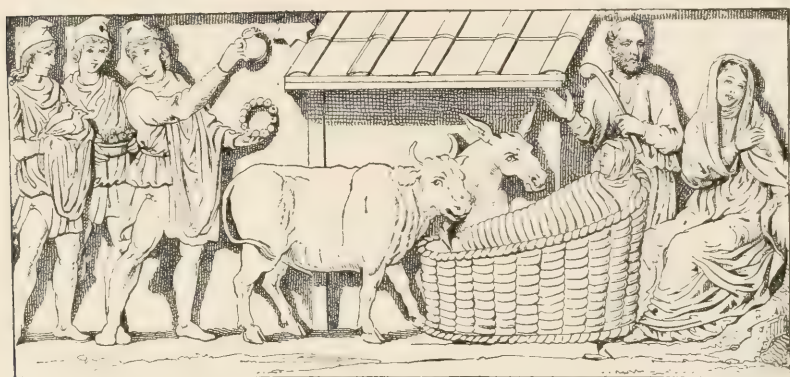
THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST WITH WATER FROM HEAVEN
(EARLY FRESCO)

evokes from the tomb the swathed and mummied Lazarus; it is the miracle that is recalled, rather than the personality of Jesus.

There is one notable fact, however, about these first attempts to portray the Christ as a man, which is that they uniformly represent him as a young man—the ideal of youth. Eminent authorities declare that it was centuries before he was represented with a beard. The face is fair and serene. Jesus is the personification of buoyant, hopeful, young life. As a young man he appears in scenes like the raising of Lazarus. The entire absence of attempt to produce a likeness shows that the artists associate the conception of Christ with

the ideal of youth, and so pictures do not pretend to be portraits—the Christ in them is in the personification of joyous strength, with perhaps a suggestion of immortal youth.

Among all the typical representations of Christ, none was so popular or so frequently used as that of the Good Shepherd. There is still no attempt at portraiture—it is the same figure of youth that confronts us; but it is a youth who is tall, alert and strong, bearing on his shoulders a lamb. If Archdeacon Farrar and Dean Stanley are right, the conception of Christ as the Good Shepherd was the dominant one in the early Church. It was the favorite figure in the catacombs, and as



THE NATIVITY
(FROM A SARCOPHAGUS OF THE FOURTH CENTURY)

common as later pictures of the passion became. Farrar affirms that for four hundred years we have no single representation of the Christ as a worn and weary sufferer; but there are many which represent him as leading his flock as in John 10, or as bringing home the lost sheep, as in Luke 15. So large was the thought of the divine compassion, as expressed in these pictures, that sometimes the rescued animal is not a sheep but a kid, tenderly carried while the sheep walk beside the shepherd.

The foregoing stages of art are assumed by some authors to have been successive, and to have occupied several centuries before the production of actual attempts at verisimilitude; but

other authorities deny that we can thus classify the art of the church chronologically, and affirm that several of these forms were contemporary, and that the earliest portraits are of great antiquity.

When the attempts at actual portraiture became common, there came with them also a development of the use of symbols. The lamb now ceases to be the symbol of the rescued sinner, and becomes the type of the crucified Saviour. The joyousness of the early religion faded out, and the sadder elements became prominent with the growth of monasticism. In 691 the Council of Constantinople, directly opposing the canon of the Council of Elvira which had forbidden the use of pictures in churches, decreed "that henceforth Christ is to be publicly exhibited in the figure of a man, not a lamb, that we may be led to remember Christ's conversation in the flesh, and his passion and saving death, and the redemption which he wrought for the world."

Thenceforth pictures of the Christ became numerous, and, in accordance with the suggestion of the canon, and the growing spirit of the Church that substituted the *Dies Irae* for Clement's sweet hymn, "Shepherd of tender youth," the sufferings of Christ became a favorite theme. With this, and the various scenes of the passion, came visions of judgment; and the Christ appeared alternately as a helpless sufferer in the hands of sinners, and as a wrathful judge passing condemnation upon sinners.

The happier, gentler aspects did not wholly fail, however, for there was necessity for historic variety and the compassing of representative scenes in his whole life. There was frequently a series of scenes, including three or four of the following, as tabulated by Miss Hurll in her excellent book on "The Life of our Lord in Art": The Adoration of the Kings; The Raising of Lazarus; the Multiplication of the Loaves; the Turning of Water into Wine; the Healing of the Lame Man; the Healing of the Blind Man; the Woman Kneeling at Christ's Feet, the Woman of Samaria, the Entry Into Jerusalem, Christ Before Pilate. To these were sometimes added:

The Nativity; the Baptism; Christ Washing Peter's Feet, and The Cross-bearing. These were used in frescoes, some of them in the catacombs, in mosaic decorations of churches, and in bas-relief ornamentation of sarcophagi.

We have noted the use of symbols in the early Church, antedating the general use of attempts at actual representations of Christ. Such symbols did not cease when it became common to paint the face and form of Jesus, but some of the old symbols disappeared, and another came into sudden and growing popularity. When Constantine saw his vision with the legend "By this sign you shall conquer," the symbol which he saw emblazoned on the sky was not the fish, but the cross. It was a daring choice of emblems, even for a monarch; for the cross had only the most grewsome and terrible associations, such as with us are associated with the gallows.

With the vision of Constantine the Cross became the emblem of the Church. It was not, however, the Latin cross, but the Chrisma symbol, the Greek letters X P, wrought into a monogram, and representing the letters Chr, the initials of Christ. The early form of the cross, the Labarium of Constantine, the handled cross with the ring of the P at the top, made easier another adaptation, and a beautiful one. Christianity grew strong in Egypt. One of its chief centers was at Alexandria. Christian schools and churches dotted the banks of the Nile for hundreds of miles. Egypt had its cross. It was not the cross of punishment but the key of life. For millenniums the Egyptians had inscribed all over their monuments this *crux ansata*, the cross with a round handle at the top. As the key of life it appears in the hands of the innumerable deities of Egypt, and as a confession of faith in immortality it is inscribed on papyrus and sarcophagus. In Egypt this symbol was adapted to the uses of the Church. Sometimes the *crux ansata* was borrowed without change; sometimes it appeared alternately with the Christian cross; and, when it became common to represent the Christ upon the cross, the round loop at the top was sometimes filled in with a head of Christ, and the key of life became the crucifix. The use of this symbol

was not wholly confined to Egypt, but found its way to Rome, and appeared sometimes on the tombs of martyrs with the handle of the key transformed to a wreath of immortality.

Contrary to popular impression, therefore, the cross is not the most ancient of Christian symbols. It finds no place among the earliest emblems of the Church. The resurrection, not the crucifixion, was the great doctrine of the early Church. Christ living was the truth that found abundant expression on the tombs of the catacombs. We are not sure that we find any examples of the cross as such before the fourth century; and as for the Christ upon the cross, nothing could more have horrified the Church of the early centuries than the fearful representations of physical suffering which became so hideously frequent in the middle ages. After the time of Constantine the cross became common, and after a time the face or bust of Christ was occasionally drawn above it. When first Christ was depicted upon the cross, perhaps in the eighth century, it was without wounds or expressions of pain; a living Christ, with the cross behind him, looking down and giving life and light to men. Not a single scene of our Lord's suffering, not a single picture of a haggard or tortured Saviour appears, so far as known, in early Christian art. In 586 we have the first assured picture of the crucifixion in the Syriac Gospel in the Laurentian Library of Florence, but this was quite exceptional. Not till 1011 are we sure that we have an example of the dead Christ upon the cross. The passion as a theme in Christian art dates from the Council of Constantinople, 692, and from that time on the imagination of the painters was tortured to devise new horrors for their sanguinary canvases.

We cannot contemplate without a shudder the art of those ages which subjected the likeness of Christ to all imaginable tortures. That men were moved by these pictures we know from such incidents as that of Count Zinzendorf, the change in whose life dated from the sight of a picture of the Crucifixion with the words beneath, "This I did for thee: what hast thou done for me?" But it is a mistake to suppose that real and deep piety can be produced by the mere contemplation of

physical agony. It was the age of the Inquisition, with its thumb-screws and its racks, its flaming stakes and its bloody gibbets, that produced its acres of canvas with crucified Christs dripping blood, and dead Christs horribly wounded. It is a comfort to know that in protesting against the monotony and the sacrilege and the brutality of these representations, we are attacking no cherished institution of the ancient Church, but a more than questionable device of Mediæval art, an art that was gifted but lacking in compassion, and that knew Christ as the Virgin's Child or the sacrifice for sin, but had not learned, as it should have learned, of the strength and sweetness of his abiding life.

III—HAVE WE A LIKENESS OF CHRIST?

Have the early attempts to depict the face of Christ any real historic value? This is certainly an interesting, even if an unimportant, question. The answer involves some historic research. Where did the earliest Christian artists who attempted to make the face of Christ real, obtain their ideal?

There is a tradition to the effect that Luke painted a portrait of Jesus, for Abgarus, king of Edessa. Eusebius, in the fourth century, gives the tradition that the Greeks at the last passover who expressed the desire to see Jesus, were an embassy from Abgarus, inviting Jesus to his dominion. Tradition grew concerning Abgarus. He was sick, and Jesus could not go to heal him, but sent Luke, who healed the king in the name of the Lord. Abgarus desired to know how Jesus looked, and Luke made a painting of the face of Jesus.

About 1895 a picture of apparent antiquity was exhibited in Boston as possibly that which Luke had painted. One or two prominent men in the Roman Catholic Church gave its apparent genuineness the sanction of their names, and ecclesiastical testimony was not lacking. A plausible story was told, too, of the way in which the picture had come to light. In a more credulous age or community it might have been accepted as genuine. I saw the painting which was exhibited by intelligent and apparently honest people, and while wholly disre-

garding the story about it, was much impressed by the picture itself, which had far more of individuality and strength than any picture I have seen for which similar claims are made. The eyes were light, clear blue, and the hair was red. The face was not in the least idealized, and it haunted the memory afterward. What became of it I do not know.

The most notable of the portraits alleged to have been



LIKENESS OF CHRIST ATTRIBUTED TO ST. LUKE
(FROM THE DRAWING OF THOMAS HEAPHY)

painted by Luke is that in the Bibliotheca of the Vatican, where it is framed in gold, and embellished with gems. I give a picture of it from Heaphy's notable reproduction in the British Museum.

Tradition also asserted that Luke made a portrait of the Virgin; and this tradition grew till it included the infant Jesus. The improbability of such a relation extending back over thirty years from the time of the Abgarus incident, and half a

century from the first record in acts of Luke himself, never troubled the artists of the middle ages. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has an excellent painting by Rogier van der



LUKE PAINTING THE MADONNA
(ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN, 1399-1464)

Weyden (1399-1464) of Luke, making his portrait of the Madonna and child. In St. Mark's, in Venice, one may see, if he has good fortune, a picture said to have been Luke's portrait of Mary.

I give herewith a reproduction, from a lithographed card which I bought in Saint Mark's, in Venice, of the Madonna there which Luke is said to have painted. The back of the



LUKE'S ALLEGED PORTRAIT OF THE VIRGIN

card contains a prayer to the Virgin, and a multitude of miracles is alleged to have been wrought by means of this holy portrait. I also give a reproduction of the authorized likeness of the Bambino in the Church of the Friars Minor in Ara Cœli in Rome. This is not a painting, but an image in olive-

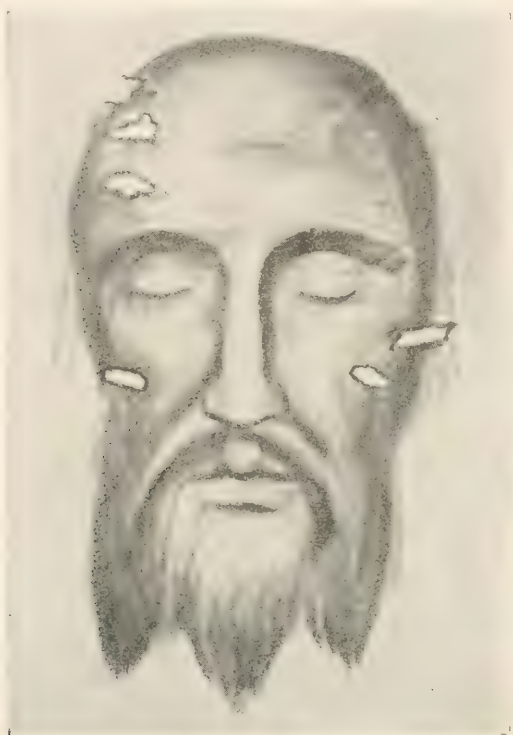
wood, said to have been wrought by a Franciscan monk in the fifteenth century in wood from the Garden of Gethsemane. It is by means of these lithographed cards, the size of the reproduction, that the likeness of the image is given wide circulation. This image, to quote from the card, "is known,



THE BAMBINO IN THE CHURCH IN
ARA COELI, ROME

visited, and honored by the whole Catholic world, owing to the innumerable favors which the Divine Infant bestows on those who venerate it." This card also bears a prayer which carries "one hundred days' indulgence once a day applicable to the souls in Purgatory." The image is credited with wonderful cures of children, and is surrounded by votive

offerings from grateful parents. The image itself was solemnly crowned by the Vatican Chapter on May 2, 1897, having already received official recognition of Pope Leo XIII., January 18, 1894. It is covered with jewels, whose number constantly increases. The little lithographs, sold at the church,



THE NAPKIN OF SAINT VERONICA
IN THE SACRISTY OF SAINT PETER'S, ROME
(FROM THE DRAWING OF THOMAS HEAPHY)

are eagerly purchased by thousands, and treasured almost beyond price. If a confessedly modern work of art can win such a high place in the affection of the people, it is little wonder that those should be popular which are believed to have been wrought by the apostles.

In the fifteenth century the legend of Veronica became current. According to this tradition, Jesus was passing the home of this noble woman of Jerusalem, bearing his cross, his face dripping with blood from the crown of thorns. She wiped his face with a napkin, and received it back with his features miraculously printed upon it. This legend grew in detail. Veronica



THE FAMOUS ONE-LINE PORTRAIT OF CHRIST
(CLAUDE MELLAN, 1598-1688)

was the woman who had touched the hem of Christ's garment. She became so constant a feature in representations of the crucifixion that she sometimes accompanied and again excluded the Virgin herself; and she still is present in works down to Tissot, and her house is confidently shown in Jerusalem. The incident is celebrated as one of "the stations of the cross" by Romanists since 1477.

The napkin of Veronica was produced almost as soon as the legend, and as is usual in such cases, it was preserved in triplicate. It may still be seen, once a year, in Rome—two places—and also in Genoa and Constantinople. The most noted of these napkins, that in the sacristy in Saint Peter's, Rome, is probably a face-cloth, laid over the countenance of a corpse, and stained by its decomposition. Those in the church of Saint Silvestro in Rome and that of Saint Bartolommeo in Genoa are declared by Mrs. Jameson to be crude middle-age forgeries.

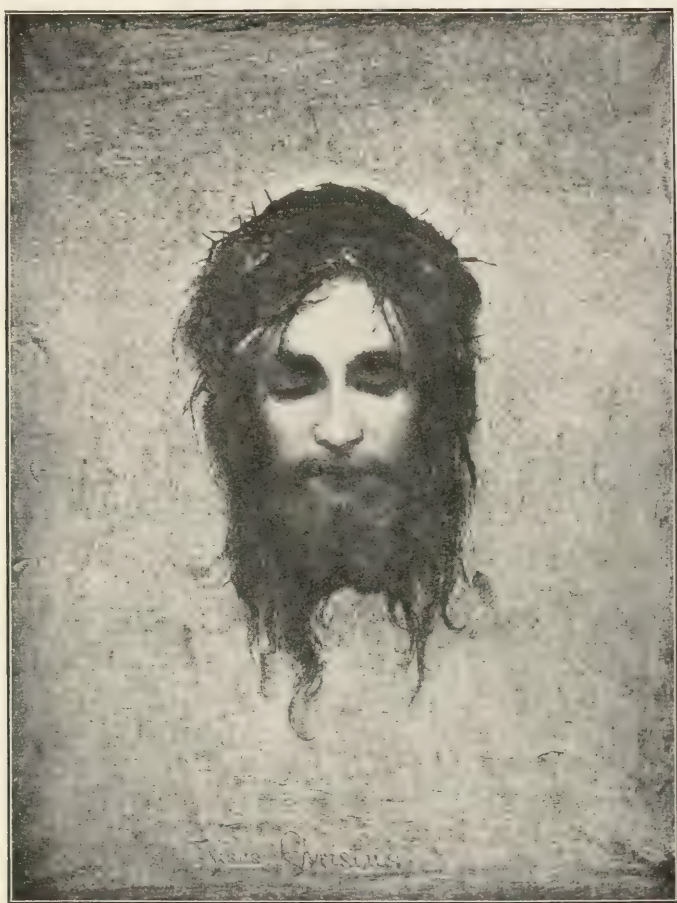


LIFE-SIZE FRESCO FROM THE CATACOMB OF ST. CALISTO
(SECOND CENTURY)

Probably the earliest extant representation of Christ
with beard and parted hair.

The story of Veronica has had a strange fascination for artists. One of the most unique attempts to utilize it is that of Claude Mellan (1598-1688), who drew the face of Christ, tear-stained and thorn-crowned, in a single line. From one of his original prints I am able to give the reproduction in this volume. The modern artist, Gabriel Max, has utilized the tradition in his portrait of Christ, in a face of fascinating sorrow and mystery, whose deep, closed eyes, when long and intently regarded, seem to open in a look of calm but unutterable grief.

Many good people are wholly unwilling to believe that these portraits which bear the names of Luke and Veronica are forgeries. Some of them contend that even if the paintings



THE NAPKIN OF VERONICA—(GABRIEL MAX, 1846—)

were not made as described in the legends, they were made in good faith, at a very early date and are to be regarded as embodying an ancient, and probably reliable, tradition of the appearance of Jesus.

Among those who defended this view was Mr. Thomas Heaphy, an English artist and an enthusiastic believer in the antiquity of the likeness of Christ. He made repeated journeys to Rome, and obtained drawings from the catacombs and churches to prove his conviction. His drawings are now in the British Museum, and were reproduced in a volume issued after his death, entitled "The Likeness of Christ," a book of



BYZANTINE LIKENESS OF CHRIST, ENGRAVED ON GOLD
(SIZE OF ILLUSTRATION)

To be worn under clothing.
Probably the earliest extant specimen.

which only two hundred and fifty copies were printed, and these were soon exhausted. The Society for Promoting Biblical Knowledge then issued a cheaper reprint, disclaiming responsibility, however, for Mr. Heaphy's dates. This edition, too, is out of print. Whatever the reliability of Mr. Heaphy's conclusions—and they are those of the artist rather than the logician—his drawings have great value, and I have reproduced several of them in this volume. While this work was in prep-

aration, and this portion of it nearly complete, I had the good fortune to obtain a copy of the sumptuous first edition, with plates colored by hand, by Sir Wyke Bayliss, his collaborator and editor.

Continuing alone the work begun by Mr. Heaphy, Sir Wyke Bayliss published the results of his own researches in a volume



MOSAIC FROM THE BAPTISTRY OF CONSTANTINE,
FOURTH CENTURY
(FROM HEAPHY'S "LIKENESS OF CHRIST")

entitled "Rex Regum," recently entered upon a second edition. He is president of the Royal Society of British Artists, and this work, in its first edition, was dedicated "by command" to Queen Victoria shortly before her death. The book devotes itself to proving that there has come down from the earliest

Christian centuries a consistent type, everywhere received as the face of Jesus Christ. He contends that "The likeness of Christ with which the contemporaries of the Apostles adorned the catacombs was the same that survived through the second and third centuries, and was in the fourth transferred to the mosaics of the basilicas." Of the fresco in the catacomb of Saint Callisto, he says, "I believe it to have been the work of a



MINIATURE MOSAIC FROM THE CATACOMBS,
NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF THE VATICAN (VERY EARLY)
(FROM HEAPHY'S "LIKENESS OF CHRIST")

Roman artist, a portrait painter, who had himself seen Christ, and the profile from the catacomb of Saints Achilli e Nereo cannot be anything else than a portrait. It was done by a Roman, for Romans who expected a portrait to be a likeness."

Heaphy records the tradition which he learned in Rome, that this was the work of a heathen artist, employed by the Christians, who, however, recorded their opinion that it looked too much like a heathen philosopher.

Mrs. Jameson long ago said of these catacomb frescoes and mosaics, "Little can be gathered from heads uncertain in intention, vague in date, opposite in character, and, above all, in the ruined state to which time and injury have reduced them."



THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR
(RAPHAEL, 1483-1520)

A book such as this undertakes to be is no place for the discussion of questions such as the date of disputed frescoes and mosaics, and I am entirely willing to leave them, to those whose special knowledge fits them for the undertaking; but I have felt in reading recently the writings of these two artists that, while the argument falls far short of their assumed demon-

stration, there is more to be said upon their side than I had supposed; and I see no reason why the likeness of Jesus may not have a greater antiquity than the more conservative scholars have been accustomed to admit.



THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN—(PAPPERITZ)

Beside the alleged portraits, whatever their date may be, there are certain oral descriptions of the person of Jesus which are often referred to. In the middle ages two accounts became current, which, while of little historic value, are of great worth as a record of the concept of Christ in popular consciousness. That these two descriptions had much in common is less

remarkable when we remember that the Church had never conceded the right of the artist to invent his conception of the Christ. In 787 the second Nicene Council declared that



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—(MURILLO, 1617-1682)

“It is not the invention of the painter that creates the picture, but an inviolable law, a tradition of the Catholic Church. It is not the painters, but the holy fathers who have to invent and to dictate. To them manifestly belongs the composition; to the painter only the execution.”

It is interesting and profitable to record the two pen pictures of Jesus to which painters, thus admonished, conformed their representations of Jesus. In the fifteenth century the historian Nicephorus records this description of the Christ, which he says has come down from antiquity:



THE MADONNA OF THE ARBOR—(DAGNAN-BOUVRET)

“He was very beautiful. His height was fully seven spans; his hair bright auburn, and not too thick, and was inclined to wave in soft curls. His eyebrows were black and arched, and his eyes seemed to shed from them a gentle golden light. They were very beautiful. His nose was prominent; his beard lovely, but not too long. He wore his hair, on the contrary,

very long, for no scissors had ever touched it, nor any human hand except that of his mother, when she had played with it



RAPHAEL PAINTING THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR
(J. W. WITTMER, 1802-1880)

in his childhood. He stooped a little, but his body was well formed. His complexion was like that of the ripe brown wheat, and his face, like his mother's, rather oval than round,

with only a little red in it, but through it there shone dignity, intelligence of soul, gentleness, and a calmness of spirit never disturbed."



THE VISIT OF THE SHEPHERDS—(ALBRECHT DURER. 1510)

In the Western Church a similar legend current in the fifteenth century did service, purporting to be a letter of Lentulus to the Roman Senate:

"There has appeared, and still lives, a man of great virtue, called Jesus Christ, and by his disciples, the Son of God. He raises the dead, and heals the sick. He is a man tall in stature, noble in appearance, with a reverend countenance which at

once attracts and keeps at a distance those beholding it. His hair is waving and curly; a little darker and of richer brightness where it flows down from the shoulders. It is divided in



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI—(ALBRECHT DURER, 1511)

the middle after the manner of the Nazirites. His brow is smooth, and wonderfully serene, and his features have no wrinkles, nor any blemish, while a red glow makes his cheeks beautiful. His nose and mouth are perfect. He has a full, ruddy beard, the color of his hair, not long, but divided into two. His eyes are bright, and seem of different colors at different times."

These descriptions present an ideal which has not greatly changed. Most of the great masterpieces that we know and love exhibit essentially the characteristics upon which these two traditions agree. They may be quite worthless as history;



THE CORONATION OF THE MADONNA—(BOTTICELLI, 1447-1510)

but they certainly are of value as showing a conception of Christ in popular thought whose main features have been persistent for five hundred years at least, and whose outlines in the imagination of the Church are possibly centuries older.

IV—MARY AND HER CHILD

If Christian art has given to the world but one new thing, that one thing is the conception of the value of child life and the beauty of motherhood, as set forth in the Madonna and



THE MADONNA—(FILIPPINO LIPPI, 1460-1505)

her Son. True, the Italian artist's Madonna is an Italian, and the Holland artist's is Dutch. Each nation gives its own shape to the ideal, and this adaptation but adds to the glory of it. The beautiful truth is one that every Christian nation may drape in its own costume. It is the apotheosis of mother-

hood, the crown and glory of childhood. It makes every Christian mother a sharer in the rich glory of the Magnificat, and enshrines every cradle with a halo from the star of Bethlehem. Into a world that thought of woman with little of honor, came the Christ-child to dignify at once both motherhood and childhood. Scenes so picturesque as those attending the



MATER DOLOROSA—(GUIDO RENI, 1575-1642)

Incarnation could but inspire the artist. While the theologian is formulating his dogma of the incarnate Logos, the artist is compelling faith in the new glory of childhood and of motherhood with his pictures of the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Song of the Angels and the adoration of the Magi. If Christian art had failed everywhere else, the triumph here would have been superlative. However well or ill the artists have

painted the face of the man Jesus of Nazareth, they have given to the Babe of Bethlehem the perfection of childish grace and beauty. This both registers and defines, if in part it does not create, a popular ideal, and the result is one which we must view with gratitude.

The Madonna of the modern artist is of another sort than she of the middle ages. She wears no halo; she is not sur-



THE VIRGIN ADORING THE CHILD
(FRA FILIPPO LIPPI, 1412-1469)

rounded by angels. She is just a beautiful young mother, with a sweet baby. The "Madonna of the Arbor," by Dagnan-Bouveret, is beautiful in her pure robes of white, and her swaddled baby takes us back to Palestine; but why is she less devotional than the portrait of the cooper's wife, drawn by Raphael upon a barrel-head in his "Madonna of the Chair"? Is the difference in the spirit of the paintings, or in our own

imagination, or in our adoration of the past? Even when a modern artist attempts idealization, as Papperitz in his "Queen of Heaven," it is a very different figure from Murillo's immortal "Immaculate Conception," in which the Virgin is the woman of the Apocalypse standing on the moon. There is no attempt



THE SISTINE MADONNA—(RAPHAEL)

to conform her to the requirements of a dogma. She is just a sweet human mother, caught up into the heavens by love—love for her baby, and, let us hope, love for God who gave him. The Madonna of to-day is not a crowned goddess, as Botticelli painted her, nor is she the Mater Dolorosa of Guido Reni.

Even the angels are sometimes humanized in these latter-day paintings. If full grown, they are pure young women, unmistakably modern, and if cherubs they are twentieth-century babies; and he would be a rash man who could call



THE NATIVITY—(W. A. BOUGUEREAU, 1825—)

the former inferior to the angels of Fra Angelico, or the latter less angelic than Raphael's cherubs.

Among the paintings which beautifully portray both motherhood and childhood, the Madonna of Correggio (1494-1534),



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THE MADONNA AND CHILD—(CORREGGIO. 1494-1534)

deserves mention. Stolen a century ago, and hidden away in what proved to be a valuable collection of old masters, it



Courtesy of Mr. Willis Bradford Jones

MEXICAN MADONNA
(SLIGHTLY REDUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING, ON SILK)

was discovered not many years since, and competent critics have pronounced it certainly genuine. It needs no great name,

however, to assure its beauty. In it both mother and child appear in the full glory of their purity and sweetness.

The Madonna of Mexico is interesting, and comparatively unfamiliar. A friend whose extensive business interests take him on extended visits to Mexico has procured a number of early examples. One of these, a quaint old miniature on silk, I reproduce, only a trifle reduced from the size of the original. It represents the Virgin, richly robed and crowned, surrounded by emblems of the crucifixion. The head of Christ and those of the thieves are there, with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the pierced hands and feet. Beside these are Peter's sword and the cock, the lantern of the mob, and the purse of Judas marked with the value of its contents, the scourge, the rope, the spear and hammer, and even the dice with which the soldiers cast lots. It would be hard for art to go farther in the way of symbolic realism; but the Virgin herself almost redeems the picture with her sweetness and dignity.

But more famous is Our Lady of Guadalupe, whose portrait, miraculously painted on the tilma, the rough outer garment of an Indian convert, on December 12, 1531, adorns the high altar of the church at Guadalupe. The garment had been filled with roses, gathered by the Indian in a sterile place, to prove the truth of his message that the Virgin commanded the building of a church there, and when the roses were emptied at the feet of the bishop to whom the message was sent, the portrait was discovered on the cloth of the tilma. Popes have recognized this miracle since 1663, and confirmed it by the bull of May 25, 1754. In almost every house in Mexico the Guadalupe is to be found, and is the object of most devout adoration. Standing in the crescent moon, embowered in roses, and winged onward by an upholding seraph, the Madonna stands, erect and serene. Few pictures have such interest as this. A copy of it in 1810 constituted the banner of the Revolution, led by the political priest Hidalgo. The most famous of the Madonnas of the Old World, the Sistine, was painted to be used as a labarium, or banner. So this most famous of the Madonnas of the New World, by its



Courtesy of Miss Grace E. Shoemaker

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE
(FROM AN EARLY COPY ON COPPER)

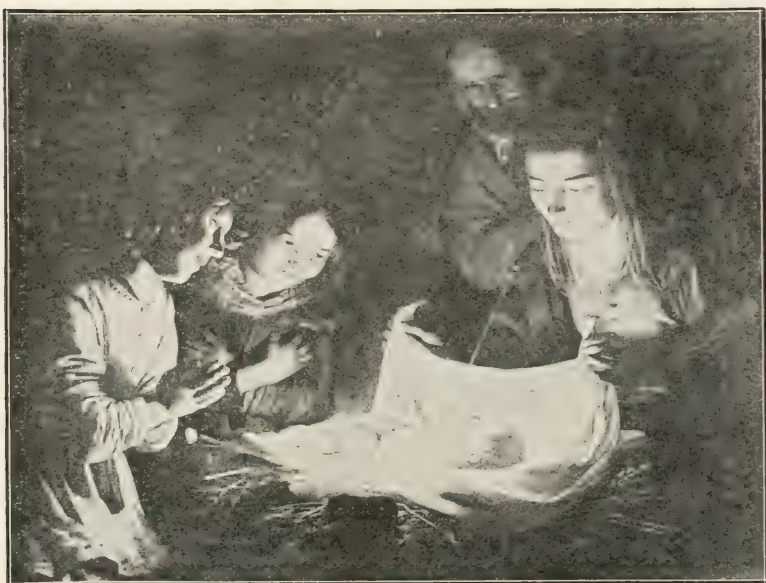
most noted copy, has done service as a flag. Round it rallied the hosts of Mexico, relying on her protection, while they fought for the liberties of their country. Nor did her help fail them, if the issue may be counted proof; for, though the revolutionists lost, and their leader was sentenced to death, the spirit of the revolution revived again, and in time the yoke of Spain was cast off. The first president of the new republic,



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM—(PIGLHEIM)

Felix Ferandez, in recognition of her signal favors, changed his name to Guadalupe Victoria, and the Lady of Guadalupe became the patron saint, not only of the Mexican church, but of the new nation. A very early copy of the Guadalupe has been loaned me for this book. It is a painting in oil, on a sheet of beaten copper, and is a very faithful copy of the original, with some additional roses in the margin.

He who will trace the growth of Jesus from infancy to youth through the paintings of a single great artist, will find his ideal of beautiful motherhood and perfect childhood almost satisfied. The paintings of Murillo afford an example which may be begun even further back. Let Mary first appear in the Immaculate Conception, her pure soul radiant through her sweet face; and then let the same face be seen in his Madonna, the mother holding the child upon her knee, and the face



THE VIRGIN AND THE INFANT JESUS
(GHERARDO DELLE NOTTI, 1590-1656)

appears yet again in the child. Still let the face be followed in paintings of the Flight, and the Repose in Egypt, and still further as Mary gradually recedes in pictures of the Holy Family, and the child is seen at length alone with his foster-father Joseph. The child shows nothing of the face of Joseph; no human heredity appears save that from Mary; but it is no longer the mother's face that we see in the picture; it has an individuality of its own. Now Joseph disappears, and the



THE VISIT OF MARY TO ELIZABETH
(TITIAN, 1477-1576)



THE ANNUNCIATION
(DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, 1828-1882)

child appears shepherding a lamb—childishly prophetic of the coming work of the Good Shepherd; and the face is that of a boy, but a wonderful boy. At length we detach the face of



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT
(CLAUDE LORRAINE, 1600-1682)

the child from all others, and behold it alone. The deep, pure, soulful eyes are there, as we first saw them in Mary; but the child is increasing in wisdom and in stature, waxing strong in spirit, and the grace of God is upon him. In whatever else

the artists have failed, they have succeeded here. The pictures of the boyhood of Jesus present a strong and beautiful ideal.

We have but one incident of the youth of Jesus recorded in the gospels, together with the general statements that this was exceptional, that he was subject to his parents, that he increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man, and that he was known as a carpenter. But this is enough, and the artists have done well with this material, nor



THE REPOSE IN EGYPT—(LEROLLE)

have they in general overworked it. If the mysticism and mannerism of the English Pre-Raphaelite are sometimes excessive, there is no denying the rare beauty and power of Holman Hunt's painting, "The Finding of Christ in the Temple." If we miss anything from the face of the adult Christ in the pictures of Hofmann, we can but admire the eager, intelligent, self-possessed and high-minded boy in his "Christ and the Doctors." If Tissot gives to us grim and unsatisfactory representations of the Man of Sorrows, the lad

at the fountain with his mother is delicate, and full of soul: and his carpenter boy in "The Youth of Jesus" is not only a vigorous and wholesome apprentice, but a fine, thoughtful lad as well, in whose pure, deep soul there is the pondering of



JESUS AND THE CHILDREN

mysteries and conquest of self for the sake of the future as yet unknown. So far as these record accurately the popular conception of the youth of Jesus, they stand for high ideals, and they follow the data afforded by the Gospels too faithfully to be wide of the historic facts.



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THE CARPENTER SHOP AT NAZARETH
(CORWIN KNAPP LINSON)

V—THE CARPENTER WHO BECAME THE CHRIST

Dr. Farrar calls attention to the fact that Holman Hunt's "The Shadow of Death" is almost the only notable picture of the adult Jesus, in the period when he was still a carpenter. The time is sunset, and Jesus is wearied with the day's labor. He rises and stretches himself in an attitude at once of weariness and of prayer. Back a little in the shop Mary kneels beside the treasures given her by the magi twenty-five or thirty years before. What did these gifts prefigure? Something causes her to look up, and she sees the shadow of his outstretched form cast by the level sun upon the rear wall of the shop, where the rack and tools form a cross. It is a great picture; but in it Jesus is still the carpenter: he is not yet the Christ.

We have the same artist's adult Christ in "The Light of the World," which is said to be the most popular picture in England. It is reverent, beautiful and inspiring; but it does not quite satisfy. We leave behind our feelings of complete satis-

faction when we pass from the paintings of Jesus' childhood and youth to those of his ministry and fully realized divinity. It is not surprising that it should be so. No artist can paint far above his own head, or put upon canvas what was not first latent in his own soul; and what man is not confessedly beyond his ability when he essays the face of the Son of man?



THE SHADOW OF DEATH—(W. HOLMAN HUNT, 1827—)

Nevertheless, it is the adult Christ, and not the babe of Bethlehem nor yet the boy of Nazareth, that must answer our inquiries concerning the ideal of Jesus as reflected in art.

The artists have shown their limitations in this, and it meets us at once in adult pictures of Jesus, that, unable to add to a human face a grace which they have not known, at least

in some degree, in human life, they have made divinity by subtraction where addition seemed impossible. Unable to attain that antithesis of manlikeness which Godlikeness might



THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS—(BASSANO, 1510-1592)

afford, they have sought it in that other antithesis which is feminine. When the Church in the middle ages froze all pity from the heart of the Christ of its creeds, men found the incarnation of human gentleness and beauty in Mary. And

still it is often a womanly sweetness that shows in the face of the Christ of art. "The masculine," so the painters have seemed to say, "is the gross, the sensual, the aggressive, the belligerent. We will make our Christ with a woman's face, and add a beard." Popular thought is in accord with this conception. The newspapers have a standing word of reproach



THE LAST SUPPER—(RUBENS, 1577-1640)

for any form of masculine or aggressive effort professedly Christian, and which they do not like; they speak of the alleged offender with reproach or sarcasm as a professed disciple of "the meek and lowly Jesus." They forget that Jesus was not meek in all aspects of his character. The astounding claims which he made concerning himself, the bitter controversies in which he engaged, the fierce denunciations which he hurled,

the vigor with which he used the whip of cords, all these are foreign to the popular thought of him as expressed in art and literature.

Where the Christ is not represented as effeminate, he is often not virile. The picture which proved the turning point



THE CRUCIFIXION—(MICHAEL ANGELO, 1475-1564)

in the career of Tissot is that of a ruined structure, in which sit a peasant and his wife, he stolid in his grief, she inconsolable; and beside them sits the Christ, in greater agony, bleeding, helpless, and leans his thorn-crowned head on the

shoulder of the man. It might well be that such a vision of the Christ who suffered with men would affect powerfully a self-indulgent worldling such as Tissot had been; and it would ill become any one to speak disparagingly of a painting which has so appealed to any thoughtful man. But it is not satisfactory. It is an impotent Christ that meets us there. There is no power in that wan, weak figure. Those pierced hands can neither beckon, nor invite, nor caress, nor uphold; they



THE DEAD CHRIST—(FRA BARTOLOMMEO. 1469-1517)

cannot lift up the man, nor sustain the woman, nor rebuild the ruined structure. The stolid man is manly by comparison. He has no wisdom about the reason of it all, and he has little piety, but as Tissot says, he strives "to sit upright, and to play the man, even in misfortune." So far as the picture shows, whatever of resource remains of courage, strength, or hope, is in the man; the woman and the Christ are helpless.

This is not the Christ as the gospels show him. He could save from the cross; he could encourage and give strength

to his disciples when he had risen from the dead. His was the strength and not theirs, in which they went out to preach and to rebuild a ruin. We never shall have a true picture of the Christ, nor a correct mental image of him, till we add power to his gentleness and majesty to his sufferings.



JESUS AND THOMAS—(VAN DYCK, 1599-1641)

To take another example from Tissot, and this time from "The Temptation;" it is a passive and puny Christ whom he represents, caught up to the mountain top by the mighty power of a Satan whose gigantic figure is athwart the sky. A suggestion of this same Miltonic greatness in Satan, and

little more than sentimental strength in Jesus, is in Ary Scheffer's familiar picture of "The Temptation." On the other hand, Linson's fine water colors, which illustrate Dr. John Watson's new Life of the Master, more truly represent the temptation as spiritual, agreeing in this with the great painting of Cornicelius, and in each the Christ has at least spiritual strength capable of resistance.



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS—(GIOTTO, 1276-1336)

But if the pictures lack masculinity, they do not all lack majesty. There is a kingliness about Dore's "Triumphal Entry," and his "Christ leaving the Prætorium," whatever some of his other pictures may lack of devotional simplicity. There is self-contained authority in Bida's "The Calling of Matthew"; there is erect dignity and noble serenity in Shields' "Christ and Saint Peter." If Munkacsy's "Christ

before Pilate" shows us the face of a weary fanatic, it is at least a well-poised and perfectly erect figure that supports that face, and his "Ecce Homo" has a calm majesty and a certain heroic power in its suffering. If Da Vinci gives us a face too weak to satisfy our thoughts of the Christ, he also imparts a sublime dignity to the central figure in his "Last Supper" that has inspired reverence for centuries. If Raphael's "Draught of Fishes," with its cramped action and its impossible surroundings, does not command the interest inspired by his madonnas,



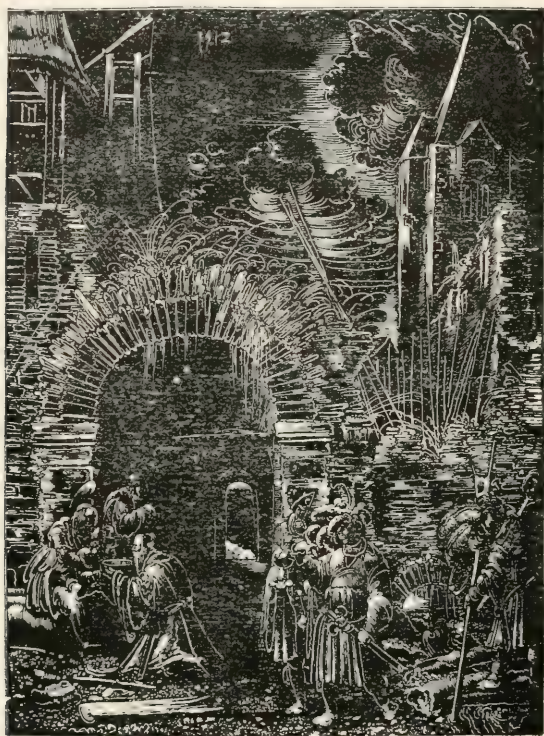
THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE—(W. HOLMAN HUNT, 1827—)

his "Transfiguration" at least is full of a glory which is not that of Moses or Elijah, but of the glorified Christ.

It is legitimate thus to group together in a single paragraph names of artists living and others long dead: for the present conception of Christ is formed, not alone by the paintings of living artists, but also by the living paintings of dead artists. The past, so far as it has survived, has done so because it has reflected popular thought: generally speaking, it continues to survive, except, as it survives in technical treatises, only to the extent that it still reflects the ideals of men. The extant past, no less than the evolving present, is ours. Still, it is

interesting and profitable to compare the general movements of the past with those which may be traced in contemporary art.

Before turning aside for a brief comparison of present and former art, I take occasion to mention the head of Christ which is used as the frontispiece of this essay, and which I



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI
(ALBRECHT ALTDORFER, 1512)

can but count among the most successful attempts to portray the face of Jesus. It is by an unknown artist, probably of the sixteenth century, and has never before been photographed.

This painting, very much begrimed and defaced, came into this country some years ago with other paintings. An artist worked for months upon it before the full beauty of the draw-

ing and the harmony of the color appeared. In color and in outline it at once suggests Titian, and is worthy of the best period of that artist's work. It has all the strength of Titian's Christ in "The Tribute Money," but has a grace and winsomeness which are lacking in that great painting. Whoever painted it, he was a master. The picture is of a face that inspires affection and confidence, and is the product not only of high art but of sincere religious feeling.



PILATE WASHING HIS HANDS—(HANS HOLBEIN, 1517)



THE VISIT OF THE MAGI TO THE CAVE-BORN CHILD
(FROM THE CODEX GRAECUS, IN VATICAN, 1613 A. D.)

VI—PAST AND PRESENT

The art of the Church has not followed one continuous line of development. There have been long periods in which it has remained stationary, and others in which it has declined. Sometimes the Church, which had nourished and fostered art, so wrapped it about with swaddling bands of tradition that its life was strangled. Throughout the middle ages architecture was deemed far more important than painting or sculpture. Following the Crusades came a great era of cathedral building. Painting made little advance while the nations of Christian Europe were erecting their great Gothic churches; and, when artists wrought at all, as in copying venerable manuscripts with illuminated initials and illustrations wrought into the text, they slavishly followed the lines of old Byzantine art. As early as the ninth century there was some attempt at painting on church walls, but there was no originality and little beauty. Architecture, the most stable of the arts, went forward, but painting, most mobile of them, stood still or went

back. There was increased rigidity of line, and greater coarseness of coloring.

To Giotto, more than to any other one man, belongs credit for the beginnings of better things. Working with water colors on fresh plaster, he brought mural painting to recognition. Glass painting, which had prevailed in the North, and



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS—(REMBRANDT, 1642)

mosaic work, which Italy had inherited from Constantinople, gave place to wall painting as the principal field for pictorial representation. There was no striking individuality in the faces of Giotto's characters; they were practically all alike, and his draperies were scant, and his perspective showed no great depth or distance. His animals were little, under-sized,

wooden things, and his houses were frail and cramped, and his trees and rocks, monotonously alike, looked as if cut from cardboard. But his principal characters always told the story of the pictures with directness and effectiveness, and the pic-



CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS—(DÜRER, 1512)

tures, crude enough in many ways, were characterized by taste, discrimination, and, what was most important of all, originality. Giotto died in 1337, and a new school began with him; but for another century art was hampered by tradition.

In the fifteenth century occurred the Renaissance, a period of revolution and of new birth. Man and nature had long been



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN—(FINIGUERRA, 1452)

strangers to each other in the world of art. Painters had asked, not how things looked, but how things had been represented. Nature had been counted sinful, and religion a more or less

artificial expedient to save man from nature. Artists had taken their ideals from tradition, not life. The new birth of art from this death-like thralldom of conventionality reached every nation of Europe. In the North, where there were fewer theoretical ideals of structure, came a new realism, blunt and



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI—(FINIGUERRA, 1452)

coarse sometimes, but sincere. It developed into the strong-lined work of Holbein with his very human German figures full of life and action. It displayed itself in the pictures of Altdorfer, white-lined against dark backgrounds, with the full intent of the painter revealed in clean-cut contrast. It found

expression in the wood-cuts and etchings of Durer, with no blurred or obscure or conventional devices, but every line, sharp and distinct, telling its story with originality and power. It approached perfection in the etchings of Rembrandt, with lightly drawn lines but strong figures, and truth in them all. It developed eccentricity in the use of lines, as in the work of Claude Mellan, who discarded cross-lines, and made all his shading by the thickening of parallel lines, and who illustrated the mechanical perfection of his work in his one-line portrait of Christ.



THE LAST SUPPER—(LEONARDO DA VINCI, 1452-1519)

The painting of the North, too, took on new character. Living men and women, not mere lay-figures, took place in flesh that was almost warm to the touch, in the work of Rubens, and his art reached a higher level of taste and skill in his pupil Van Dyck; while Rembrandt, the great painter of Protestantism, as well in his paintings as in his etchings, wrought forms of enduring strength.

In Italy the whole atmosphere was charged with the new life of art. There was less discarding of old ideals, but the new wine overflowed the old bottles, and new art forms were

created. Man now rediscovered the world of nature. Not till much later did Claude Lorraine, in France, make paintings of scenery popular, with foliage perfectly drawn, but with the figures so overwhelmed by the landscape that he was accustomed to say he made no extra charge for the people in his paintings; the real discovery of nature was the discovery of man. The artists now wrought with new strength, and imparted to their work an individuality till then unknown. It



THE LAST SUPPER—(FRA ANGELICO, 1387-1455)

displayed itself in the one strong painting of Verrocchio, "The Baptism of Jesus," whose foremost angel is said to have been painted by the artist's pupil, Leonardo da Vinci; and in da Vinci's great painting of the "Last Supper"; and in the few extant paintings of his pupil Luini. It took ornate form in the work of the Lippis, father and son, and in Botticelli. Fra Angelico gave it grace and delicacy born of fasting and prayer, and Raphael imparted to it strength and enduring beauty. Art was born again, and in a good time; for the invention of

printing, the discovery of the New World, and the Reformation were parallel movements outward of the mind of man. The Renaissance belonged with all these, for it was a breaking of old and hampering traditions, and a self-assertion of freedom and sincerity. It was expressed in many and varying forms—in Durer's bold and expressive lines and in Titian's kneading over his thick paint with his fingers till models stood transferred to canvas in the warmth and color of veritable flesh.



THE LAST SUPPER—(ZIMMERMANN, 1852—)

Into this new world of art the Christ entered, and his entrance gave new life to art. It was a Christ more human, sharing more the life of men, whom the artists painted. The atmosphere of the Church was all-pervading and not always favorable to freedom; but the great paintings of the world were then wrought by men of skill and earnestness.

It is interesting to remind ourselves again that the likeness of Christ is now widely disseminated not alone by single paintings, but by the multiplying power of the printing press. The story of the beginnings of plate engraving for the purpose of

printing may not be familiar to all who read this chapter. It came about almost by accident.

In the Roman churches of the middle ages, great skill was developed by the goldsmiths in the engraving of the "pax," a little silver plate on which the host was to be elevated in the service of the mass. The design was cut out of the flat plate of silver, and the lines were filled with a black composition to bring out the design. The plate thus completed was called a niello. Maso di Finiguerra, a goldsmith, about 1452, was experimenting with a nearly finished pax, by pouring



CHRIST AT EMMAUS—(FRA ANGELICO, 1387-1455)

melted sulphur over it, the better to test his workmanship. He found that he could obtain better results by filling the lines with ink and rubbing it against dampened paper. A roller soon was added, and a smooth impression obtained; and a new art was given to the world. The very first plate ever so employed in printing, as books on this subject declare, was "The Coronation of the Virgin," in 1452, or as some authors state, in 1460. Prints from this first plate are, of course, superlatively rare; but one of these priceless little sheets has been loaned me for this volume, with another, "The Nativity," equally precious and more perfect in execution by the same

engraver. They are here reproduced in the exact size of the originals.

The reproduction of these first two prints in this latest volume illustrates the extent to which the art of the past has been perpetuated by the press. It is a far cry from this beginning until now, when almost every great painting of merit is



CHRIST AT EMMAUS—(REMBRANDT, 1634)

photographed, and the results are brought together in startling juxtaposition. The art of all the intervening generations is now ours, with the art of the present as well.

If one were seeking absolute justice in dealing with periods of art, he would compare only those that are completed. He would not compare current art with the art of the past, for

the art of the present is good, bad, and indifferent, and the art of the past that has survived is winnowed out of many ages, and the best of those ages as judged by themselves and the generations following. The most enthusiastic devotee of modern art would not pretend that any one generation is producing as many masterpieces as all past generations. A



CHRIST HEALING A CHILD—(GABRIEL MAX, 1840—)

comparison, if made at all, must be within limits, and must consider the art of the present time in its general ideals and movements, as compared with the general trend of that from which it diverges.

A modern artist can hardly place himself, religiously and intellectually, on a common level with the artist of the six-

teenth century. His thought of God, the world, revelation, and the mission of Christ all are, or ought to be, wider. A Fra Angelico Christ would be an affectation in a modern artist. A Fra Filippo Lippi Madonna would be impossible to an artist living among modern men and women. To what shall he aspire?

He may imitate the ideals and lives of the old artists, but his work will lack originality and strength. The old masters did better, in their way, than he can do. He may attempt an idealism like that of the English Pre-Raphaelites, but his work, however rich and interesting, will lack simplicity, and will be in danger of lacking sincerity. Some modern artists have painted in each of these ways, and their work does not lack interest. But the work that lays hold on men's hearts is that which makes real either the Christ who lived in Galilee, or the Christ who now lives among men.

In two very different ways modern art manifests its tendency to realism. One group of artists, of whom the best known recent representative is Tissot, seeks to reproduce the historic situation, to photograph the local surroundings, and to secure in the drapery and background all that modern Palestine can disclose of actual conditions as they were in the time of our Lord.

The other school is represented by Beraud, L'Herritte and Von Uhde. It leaves Palestine and its ways and people entirely out of account, and finds its backgrounds in the painter's own vicinity. Zimmerman's "Last Supper" dresses the disciples in the garb of men of today. It is very different from Da Vinci's or Fra Angelico's, but neither of these is at all true to Palestine life.

But when have painters stopped for anachronism, or by what law of art are they enjoined from it? The older painters in their naivete painted a Christ of their own nation; or if they attempted to draw him as he was, they succeeded merely in making him foreign to their own time, in a forced solemnity that consisted largely in strangeness. If Durer had painted other than a German Christ, it would not have been the Christ

of Tissot's close study of the land and its people. The Christ he painted was German because the artist knew no other. But



"SAVE, LORD, OR I PERISH!"—(FREDERIC SHIELDS)

Luther's great ambition in his translation of the New Testament was "to make the apostles speak German," and if the

translator may attempt this with intent, why may not the painter?

In the convent of San Marco in Florence, trebly honored by the names of Savonarola, Fra Bartolommeo and Fra Angelico, one finds the apostles represented in the garb of the convent. The last supper is a sacrament administered by the Lord to these brethren. Sweetest and simplest of these adaptations, the two disciples at Emmaus are two brothers of the order, welcoming Jesus to the convent. It is a picture of Christian hospitality as beautiful and devout as, in its setting, it is natural and appropriate. But the modern painting of L'Hermitte with the disciples as hard-toiling peasants, exhibits the same principle differently applied. What the picture lacks in historic accuracy—which is totally disregarded—it gains in naturalness and impressiveness.

As compared with ancient paintings, it might be affirmed that modern religious art is more learned and less reverent.

But it is difficult to determine just how reverent the ancient artists were. Raphael could paint "The Fornarina" with as good grace as "The Madonna," and Rubens was quite as intent on displaying the charms of the Flemish beauties who furnished his Scripture models as of interpreting real Bible scenes. Nor are we safe in affirming that modern art lacks reverence because it savors less of the cloister and more of the life of the day. Jesus himself lived among men, and the pictures that reproduce the atmosphere of a given age may most truly interpret to that age the fitting background for a portrait of the Christ.

Some of the modern paintings are weakly sentimental. They appeal only to a passing fancy. If they are other than imitations they depend upon eccentricity rather than religious feeling and sincerity. They proceed from a wish to make a pretty picture rather than a passionate desire to reveal the Christ to men. But not all modern paintings are of this character; nor were all the old masters free from the faults of modern artists.

VII—THE CHRIST OF TO-DAY

This essay, it can hardly need to be said, attempts no catalogue of painters, ancient or modern, and does not undertake in any way to be exhaustive. The most that it can hope is to sketch very briefly a few of the things that are representative. I wish to mention a very few modern artists, and to characterize the Christ whom they are revealing to the people of to-day. Some of them rest their reputations as painters

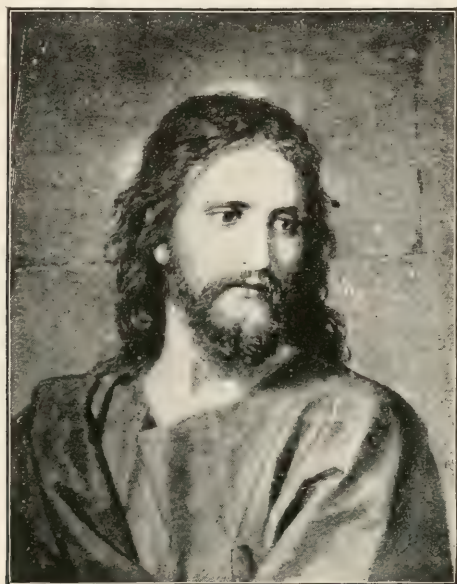


CHRIST AND THE YOUNG RULER—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

of the Christ upon a single great picture, as Burne-Jones in his "Mary at the Sepulchre," and L'Hermitte, in the painting already referred to. Munkacsy, also, is known almost wholly by his "Christ before Pilate," though the thin-faced enthusiast in this picture, dignified only by his calmness, meekness and erect poise, lacks the heroic power of his "Ecce Homo."

But most of the modern painters who have made a distinct impression have done so in series of illustrations cov-

ering practically the whole of the life of Christ. Of these are Dore, whose works are careless in execution, and wearisome with their long perpendicular lines, but not lacking in dignity and a certain inflexible grace. Overbeck's series is distinctly conventional and academic, but reverent and sincere. Bida, too, in his illustrated Bible series, gives us a Christ who moves through the whole series of incidents of the gospels. And, whether Jesus sits passive and meditative by the sea, or



THE MAN CHRIST JESUS—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

stands before the booth of Matthew, and, erect and calm, calls this man of affairs from his business with assurance and self-control, the Christ is lovable and impressive.

Among all the modern artists, none holds a place so dear among the people as Hofmann. If his Christ lacks masculinity, he does not lack loveliness. The two heads of Christ most popular in the art stores are from details of his pictures—the boy Jesus in the temple, and the man Jesus looking upon the clean, upright young ruler with love and invitation in his face.

It is not too much to say that this picture of the face of Christ has supplanted in popular affection the thorn-crowned "Ecce Homo" of Guido Reni, and is, next to Da Vinci's great painting, the best loved head of Christ.

Tissot, too, presents his Christ, not in a single scene, but in a series covering the whole extent of the land in which he lived. In every valley between the Jordan and the sea he has portrayed him; on every hill top from Nazareth to Bethlehem



ECCE HOMO—(GUIDO RENI, 1575-1642)

he has painted him, walking over the rocky hills, resting or teaching by the wayside, or in the home or on the boat, and the Christ who appears in all dignifies and beautifies every scene and leaves his own image, clear and noble, after the last landscape has faded away.

In these paintings the effect is cumulative. The Christ is seen, not in a single incident which might not fitly represent his life, but in the whole round of his blessed activity, con-

sistent and abiding—the Christ of the whole of human life. And when, from one of these series, the head is presented in detail, the beholder mentally places that lovable face and

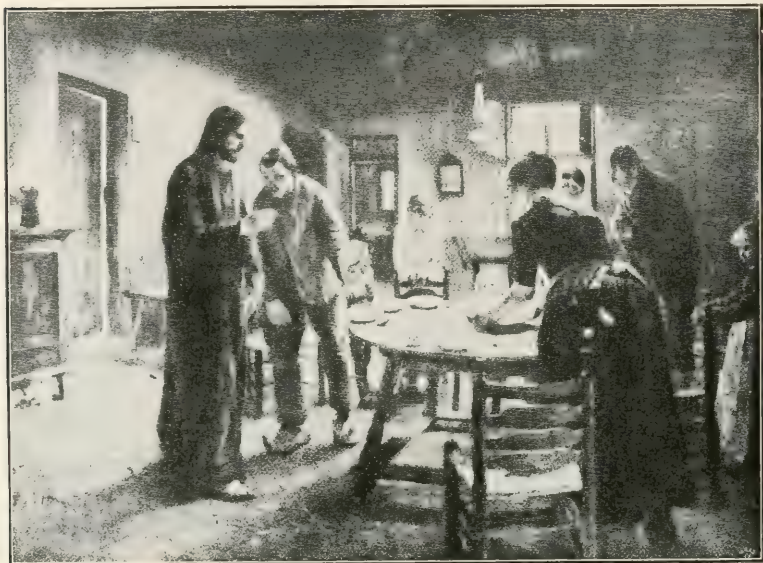


CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN—(HOFMANN, 1824—)

figure, not simply back in the paintings from one of which it has been taken, nor yet alone in the scenes of his earthly ministry, but into every normal and justifiable relation of life; and seeing him there, cries with new and reverent meaning—

"Behold the Man." The Ecce Homo of to-day is the ever-living Christ.

Notable among American achievements in religious art, and thoroughly characteristic as well, are the water colors of Mr. Corwin Knapp Linson. His pictures are based upon actual study in the Holy Land; and though the study was neither so long nor so arduous as that of Tissot, he has caught the local color admirably. His pictures are used to illustrate Dr. John



"COME, LORD JESUS, AND BE OUR GUEST"—(FRITZ VON UHDE, 1846—)

Watson's "Life of the Master," and are one of the best adaptations of the new three-color work to serious book-making. Since my own visit to Palestine I have turned to Linson's pictures with satisfaction, and I count them the best example of American art dealing with the life of Christ in its touch with the soil of Palestine.

Among American illustrators Frank Beard holds a somewhat unique place in his use of caricature in religious journalism. As his pictures are designed to be sermons, they occasionally

introduce the person of Christ, rebuking hypocrisy or rescuing the abandoned. Hastily made, and with all the limitations that accompany the cartoon of the popular newspaper, they are always reverent, and in thorough earnest. While Mr. Beard



THE HOLY FAMILY—(FRITZ VON UHDE, 1846—)

is fearless in introducing the Christ into his every-day cartoons, he draws the figure with reserve. The cartoon entitled "The Lost Sheep" is one of the few in which he has drawn the face of the Christ, a more frequent attitude being that in "Behold,

I stand at the door and knock," which Mr. Beard counts his best cartoon introducing the person of the Saviour.

Among American artists who are seeking to interpret the Christ in the free life among men, and in the clear light of the wide out-of-doors, is Mr. Alfred Juergens. Strong, original, and free, his paintings are full of life and power. He is



THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS—(FRITZ VON UHDE. 1846—)

now engaged in painting two very large mural paintings for a church in Chicago. I am able to reproduce his study for the head of Christ as it is to be used in one of these—the blessing of the children.

I have already mentioned the best known painter of the peasant Christ, Fritz von Uhde of Munich. At a glance one

sees his method, which is to place the Christ among German peasants of to-day, and to have him seem at home among them. His "Come, Lord Jesus, and be our Guest," is an invitation offered by a German rustic in heavy wooden shoes, and seconded by his sturdy but reverent wife. The old man in the corner—a common old German grandsire—comes forward with bent form to add his humble welcome, and the children, chubby, German children with good appetites, stand behind their chairs till he is seated. The sermon on the mount is



ONE OF FRITZ VON UHDE'S CHERUBS

preached to peasant mothers and their children, and farmers with rakes over their shoulders, fresh from the hay-field. The angel who wakes the German shepherds on Christmas eve is a sixteen-year-old German girl with wings. The sermon from the boat is preached to just such girls who forget, while listening to Jesus, to plash their bare feet in the water, and to the fathers and brothers and mothers of these same girls. The Holy Family is equipped with an inexpensive baby-basket, and Mary is the most lovable little German mother, bending over

the basket, while in the distance the German Joseph saws wood.

L'Hermitte has given us but a single well-known painting of the Christ of the peasants, and Zimmermann but two or three. Uhde, on the contrary, has painted many, and is painting more, and the seriousness of his purpose grows more evident, and marks him as the best exponent of this type of modern art.



STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF CHRIST—(ALFRED JUERGENS, 1903)

Uhde's pictures branded him as a heretic. Artists denounced him for breaking away from their traditions. Theologians stood astounded at his heterodoxy. The emperor made no secret of his displeasure. But still people looked at the pictures. They could be denounced, but not despised. They were unconventional, but unmistakably reverent. They revealed the democratic Christ, independent of ecclesiastics

and of traditions, coming close to the every-day life of men. And men saw the Saviour anew in them, and the artist's fame grew. To the emperor's disgust he became professor in the Royal Academy, and both artists and ministers of the gospel see in his work a revelation of the nearness of Christ to men.

Some recent painters have become unconscious theologians and politicians in their portrayal of the democratic Christ. These simple peasants in the paintings of Von Uhde—they are no candidates for ordination; neither are they henceforth to

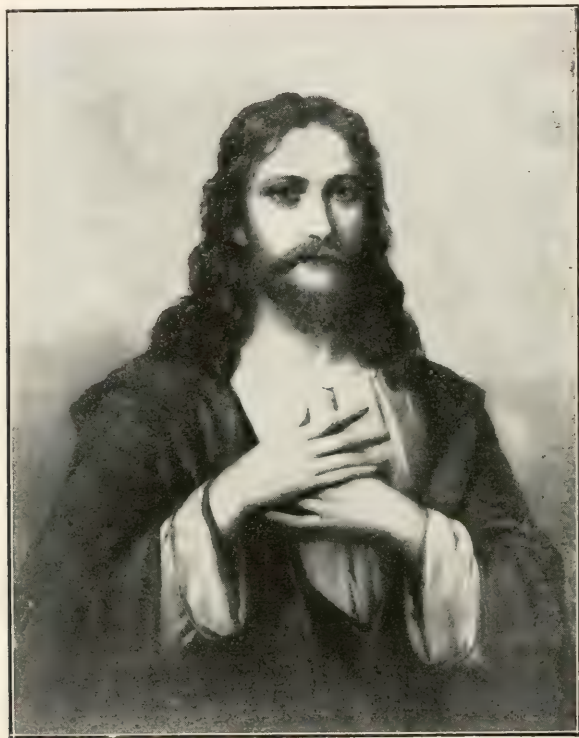


THE GREAT PHYSICIAN—(GABRIEL MAX, 1840—)

be spiritually subject to the orders of others. Others wiser may teach them; others holier may guide them; but the Christ himself is near them, and who shall stand between?

The difference between Uhde in grouping common people about the person of Jesus, and the painters of the middle ages, is less than might be supposed. These, also, filled up their "holy families" from people about them. But Holbein put German nobility and Raphael painted prosperous Italians into their paintings—people who could afford to buy the paintings

afterward. While Uhde's models know little of art, they may know something of their Lord. At any rate, the apparent motive of these older artists is hardly possible to the man who seeks the faces of the poor to fill in the background of his paintings of the Christ. However faulty they may be as works of art, they are not open to the suspicion of being



THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD—(F. BUCHER)

mercenary, and if they strain somewhat after novelty they exhibit a devout spirit which even the most severe critic must recognize.

The methods of modern painters have unquestionably made Jesus more human, more a man among men; and, in this art reflects the spirit of the age. Yet just here he appears

the more transcendent, not by reason of a halo or by arbitrary position upon the canvas, but by right of his inherent dignity and power. Indeed, we meet a notable discovery, namely, that the Christ ideal will bear transportation out of the conventions of recognized art, and of the environments of actual history, and still retain its power. Next to Von Uhde's paintings should be placed L'Hermitte's "Supper at Emmaus," in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, which shows

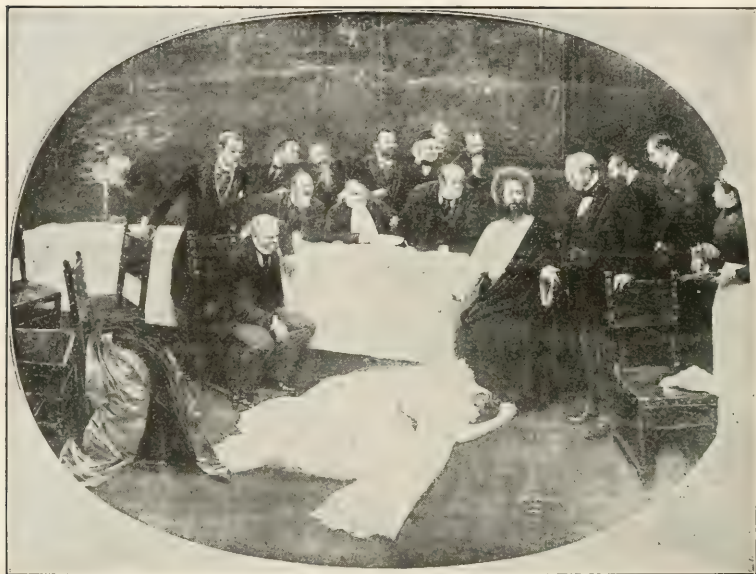


CHRIST WITH PEASANTS—(L'HERMITTE)

us a peasant Christ, among peasant disciples. The solemnity and reverence of the painting are as unquestionable as its spiritual power. It dignifies not only peasant life in Galilee, but the common life of all humble followers.

Modern art has shown some even more daring innovations, and they are not wholly without value as interpretations. The paintings of Jean Beraud are an excellent example and an extreme one as well. Making his earlier paintings of modern life from the window of a cab in the streets of Paris, or from

a house boat on the Seine, he has introduced the identical types, costumes and all, into his scenes from the life of Christ. Mary Magdalene lies at his feet in her Parisian ball dress in a well-appointed Paris dining-room, while Simon the Pharisee stands by, well dressed, but not over dressed, well bred as the world counts breeding, a well-fed, prosperous Parisian gentleman with moustache turning gray, courteous but cynical, and his guests sit forward in their chairs with languid curiosity, or



JESUS AMONG PHARISEES—(JEAN BÉRAUD)

mild surprise, or stand and look at her with supercilious pity or easy-going scorn, or in the background pass joking remarks about the intruder and her near approach to Jesus. Prominent living men of Paris sat—unconsciously and unwillingly—for their portraits in this painting, which transports the life of Jesus into present-day society, where he finds well-bred cynicism and lack of sympathy. As of old the proud have rejected him, while still, as then, poor, penitent souls are forgiven and blessed. And the Master sits in the midst of those

representatives of cultured but godless society, a rebuke to the hypocrisy and veneered goodness of modern respectability. This picture is now interdicted in Paris because of its personality. My friend obtained a copy with considerable difficulty. In another painting by the same artist, the Master is on the way to Calvary. Modern faces view his passion with emotions varying from heart-felt grief to undisturbed composure; your



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CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS—(JEAN BERAUD)

man of the world is there, not much disturbed if this has no effect on trade; your well dressed blasphemer raises his well trained voice; and yonder a misguided workman, hating the good with the sham that he has seen and suffered, stoops for a stone to fling at him. In still another picture the Crucified is taken from the cross, and there is modern grief and modern pity and modern loyalty that will be faithful unto death; but

it is the background that is notable in this picture; for the cross stands not on Calvary, but on Montmartre, and yonder is the city, not Jerusalem, but Paris, sleeping, smoking, sinning Paris, all unconscious of the cloud that gathers above the cross in sight, all heedless of the tragedies enacted within her over which the heavens grow dark, and oblivious in her pleasure-seeking of the low-browed anarchist standing on the



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THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS—(JEAN BERAUD)

slope and pouring out the curses of the oppressed and tyrannized against the city where Christ is crucified in the wrongs his brethren suffer. All this is anachronism of the most daring kind, and if at first thought it seems irreverent, it certainly is not so intended, and there is a sermon in it.

The French pictures commonly lack the depth and tenderness of the best of the German; but there is often a keen dis-

cernment and a trenchant satire that is most effective. One of these by Debat-Possan takes a powerful hold on the imagination. It represents the horrors of modern war, the slaughter of men, the massacre of women, the wanton destruction of homes, and it draws both victims and victors from portraits



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THE SCOURGING OF JESUS—(JEAN BERAUD)

of historic characters. There stand Francis I, Conde, "le grande" Louis XIV, Coligny, and other heroes of the bloody field, regarding their devilish work with complacency, while above them, on a little elevation, appears the Christ, saying, "Why have ye done this?" It is a picture as full of pathos as of satire, and is an effective sermon in favor of peace.



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"IF IT BE POSSIBLE, LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME"—(JOSEPH-AUBERT)

Among the most sympathetic and spiritual of contemporary European artists is Joseph-Aubert, five of whose recent pictures are included in this volume. They are as tender in their religious feelings as they are faithful in technique, and, like Hebert's "Betrayal," they appeal at once to the heart of the beholder.

Among young English painters, none better deserves mention than Frederic Shields. His "Good Shepherd" is gentle



"WHY HAVE YE DONE THIS?"—(DEBAT-PONSAN)

and sincere; and his "Christ and Peter" is full of religious feeling. It is said that one poor, sinful man, looking at this picture, and feeling himself sinking in his shameful life, sobbed, "He can save me, too," and echoed Peter's prayer, and heard in his renewed soul the answer.

It would be pleasant to say a word of each of the newer paintings which are here presented, but they tell their own story. Whether we view the Christ in Ruederstein's "Suffer

little children," or in the faithful paintings of Kirchbach, or in Anderson's three scenes of the Lord and the Adulteress, or in Hugo Mieth's "The Widow's Mite," the Christ whom we behold is one to love and honor and follow. In Girardet's "On the Way to Emmaus," just from the easel, the face of



"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK!"—(FRANK BEARD, 1902)

the Saviour is dim, and our eyes are holden, but our hearts burn within us as we walk with him by the way. In Wehle's "Behold, I send you forth," we walk with him again, this time through the fields. It is not that we may pluck the ripening grain, and rub it in our hands. It is the harvest of the world, and the master is calling his disciples to him, one by one, giv-

ing each his mission, and telling each to be faithful to the end. We need not ask whether such pictures are to live; it is enough that they now live, and that they faithfully interpret the Christ to men.

VIII—THE CHRIST OF TO-MORROW

I have noted the double tendency to realism, and have commended it. It would be pleasant to say that modern religious



THE LAST COMMUNION—(JOSEPH-AUBERT, 1900)

art has also a tendency to idealism; but if this is true I do not know where to look for it. Our artists are painting landscapes or portraits, or illustrating for the magazines. For these are the things that buy bread and butter, of which artists get, on an average, all too little. But the time is ripe for another movement such as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood started to give to the world, till it lost its impetus in affectation and conspicuous lack of that very simplicity which was its original end and aim. If the American painters of to-day can forget for a time their necessary pot-boilers, and paint for us



THE BETRAYAL—(HEBERT)

new and strong pictures of the ideal Christ, they will not lack an audience, and I believe they will also find purchasers.

There still is room for the artist who would paint the Christ. Among all the thousands of paintings of him, the seeker feels a singular lack. There is lack, certainly, of proportion. There are Nativities enough, and Crucifixions more than enough; and it is hard to say what incident in the life of Christ may not be illustrated with a great painting. Yet there is a real lack of pictures that illustrate the mature life and ministry of Jesus in



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THE MISSION OF THE APOSTLES—(JOSEPH-AUBERT, 1899)

a way that appeals to the imagination of to-day. The world is ready for more great paintings, and even for paintings not technically great, if sympathetic, strong, and religious in feeling, which show the Christ who lived among men, teaching, healing, helping, inspiring, and creating in them new hopes, aspirations and ideals.

We have been noting some differences between ancient and modern art. These concern themselves chiefly with the aspects in which Christ is presented and the scenes in which he is made to appear. It is most surprising that the paintings



JESUS BEARING THE CROSS—(W. A. BOUGUEREAU)

of different countries and ages exhibit so much that is common in their likeness of Christ. Spite of all their wide variety, there is enough common to them all so that one is never in doubt for a moment as to the person intended to represent the Christ. And, however inadequately he is painted, it is seldom that the artist has not attempted his best. The Christ of art is never adequate; but he seldom lacks attractiveness or some element of grace.



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THE CRUCIFIXION—(JOSEPH-AUBERT. 1903)

In all great paintings that portray him, the Christ is the principal, though not always the central figure. Even in the crowded canvases of Paul Veronese, there is no mistaking the chief character. Nor has modern art been at all disposed to assign him any less conspicuous position. The light that emanates from the Babe in Correggio's "Holy Night," and irradiates the face of the mother and the interior of the stable, is the same that in Merson's "Repose of Egypt" emanates

from the sleeping infant, and that in Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" streams from the person of the Saviour of men.

Even in the most daring of modern paintings the Christ is almost if not wholly unchanged. Very seldom does an artist put him into modern garb, or make him other than men have supposed him. Men change, and their costumes change, but the unchanging Christ stands among them, is loved or scorned, accepted or rejected, honored or crucified by men and women



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THE RETURN FROM CALVARY—(JOSEPH-AUBERT)

of to-day. Even so radical and modern a painter as Beraud has not had courage, if indeed he so desired, to create a new ideal of the Christ; so far as his brush bears testimony, it is to the unchanging Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

With such an ideal fixed in the mind of artists and of the people, the Christ of art cannot well become degraded, nor cease to display spirituality and sympathy, whatever the figure may lack in strength and in the technique of art itself. We

have in art and in literature what we may assume is a tolerably fixed ideal.

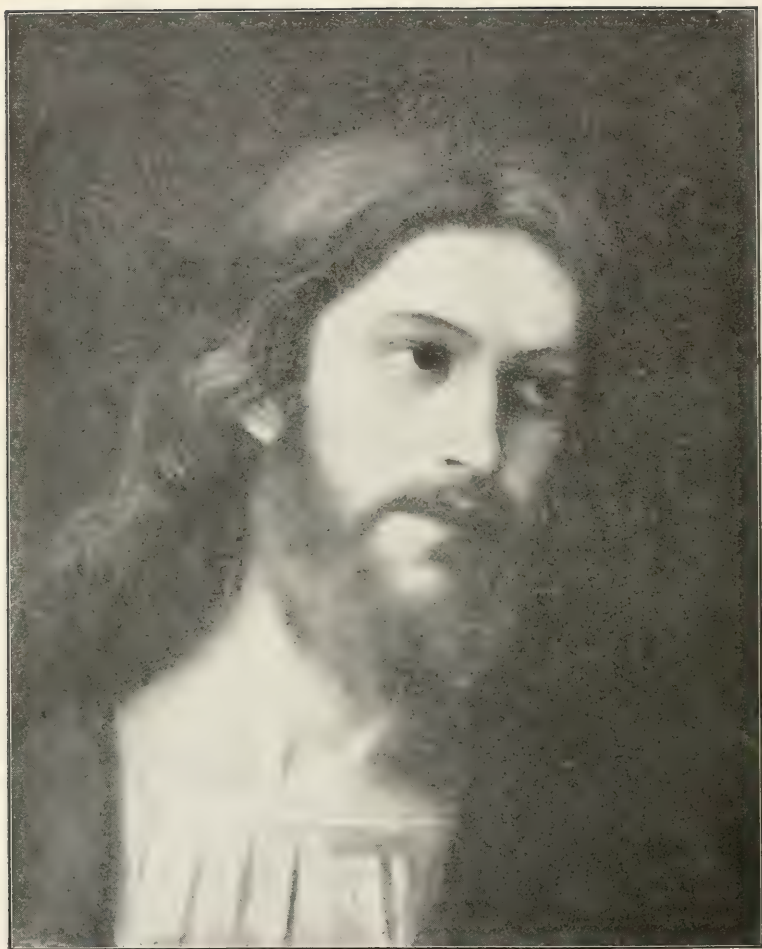
Modern painters have not lowered this conception of him. The works of Hofmann and Plockhorst, of Munkacsy and Gabriel Max, whatever may be said of their enduring quality, do not fail in setting forth a gracious, dignified and adorable character. Whatever their failings, we may well be devoutly thankful for the sweet tenderness of Plockhorst's "Good Shepherd," and the pathos and benevolence of Gabriel Max's



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ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS—(GIRARDET, 1903)

"Great Physician." It is in such themes as these that modern art has done its best. Of Gethsemanes and of Crucifixions there have been no lack in mediæval art, but if the temper of the present age may be estimated by the modern paintings that may be called truly popular, it is distinctly humanitarian, for we shall find those paintings to be in larger proportion than those that exhibit him in his teaching, feeding, shepherding, healing and helping, rather than in those that appeal more to the love of the mystical, or to the contemplation of his physical sufferings. It cannot be denied that in all this, art has



HEAD OF CHRIST -(WOLTER SIGORA)

been in close accord with the progress of modern theology.

In all this, modern art has exhibited no lack of fidelity to the truth as it is in Christ, and there is a distinct return toward the dominant conception of the early Church. In answer to the question what pictures of Christ are most called for, the manager of a house that deals in one-cent half-tone reproductions answered, that, as a series, those of Hofmann are most in demand, with "The Boy Christ in the Temple" the most



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CHRIST AND THE ADULTERESS—(A. A. ANDERSON)

popular; and that among pictures of the adult Christ the one sold in largest numbers is Plockhorst's "Good Shepherd." This is a notable change since the day when Guido Reni sent forth his sorrowful and thorn-crowned "Ecce Homos" by the score. It reminds us at once of Stanley's declaration that the religion of the early Church "was in one word, the religion of the Good Shepherd. The kindness, the courage, the beauty, the grace, of the Good Shepherd, was to them, if we may say so, prayer book and articles, creed and canons, all in one.

They looked on that figure, and it conveyed to them all they wanted."

What wonder that the face of the Christ should be the perpetual challenge and the despair of artists? What wonder that they should have failed to express all the glory of him in whom men saw the life of the Father? It could not be otherwise. If the artist's best work gives expression to one phase of the



THE WIDOW'S MITE—(HUGO MIETH, 1899)

beauty of his life, but ever suggests the lack of something which no human brush can paint, it is but what we might expect. We should need to add together all the elements of dignity and beauty and sweetness and strength of all the artists, and still we should lack a complete picture of him. The face and character of the Christ stand as a perpetual exhortation. The likeness of Christ ennobles our daily tasks and exalts our ideal of the good and true and beautiful in human life.

We set out to explore briefly the world of art in an effort to answer the question, Who is the Christ whom the artists have found in popular thought and given back again in their paintings? Hastily we have looked at representative paintings of the past and the present, of our own nation and of other nations. We have not been satisfied; we are still seeking the



"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO ME"—(RUEDERSTEIN, 1893)

face which we have almost discovered. But we have found a surprising consistency, a high ideal, and a face and figure which, however disappointing, are never vulgar or uncouth, never base or suggestive of evil, but always reverent, sincere and noble.

I had finished the manuscript of this book and laid it away to be sent to the printer on the following Monday. When I

went to preach on the intervening Sunday, in another pulpit than my own, I found in the study of the church which I visited a copy of Hofmann's Christ, and it impressed me anew with its lifelikeness and its loveliness. I could not help asking myself. How should I feel toward such a man if I were to meet him face to face? What qualities might I expect to find in the soul behind such a face?

If we should meet in real life the Man whom the painters have seen and shown to us, with form erect and imperial, but manner



"BEHOLD, I SEND YOU FORTH!"--(J. R. WEHLE, 1900)

and bearing gracious and kindly, with face compassionate, sensitive, pure and sympathetic, with eyes tender, penetrating and affectionate, we should instantly be attracted to him. We would welcome acquaintance with him. We would give him our confidence. We should be sure that we could trust him. We could not think of doubting his sincerity, his purity of soul, or the earnestness of his life. And if we were to know him in such various relations as the painters show him, in scenes of festivity and of mourning, among the multitude and alone, among close companions and in the hands of his

enemies, and always found him, as the painters show him, calm, gentle, and full of all human grace and loveliness, we could not



THE GOOD SHEPHERD—(PLOCKHORST. 1825—)

help but love him. How thankful, then, ought we to be, for pictures that so impress him, in every age from infancy to the grave, upon the imagination of little children and of men and

women. To these the Christ of art is a veritable, even though a partial, revelation, of God's love and grace disclosed in the life of Jesus of Nazareth.

Nor can we count the paintings as failures that fall below our ideal. They enlarge and exalt the imagination even when they impose limits upon it. Happily we still have the second commandment, and are forbidden to count any work of art a finality. We are at liberty to love the paintings that help us and to outgrow them when they fetter us, and ever to seek for that which exalts our conception of Jesus. The ear is not the only avenue to the soul; the eye, too, has its revelation. The good spirit of God, by whom the Word of life was revealed, still accompanies the preaching of that Word; and the same Spirit that gives wisdom to him who preaches gives grace to him who paints in an honest endeavor to make real the Christ to men. Increasingly may men labor to disclose and to discern "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ."



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